THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
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To Daisies

By Francis Thompson

AH, drops of gold in whitening flame
Burning, we know your lovely name—
Daisies, that little children pull!
Like all weak things, over the strong
Ye do not know your power for wrong,
And much abuse your feebleness.
Daisies, that little children pull,
As ye are weak, be merciful!
O hide your eyes! they are to me
Beautiful insupportably.
Or be but conscious ye are fair,
And I your loveliness could bear;
But, being fair so without art,
Ye vex the silted memories of my heart.

As a pale ghost yearning strays,
With sundered gaze,
'Mid corporal presences that are
To it impalpable—such a bar
Sets you more distant than the morning-star.
Such wonder is on you, and amaze,
I look and marvel if I be
Indeed the phantom, or are ye?
The light is on your innocence
Which fell from me.
The fields ye still inhabit, whence

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My world-acquainted treading strays,—
The country where I did commence;
And though ye shine to me so near,
So close to gross and visible sense,
Between us lies impassable year on year.

To other time and far-off place
Belongs your beauty: silent thus,
Though to others nought you tell,
To me your ranks are rumorous
Of an ancient miracle.
Vain does my touch your petals graze,
I touch you not; and, though ye blossom here,
Your roots are fast in alienated days.
Ye there are anchored, while Time's stream
Has swept me past them: your white ways
And infantile delights do seem
To look in on me like a face,
Dead and sweet, come back through dream,
With tears, because for old embrace
It has no arms.

These hands did toy,
Children, with you, when I was child,
And in each other's eyes we smiled.
Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair
Apparelling
With which you wet mine eyes; you wear,
Ah me, the garment of the grace
I wove you when I was a boy;
O mine, and not the year's your stolen Spring!
And, since ye wear it,
Hide your sweet selves—I cannot bear it!
For, when ye break the cloven earth
With your young laughter and endearment,
No blossomy carillon 'tis of mirth
To me; I see my slaughtered joy
Bursting its cerement.

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One More Song

By Richard Middleton

Awake oh heart ! oh passionate lips conspire
To sound a new glad poem for my love,
So may she know the whole of the desire
That fills my veins, these bruisèd words may prove
How all night long I burn and grieve and pray,
And how I seek her all the lifelong day.

For I am lost in her sweet ways where grow
Roses and lilies to enchant the dead,
There is no part of me that does not know
How her curls tremble, how her small feet tread
Blessing the earth, and how her fingers play
Like gentle children with the winds of day.

And when I touch her glowing arm I feel
The little veins beneath her silken skin
Playing, and through my thirsty flesh there steal
The rivers of her blood that leap within ;
It is her blood that fires the words I speak,
And mine that fills the blushes of her cheek.

And when in dreams my lips repose on hers
Kissing the pretty words that nestle there,
Her sweetness numbs my aching brain and stirs
Like a dim sound of her, the dream-hushed air,
And through the gates of sleep I hear her call
My drowsy senses to the carnival.

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Love, that surpassing all my dreams of love
  Is yet so dearly mine, my fate defies,
I care not in what sombre world I move
  Seeing the universe with her soft eyes,
    With her brave feet to bear me in the dance
    Forgotten is my poor inheritance.

This crumbling house, my body, is made new
  Now by the very fire and fret of love
That has transfused its chambers and pierced through
  Its dusty casements till the stars above
    Smile in upon me, and the winds that start
    Laughing from Heaven beat upon my heart.

And as a bud is shaken into flower
  By spring's last wind to dream no more alone,
Serving the pomp of summer, so love's power
  Has overtaken me, and I am one
    In that far world of love mine eyes have seen
    With all the lovers that have ever been.

Ours is one eloquence and ours one song,
  And we are noted by our shining eyes
And restless hands ; we wander all life long
  In worlds unearthly, now with tender sighs
    Wooing the hills of passion, now with tears
    Mourning the grim procession of the years.

Yet ever do we pray that we may keep
  Our love immaculate although we die
Being our all ; the clouds her teardrops weep,
  Her laughter fills the sunshine, earth and sky
    Are but as shades of her, and we who sing
    The lutes she plays upon to call the spring.

Oh my belovèd ! How shall I tell in words
  The pride of all love's lovers, men have writ
Passing the song of children and of birds,

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To ease their hearts, and have not compassed it ;
How shall I murmur with the tranquil dove,
When I am deaf and blind and dumb with love !

In desert nights and leafy forest days
I have discovered you, and where the lips
Of drownèd sailors sing faint roundelays
Along the decks of overwhelmèd ships
Your name is sung, and echoing overhead
The sea-birds cry it to the patient dead.

The nightingale across the crimson bowl
Gave you to Omar ; by the forsaken waves
Ulysses found you dreaming ; Shakespeare's soul
Drew its clear song from yours ; and sullen slaves
Peered on your beauty through their heavy lids
And with their hearts' blood built the Pyramids.

There is no time in love, nor death nor birth,
Star whispers unto star, the white buds flower
In crimson ecstasy, and on the earth
The lovers capture their eternal hour ;
We were, we are, we shall be ; land and sea
Change, but our love endureth endlessly.

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To Mélisande

By Richard Middleton

Now is the morning very fair,
  On every leaf the dew is lit,
Oh heart of mine, let down your hair
  And all the winds shall play with it

Across my face, across mine eyes
  The winds shall blow for my delight
The curtain of your hair, the skies
  Shall win the pomp of night.

And all about my head shall wreathe
  New winds and blossoms new,
And yours shall be the air I breathe
  And all my darkness, you.

The tears the sunlit roses weep
  May not assuage my pain,
Mine are the broken stars of sleep
  And the cool night again.

Within the shadow of our dreams
  I draw my little breath
And I heed not the sunbeams,
  I have no care for death.

Nay, though the mocker everywhere
  Echoes his jest and stales his wit,
Let down your hair, let down your hair,
  I'll make my shroud of it.

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Pindar

Fragment of a Dithyramb

(To be sung at Athens)

By Laurence North

Hither from high Olympus hasten, Immortals,
Over our dance be the grace of your godhead thrown,
Ye that within our sacred Athenian portals
Hie to the city's heart, to that centre-stone
Trodden of many feet,
Where incense rises sweet,
There in her market-place for its splendour known :
Come, to be crowned with the violet wreaths we bring,
Crowned, too, with flowers of song fresh culled in spring.

Lo ! from the hall of Zeus, in the glory and gladness
Of my bright songs again I am come to rejoice
Over that Bromian god whom in vintage madness
Mortals name the Lord of the Lusty Voice :
Ivy his coronal
Whom in our hymns we call
Offspring of noblest fathers, the child divine
Borne by the blest among women of Kadmus' line.

Bright the tokens be, and in nowise hidden,
Tokens of rites fulfilled when the circling Hours,
Rosy-vestured, their chamber doors have bidden
Open anew, and the nectar-breathing flowers
Coming again shall bring
Onward the fragrant spring :

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Then, ah ! then, wide over Earth's bosom holy
Violets fling their clusters, then roses wreathe
Close in the reveller's hair, and reed-flutes lowly
Under the singers' voices their burden breathe ;
While to the honour of Semele hymns resound,
Semele, bright-browed lady with fillet crowned.

(For the opening of the last stanza, the reading is that of Schroeder, 1908.)

The Fourteenth Olympian Ode

(For Asopichos of Orchomenos, winner in the boys' short foot-race)

By Laurence North

O ye that haunt the ground
Kephissos' waters lave,
That land of coursers brave ;
O Graces, song-renowned,
O'er bright Orchomenos who hold
Your queenly sway,
Guards of the Minyais' lineage old,
Give ear ; for unto you I pray.
Sith 'tis of ye that all delight
To mortals comes, with all sweet things
Wisdom of man, and beauty, and the bright
Renown that glory brings.
Lacking the holy Graces' aid
Not even gods, at feast or dance
Bear lordship, nay, the ordinance
Of every heavenly work must be
Upon the Graces' shoulders laid.
Beside Apollo of the golden bow
The Pythian's self, behold their thrones arrayed,
And on the Olympian Father's majesty
That ever liveth, worship they bestow.

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THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIAN ODE

Aglaia, lady, lend
Thine ear ; and thou the friend
Of song, Euphrosyné,
Daughters of Deity
Most High, incline to hear me now.
Thalia likewise, thou
That lovest all sweet strains, attend,
What time my choir thou seest, by kindly chance
Inspired to move light footsteps in the dance ;
For hither am I come to sing
In Lydian mode, how thou didst bring
Asopichos to victory.
Lady Aglaia, 'tis by thee
That now the Minyais' dwelling-place
Hath honour in the Olympic race.
Speed, Echo, speed thee to Persephoné,
And in her dark-walled palace tell the tale
To Kleodamos, how for his renown
His son was first in Pisa's famous vale
Where in the games he triumphed gloriously
And on his young locks set the victor's crown !

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France et Angleterre

Par Paul Bourget

[The third part of M. Paul Bourget's admirable article, which is published in the present issue, had to be omitted last month owing (1) to the fact that M. Bourget sent it in too late to receive proofs, (2) that the latter part, no doubt hastily written, was unfortunately illegible. Rather than publish what would have been an edited version of it, the third part was held over. M. Paul Bourget, who complained in the *Echo de Paris* about the " mutilation " of his article, has since recognised that he misunderstood the facts of the case and has not the slightest cause for complaint.]

III

Tel est le dessous, je n'oserais pas dire mystique—et cependant le terme serait à peine exagéré—de cette entente Anglo-Française. Elle dépasse de beaucoup la portée des conventions qui ont réglé telle ou telle difficulté pendantes entre les deux puissances, au sujet de Maroc par exemple, de Terre-Neuve ou de l'Egypte. A bien considérer ce phénomène : ce soudain élan l'un vers l'autre de deux pays si longtemps hostiles, on y aperçoit une action que les hommes ont bien pu aider, mais qui procède de forces entièrement impersonnelles. C'est la nature politique qui a manifesté là, une fois de plus, son énergie conservatrice. Edouard VII a conspiré avec elle, comme un médecin bon observateur conspire avec la nature physiologique, quand il soigne un de ses clients en suivant avec intelligence la ligne d'évolution d'une maladie.* Mais précisement parceque ce rapprochement des deux pays est un phénomène conservateur, un réflexe de défense accompli en commun, il ne se maintiendra que s'il reste conforme à son origine. Il risquerait sinon de disparaître, au moins de fonctionner plus difficilement, au cas où

* Trousseau disait : " Connaître la marche naturelle des maladies, c'est plus de a moitié de la mêdecine."—*Clinique médicale de l'Hôtel Dieu*, Introduction.

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les deux gouvernements prétendraient dissocier leur politique intérieure et leur politique extérieure, et faire de la révolution au dedans, en même temps qu'ils feraient de la conservation au dehors. Tout au contraire, ce rapprochement sera d'autant plus intime d'autant plus efficace que l'ordre Latin et l'ordre Anglo-Saxon seront plus jalousement respectés chez eux par l'un et l'autre pays.

Supposons, pour préciser, que la France unie à l'Angleterre aille, de plus en plus, du côté ou rêvent de l'entraîner les partis extrêmes, c'est-à-dire, qu'elle diminue sa force militaire en touchant à la charte de son armée, et sa force financière en pratiquant sur sa classe possèdante des exactions de fisc réellement intolérables et appauvrissantes pour le crédit. Qui ne voit qu'elle cesserait d'être pour son associée d'Outre-Manche l'appui qu'elle est aujourd'hui, le soldat en Europe de la cause de l'équilibre international tandis que l'Angleterre est le soldat sur mer de la même cause ? L'entente cordiale sera donc, pour ce qui concerne la France, une fonction de ce que les doctrinaires de la monarchie de juillet appelaient la Résistance, ou bien elle cessera. Plus nous réagirons vigoureusement contre les utopistes du socialisme, plus nous offrirons de garantie à l'entreprise du salut Européen, inauguré par Edouard VII. Inversement, plus nous irons à gauche, moins nos voisins d'Outre-Manche devront compter sur nous. Attendons nous donc à voir les ennemis de l'entente cordiale manœuvrer de manière à nous pousser de plus en plus du côté de la Révolution. Il est visible que c'est déjà leur tactique. Si M. de Bismarck vivait encore, c'est à subventionner les partis d'extrême gauche en France qu'il emploirait le fonds des reptiles.

Il l'emploirait aussi à pousser l'Angleterre du côté de la démocratie. Je m'excuse de toucher ici, dans une Revue anglaise, à un point de la vie nationale où les Anglais sont seuls compétents. Aussi ne le ferai-je que du point de vue des rapports de l'Angleterre avec la France. J'admets parfaitement qu'un Anglais puisse faire passer la question d'ordre intérieur au premier rang et lui sacrifier la question extérieure. Il doit seulement se rendre compte que le sacrifice est inévitable et qu'il lui faut choisir. Le triomphe du socialisme en France ne porterait pas

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à l'entente cordiale un coup plus mortel qu'une accentuation de la politique Britannique dans le sens de ces soi-disant réformes qui ne serviront, si elles ont lieu, qu'à dissocier l'énérgie nationale. Les Anglais ne sauront jamais avec quelle anxiété nous avons suivi la campagne contre la Chambre des Lords. La Grande Bretagne à laquelle nous avons donné notre confiance, c'est cette Grande Bretagne traditionelle, objet de l'admiration des Balzac, des Taine, des Le Play, celle qui a conservé ces outils de durée que nous avons perdus : le loyalisme monarchique et une aristocratie privilégiée. Nous avons frémi d'entendre Lord Rosebery lui-même parler de toucher au principe d'hérédité. De même que l'ordre Latin—dernier produit de Rome—sera détruit quand on aura réduit l'armée Française à n'être plus qu'une garde civique—elle, la descendante des légions—de même l'ordre Anglo-Saxon sera en grand péril le jour où la funeste pratique de l'élection appliquée à tout aura commencé de fonctionner au lieu et place du système actuel. Ce serait une étrange erreur de la part des hommes d'état Anglais de croire qu'ils augmenteraient l'amitié de la France pour leur pays en modifiant leurs institutions dans le sens des nôtres. Loin de nous attirer, ils nous éloigneraient. Ils détruiraient la confiance qu'ils nous inspirent en touchant à l'image, vraie jusqu'ici, que nous nous faisons d'une Angleterre dominée par l'esprit de suite, absolument réfractaire aux hasardeux essais des applications théoriques, appuyant sans cesse tout son présent sur tout son passé—enfin le plus puissant organisme de durée qui ait paru depuis Rome et Venise. C'est le bienfait que la civilisation Anglo-Saxonne apporte à la civilisation Latine. Elle lui apprend à se défier de la manie des réformes. Elle lui montre que la grande politique est régie, comme la grande médecine, par cette maxime : respecter la vie, ne pas tenter sur elle des expériences dont ceux qui les conçoivent ne peuvent pas mesurer les conséquences. On se souvient des pages admirables que Spencer a écrites pour développer cette idée dans son *Man versus the State*. Le monde Anglais qu'Edouard VII nous a invités à défendre contre l'invasion Germanique, c'est ce chef-d'œuvre de sagesse empirique qu'est l'Angleterre actuelle, comme le monde Latin qu'il a tant aimé, c'est ce chef-d'œuvre de culture

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modérée qu'est restée la France. Puissent les deux pays comprendre qu'ils se doivent l'un et l'autre à l'un et à l'autre, de ne pas se dénaturer, s'ils veulent demeurer invincibles et unis dans leur lutte contre le flot montant de cette autre civilisation destructrice de tout ce qu'ils aiment : l'Allemande ! Et s'ils sont unis, il y a bien des chances pour qu'ils soient invincibles.

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England and France

By Frederic Harrison

When an author of European—and, indeed, of Transatlantic—reputation, as is M. Paul Bourget, favours us with an important study of the relations between his country and our own, all true friends of the happy understanding typified by our late King Edward will read his essay with close attention. The English Review continues in the present number and concludes the article it published in June, entitled "France et Angleterre"; and it would not dim the brilliance of M. Bourget's luminous French by attempting to translate it.

Now I am a very old believer in the hearty union between the policies of our two great nations. I may claim to be the oldest living publicist who has worked in this cause unswervingly for more than forty years. In 1866 I published an elaborate essay entitled "England and France," which insisted that "*in union between the two great heads of the West lies the true protection to Europe against attack from without, against war from within; its best guarantee for freedom, peace, and progress.*" I grasp the hand of the great French romancer when I read his words of 1910—that the programme of our late king was "*tout simplement la défense de la civilisation*"—words which almost echo my own words in 1866, when Paul Bourget was a Lycéen construing Cæsar *de bello Gallico*. Before he had taken his degree with honours I had warmly defended the cause of France in my *Bismarckism* of 1870 and many other essays of the kind to be read in my own *National and Social Problems*, 1908; and in 1904 in the *Positivist Review* (Vol. 12) I wrote to welcome the international agreement made by Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé, "as one of the most statesmanlike achievements of our generation. It is the herald of Peace to Europe, and the token of a new era of

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conciliation and good sense." In the same essay I traced the history of the *entente* between England and France. I pointed out that it was then ninety years since French and English troops had met as enemies (it is now ninety-five years), that in four wars since Waterloo, English and French troops had fought side by side. And in diplomatic negotiations our two nations had been working together more than twice four times.

I

I recall these utterances of mine to convince M. Bourget and his countrymen that in the defence of an Anglo-French union of policy, I am myself a veteran *rude jam donatus;* and much as I agree with M. Bourget's eulogium on our late king, there are points in what he says about English politics which I must take leave very strongly to dispute and to correct. M. Bourget as he truly says, and as two continents can testify, is *un artiste litteraire, un écrivain indépendant*, and his brilliant *aperçus* represent to us the ideas of the French world of culture and *beau ton*. I am only an old politician who remembers the events of 1848, the Crimean War, and the horrors of 1870–71. I will not pretend to set M. Bourget right on French politics, though I think he speaks thereon for a somewhat belated minority, but I wish to point out that he grossly misunderstands cardinal features and notorious facts about our own English politics.

Englishmen read with pride the eloquent tribute of M. Bourget to the personal charm and consummate tact of Edward VII. We are all entirely with him when he paints the gracious *bonhomie* with which the late King won the heart of the French people, and also how his good sense and genial nature contributed to cement a good understanding between the Powers of Europe, and, in M. Bourget's striking phrase, made the people of the Continent feel again that "for all that there was a Europe." All this had been stated quite as fully, and with far more precise knowledge in the same number of this REVIEW, in the article by Mr. Sidney Low headed "Kingship in England," and also in the Editorial article headed "The King."

Now I come to the point where I part company with M.

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Bourget, and must go so far as to show how he misunderstands the origin, duration, and nature of the *entente* between England and France; how he would thrust upon it motives and aims which some English politicians repudiate; and when he advises us about our own internal or constitutional problems, how truly fantastic are his counsels. M. Blériot, or M. Paulhan, in his wonderful flight never took a more bird's-eye view of British affairs as seen from the height of a French monoplane.

To begin—M. Bourget exaggerates the personal part played by Edward VII. in the *entente* with France, and certainly still more as to the general peace of Europe. It was quite natural that a great French romancer should personify and idealise a national movement. To the creator of so many fine psychologic personalities it was inevitable that the corporate action of generations and the diplomacy of successive chanceries should seem to be concentrated in the heart and brain of the dominant representative. Our popular King was the official protagonist in these complicated negotiations between States, and in a monarchic country every act has to be done in the name of the Sovereign. But to talk of our good Edward as a sort of Louis XIV., Frederick the Great, and Napoleon rolled into one glorified Prince of Peace can only make Englishmen smile. It would make a dull novel if M. Bourget were to set forth in successive chapters of his tales the protocols, despatches, and diplomatic memoranda which explain all the windings and subtleties of an international *amourette*. But alas! in real history that is how alliances are formed. M. Bourget quite naturally as an *artiste littéraire* saw France smitten with love-at-first-sight, when she beheld the *beaux yeux du bon Roi de Paris*.

The true part of King Edward in the diplomacy of his reign was described with perfect accuracy by Mr. Sidney Low in the article on "Kingship in England." He truly extolled his "amiable character, his kindliness, his affection for his subjects, his considerable public services, his charm of manner." That is the simple truth. Mr. Low declares that the King "assumed far less responsibility for the direction of foreign policy than Queen Victoria." He cites Mr. Balfour, who had been Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, that "we must not

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think of the King as a dexterous diplomatist." As Mr. Balfour rightly told the House of Commons, the King's influence lay in his personality, his manner, his tact, his hearty sincerity, and good feeling—not in his diplomatic skill. Edward VII. did not originate the pacific union of Europe; he left his Ministers to do their proper work; in his visits to foreign Courts he was accompanied by responsible advisers; he did nothing without the knowledge and concurrence of his own Cabinet. What he did was "to create an atmosphere." He did what often a Queen has done, or the wife of a great magnate, by giving an incommunicable charm, a sense of real, sincere, good feeling, and thus creating popularity which no right act by itself could produce. From his great Imperial Throne, with his consummate *savoir-faire*, with his personal activity and grace, his knowledge of every people on the globe, his relationship to almost every royal house in Europe, King Edward had an unequalled *point d'appui* to shed around him at home and abroad an air of sympathy, conciliation, and peace. And he used these rare opportunities to the last hour of his life.

Now in England we are all of one mind as to this. The evidence of Ministers, diplomatists, and publicists is unanimous. And it only raises a smile when a French royalist, *plus royal que le roi*, assures us that our lamented Sovereign was a political genius, a Richelieu, or a Chatham, who could foresee what no man in France or in England could see. The great international agreement of 1904 in all its complicated provisoes, and all the agreements since completed, were the patient and laborious work of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, M. Loubet, M. Delcassé, of Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and the unnamed experts in the French and British Chanceries, Embassies, and archives. To these the King himself gave a living voice that meant more than a pile of documents and *pourparlers*. But it would have amused King Edward if it had been suggested that he personally framed the various agreements he signed, or even that he could have explained them in detail. No doubt, M. Loubet was a far more accomplished "diplomatist" in a technical sense than King Edward.

Had it been otherwise, we should have had something to say

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about it in the House of Commons. But the proof stared us in the face when we traced the doings of our popular Sovereign in foreign lands. His every movement, watched as it was by ten thousand eyes, and, alas, nearly as many kodaks, told us how he spent his time. His interviews with Presidents, Ministers, and Ambassadors, were natural matters of courtesy—brief, perfunctory, duties of his rank. His free time was given to brilliant literary, artistic, dramatic celebrities, to leaders of the *beau monde*, and even to the gaieties of the Boulevard. A Talleyrand or a Metternich has to lead a far less public, less joyous life. It is natural that M. Bourget, keenly alive to the compliment our King paid to the true *vie Parisienne*, should call King Edward "*un vrai homme d'état*"; but the imbroglios over Egypt, Morocco, Newfoundland, Siam, the New Hebrides, Nigeria, Gambia, and Madagascar were never settled—never discussed—by painters, novelists, actors, and marquises round the elegant suppers of the Hôtel Bristol.

II

It would, indeed, be a slur on the memory of the King, and a distortion of his and our political practice, to represent the *entente* as having reference to the events of forty years ago, to any treaties or settlements then made, or to any memory or any hope that Frenchmen choose to nurse at home. The political unanimity between France and England, which certainly subsisted during the reign of King Edward VII., was, and is, founded upon the manifest interests of our two nations, and the harmony in European questions which we both strive to promote. It was actively assisted by the late King and it will be equally favoured by our present King; but as it did not originate with King Edward, it will suffer no diminution by his death. Our Sovereigns are not like Emperors of Germany, Austria, or Russia, who more or less control the external relations of their subject people. Our external relations are ultimately controlled by public opinion working through Parliamentary Government, as in France and the United States. The *entente* had an origin much older than the twentieth century; it has no reference to any single nation, or to any special European problem. It is *national*, as the mature

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will of the British nation. It is *international*, inasmuch as it safeguards the general peace of Europe.

It was natural that M. Bourget, who is a brilliant romancer and a subtle psychologist, should attribute to a conspicuous personality the unanimous feeling of a whole nation; and that a writer whose political interests are not very keen or of very long standing should suppose the great change which came over French and English policy in the first year of this century was the direct work of the new King. As compared with our mutual irritation ten, twelve, fifteen years previously, the change was very great. But those older politicians whose memory goes back to the fall of the French monarchy in 1848 have witnessed a very different state of feeling than that aroused by such incidents as Fashoda, the *affaire*, and our Boer War. For the forty years that separate the fall of Louis Philippe from these sinister affairs, there was constant *rapprochement* between English and French policies; some active common work; and military and naval expeditions to secure a common settlement. It was not, I fear, in M. Bourget's eyes, one of our good deeds that the Cabinet, the Press, and the British public gave a uniform support to the Republic as an institution adapted to France. I pointed out, in 1904, that "friendly co-operation, though frequently interrupted, is the *normal attitude of the two countries*."

Frenchmen will be much mistaken and will even endanger our good relations, if they attempt to narrow down the friendly feeling between our two nations to any joint antagonism towards any other Power whatever. The *entente* is a bond of peace—not of antagonism. As a people we certainly do not share the anti-Teutonic criticisms collected in Part II. of M. Bourget's article of last June. True or false, just or unkind, as they may be regarded in France, they have nothing to do with politics and should not be foisted into a serious estimate of French and English policy. Whether or not Parisian delicacy discovers vulgarity even in Goethe and in Heine [German editors please don't copy !], whether a Church at Sienna shows evidence of better taste by Italians than by German students—all this, as the opera says, has nothing to do with the case. Germans declare that they see things on walls and buildings in the *Ville lumière*

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which are not up to the standard set the Fatherland by Kaiser Wilhelm. Be that as it may, our friendship with France in political action is perfectly free from unfriendliness to Germany, or depreciation of the German genius—much less is it going to be distorted into hostility to Germany.

We have had in recent years very anxious problems to reconsider connected with our naval supremacy which has been long—perhaps far too long—looked on as essential to our existence as a nation. The British race is now rousing itself to deal with the problem of a second line of defence and an adequate land force at home. All that is our own insular affair, and it is a matter in which we can look for no help outside. Our political agreement with France and with the friends and allies of France rests on other and more permanent grounds with which naval armaments, Dreadnoughts, and cruisers have nothing to do We know France, we admire France, we find French ideas, French products, French skill, essential to our own progress. We have come to see, after some generations of varied attitudes, that common action between our two neighbouring nations is the true policy for both, and the best guarantee for the peace and well-being of Europe as a whole. M. Bourget is quite right in saying that this is no Platonic attachment, no sentimental sympathy with French art, literature, and genius. We are quite resolved to make it as he says "the defence of civilisation," if need be, with all the force of a mighty nation. But it menaces no one and has no offensive character whatever. Nor was it an *idée Edwardienne*. English Sovereigns are not Bonapartes, and have no *idées* outside those of their Ministers and their people. The "defence of civilisation" is the settled policy of the English nation—of which George, like Edward, is the symbol and the herald.

III.

Now let us assure our French friends that our joint understanding is entirely independent of internal political change in one country or in the other. Here, speaking for Englishmen at least, I am sure that I am on safe ground, and I trust our foreign critics will permit a publicist who has been familiar with politics since the days of Palmerston and Russell, of Beaconsfield and Glad-

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stone, to assure them that domestic politics, whether in France or in England, do not affect our general international relations. Happily in England, and, I believe, in France, foreign policy remains outside party. The military system, or the constitutional problems of England or of France, for us are matters which each country must settle for itself. And, whichever way these may be settled, the *entente* is untouched and rests on its own merits.

I therefore must dispute the argument of M. Bourget in the present number of this REVIEW that the question at issue between the two Houses of our Parliament concerns the French confidence in the *entente*, or that any question at issue in their Parliament as to French armaments concerns the English confidence in the *entente*. So strange and even so unsettling a suspicion, has drawn me out of my retirement to contradict it. I regret to see M. Bourget giving his great name to the small Nationalist group who see every question large or small, domestic or foreign, through Alsatian spectacles. We English never use these singular *pseudocles*. And we shall offer French people no advice as to what army best suits their own country, any more than we shall ask them for advice as to the navy which is best adapted to our Empire. Whatever France decides as to its national service, as to its electoral system, as to its income-tax, is no affair of ours, and cannot affect our international sympathy and common policy in Europe. The recent elections in France do not look as if M. Bourget's Conservative friends were likely to make any great change. But in any case we in England can only look on and accept the result.

And then, when M. Bourget solemnly warns us not to tamper with so majestic an institution as the House of Lords, lest we endanger the French alliance by showing France that Great Britain after all is not so Conservative, so Monarchic, so antique as she was thought to be, Englishmen of all parties can only smile. During the recent debates in our country we have heard some strange things from "wild peers" and other wild persons, if we laid sacrilegious hands on the ark of the covenant and the Constitution. But I remember nothing so strange as M. Bourget's assertion that France followed the campaign against the Lords "with anxiety." He declares that France shuddered ("*nous avons frémi*") "when Lord Rosebery himself

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talked of touching the principle of heredity." As Lord Rosebery has talked of it now for five and twenty years, we have got familiarised with the idea, and we do not shudder. And even if some *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain sighed for the *loyalisme monarchique* and an *aristocracie privilégiée* still extant across the Channel, I will not believe that the France of Voltaire, of Michelet, of Thiers, and Gambetta, still yearns for what remains of *ancien régime* in neighbouring lands.

We were always told that it was the people who welcomed King Edward, and that it was his popular ways that gave him his influence. Certainly he never seemed to restrict his friendship to the *veielle roche* of the age of the Crusaders and the sons of St. Louis. The populace loved to see the descendant of Alfred behaving more like Henri IV. than like Louis XIV. And it is hard to believe that modern Frenchmen would like to see an English King say—*l'état, c'est moi.*

What far-fetched suspicions, what subtle motives do our foreign critics often discover in our stolid, matter-of-fact, common-sense British ways! Why, M. Bourget, with his Gallic perspicacity, seems to think that British statesmen are contemplating a democratic reform with a view of increasing the friendliness of France. And he warns us that to do so "would destroy the confidence" that France puts in us. Is there anything so original, so piquant, so comic in any of M. Bourget's best romances? Yes! there is a yet more exquisite bit of fun. It is when M. Bourget talks of Prince Bismarck, or some German Chancellor, employing his secret service fund to subvention the extreme Left and to push England further towards democracy! Well! we have no "reptile Press" here, and the wildest peer has never suggested that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are in the pay of the Kaiser's myrmidons. This is "Pitt's Gold" again which produced the crimes of Robespierre and Marat. Take heart, *mon vénéré Maître*, the Monarchy and Aristocracy of old England are quite safe and will long remain to cheer the eyes of those across the seas who love to contemplate them. Give us more of your subtle analyses of national character, of your living idiosyncrasies, of your inimitable romances—but leave us to manage purely British concerns at home in our slow, dull, lethargic way.

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The Handling of Words

Kipling

By Vernon Lee

Kim. Five hundred words taken at random, only choosing a page without dialogue, p. 118. Nouns, 157; verbs, 59; adjectives and adverbs, 53.

. . . "Who would have bid him learn. But had it not been proven at Umballa that his sign in the high heavens portended war and armed men? Was he not the friend of the stars as of all the world, crammed to the teeth with dreadful secrets? Lastly—and firstly as the undercurrent of all his quick thoughts—this adventure, though he did not know the English word, was a stupendous lark, a delightful continuation of his old flights across the house-tops, as well as the fulfilment of sublime prophecy. He lay belly flat and wriggled towards the mess-tent door, a hand on the amulet round his neck. It was as he suspected. The sahibs prayed to their god; for in the centre of the mess-table—its sole ornament when they were on the line of march—stood a golden bull fashioned from old-time loot of the summer palace at Pekin—a red gold bull with lowered head, ramping upon a field of rich Irish green. To him the sahibs held out their glasses and cried confusedly.

"Now the Reverend Arthur Bennett always left mess after that toast, and, being rather tired by his march, his movements were more abrupt than usual. Kim, with slightly raised head, was still staring at his totem on the table when the chaplain stepped on his right shoulder-blade. Kim flinched under the leather and, rolling sideways, brought down the chaplain, who, ever a man of action, caught him by the throat and nearly choked the life out of him. Kim then kicked him desperately in the stomach. Mr. Bennett gasped and doubled up, but,

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without relaxing his grip, rolled over again and silently hauled Kim to his own tent. The Mavericks were incurable practical jokers; and it occurred to the Englishman that silence was best till he had made complete inquiry.

"'Why, it's a boy,' he said, as he drew his prize under the light of the tent-pole lantern; then, shaking him severely, cried: 'What were you doing? You are a thief.'

"His Hindustanee was very limited, and the ruffled and disgusted Kim intended to keep to the character laid down for him. As he recovered his breath he was inventing a beautifully plausible tale of his relations to some mess-scullion, and at the same time keeping a keen eye on and a little under the chaplain's left arm-pit. The chance came; he ducked for the door-way, but a long arm shot out and clutched at his neck, snapping the amulet-string and closing on the amulet. 'Give it to me, oh give it me! Is it lost? Give me the papers?' The words were in English, the tinny, saw-cut English of the native bred, and the chaplain jumped.

"'A scapular!' he said, opening his hand—'no, some sort of heathen charm. Why—why do you speak English? Little boys who steal are beaten. You know that?'"

The first paragraph contains several *changes of direction.* A passive form "had it not been proven" turning into an action "that his sign portended." Moreover, we have a nominative which is a whole phrase; the *it* which was proven being the *that* of the "that his sign, &c." After this a simple past"—"was he not a friend of the stars," &c.—and a perfectly direct statement with *he* as nominative and "friend of the stars also." Both these two first sentences are interrogative, and that is their only formal connection.

Next we get a sentence with a double parenthesis, which, however, makes it only the clearer, and seems to put on weight. "Lastly—and firstly as the undercurrent of his quick thoughts—this adventure," &c. Weight is also put on by the sort of drum-tap call on the attention of the *firstly* and *lastly*. The impact of this sentence is due to the damming up of the meaning by those two parentheses. The reader is made to expect something

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by that *lastly;* his attention is restrained violently by the "firstly as the undercurrent," &c.—which, although parenthetical, is in no way an *obiter dictum* slipped in, but, on the contrary, a reduplication of that call on his expectation, a sort of multiplier of the movement. Only after these two strong pullings-back of the meaning do we get the beginning of it with that *the adventure.* But the impact is heightened again by a new stoppage: "though he did not know the English word." Then only is the meaning let go, with a snap—"was a stupendous lark." There can be no doubt after this of the truth of the assertion that the chief importance of the thing from Kim's point of view was *its being a lark.* Compare, in order to realise the mechanism of tension and restraint by which Kipling obtains this effect, the very clear and proper, but absolutely nerveless sentence in which I have just paraphrased it! After the sort of radiating crash of that word *lark* (something corresponding to the high note of an intricate Mozart close, comes a sort of developing cadence, symmetrically uniting the two ideas: "a delightful continuation of his old flight across the housetops as well as the fulfilment of sublime prophecy." After this elaborate and very dynamic passage describing Kim's consciousness, we pass abruptly to his bodily condition, considered objectively: "he lay belly flat and wriggled towards the messtent door, a hand on the amulet round his neck." Here also, after an analysis of emotion, *i.e.* of abstractedly considered moods, we have a very vivid image of bodily position and movement, almost an instantaneous snap-shot. We have a feeling as of the boat having been properly shoved off from shore. This whole arrangement is extremely efficacious. It may, no doubt, degenerate into a trick. If such arrangements are frequent in Kipling, this would explain much of his popularity. But a sensitive reader might resent their repetition and thereby wreck their efficacy: the fatal suspicion arising of *the thing being cheap.*

This suspicion of cheapness happens here to be borne out by the sequel, which is evidently neither inspired by continuous interest nor revised by habitual care; it is a deviation of meaning. Let us look at it. Here is the passage:

"It was as he suspected." Here the reader's attention

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is twitched, and ordered suddenly back to Kim's consciousness. Now comes a logical elision, a showing to us of the thing which Kim had had in his mind, while showing us, at the same moment, its counterpart in reality (instead of saying "he had expected *that* the sahibs, &c., and it appeared *that* they really were doing it."

The sudden rolling into one of the expected thing and the actual thing has the vivacity of a conjurer's trick, of any kind of summation of two modes of calling on the attention. It is the "you are going to see," said at the instant of pulling the thing out of the bag; we get the total of two (what I must call) *movement values*, and the additional value of their comparison. So far, so good. But now comes the slack part. The slackness of attention, I may remark, by the way, betrays itself by the use of a wrong tense: "It was as he suspected. The sahibs prayed to their god"—the logical development requires the concordance *were praying*, because the two items cannot be on the same *plane of thought*, the first sentence telling us about Kim, the second about what Kim was telling (or had told) himself. Such a difference of what I call *plane of thought* is more important even than a difference in the *plane of time*, and, in most cases, it implies the latter. The praying of the sahibs did indeed go on contemporaneously with Kim's suspecting. But it was a continuation; and the part of their praying which was going on was not the same part as the one he suspected about, since it was a part about which a tense is used showing that the suspicion was verified by the praying, consequently must have existed apart and before. This slackness of realisation of the relations in time and in logic between the two verbs accounts for an actual and quite unintentional deflection from the meaning Kipling really has. For the substitution of "prayed" for "were praying" in that juncture gives the past tense, the *prayed*, the meaning of habitual doing of the thing instead of doing it at that moment. "It was as he suspected. The sahibs prayed to their god"—means, taken literally, that Kim was borne out in his suspicion that the sahibs were in the habit of praying; whereas the true meaning is that what the sahibs were doing at that moment answered to Kim's

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suspicions. The fact is that the transition from Kim's consciousness to the external reality has been too much, at this moment, for Kipling's attention.

Let us look further at this which I might call the slackening of Kipling's grasp. " For in the centre of the mess-table—its sole ornament when they were on the line of march—stood a golden bull from old-time loot of the summer palace at Pekin—a red gold bull with lowered head, ramping upon a field of Irish green."

Now the sentence " the sahibs prayed to their god " represents what Kim thought, not in the least what was really happening. And the *for* of the succeeding sentence most distinctly connects its contents with this notion of Kim's; we expect to be told something to justify Kim's view about the praying to a god. We expect to be told it, moreover, *in terms of Kim's thought*, since no indication has been given that we have done with Kim's suppositions. From this point of view it is a pity to speak of a *mess-table;* for to Kim, most probably, it was only a *table*. Then Kipling tells us that the object he is about to describe was the mess-table's sole ornament when they (*they* can only refer to the sahibs, thus connecting back to Kim's imaginary people praying to an idol) " were on the line of march "—a piece of information which could scarcely have been understood by Kim, even if it had been suggested to him. For what could Kim, thinking of *idols*, understand about the regulation ornamenting of mess-tables at one moment rather than another ? Kipling continues to abound in information respecting this mess-table ornament : it had been fashioned " out of old-time loot of the summer palace at Pekin "—and it had, he tells us, " a field of Irish green "—of all this information the only piece Kim could have grasped (even had he, instead of us, been told) is that the thing in the middle of the table was a " red gold bull with lowered head."

We have left Kim and his head-full of suspicions a good way behind. Yet the next moment we jerk back to it, and look at the table no longer in the light of Kipling's information, but in that of Kim's imagination, for the ensuing sentence states, not that the officers were drinking toasts round that table ornament,

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but that "*to him* the *sahibs* held out their glasses and cried aloud confusedly."

But, you may say, was Kipling not to tell us the reality which had erroneously confirmed Kim's suspicions? This is the *hic*. My contention is that had Kipling's consciousness been full of the subject, he would inevitably have seen the two orders of facts—the objective in the mess-tent, the subjective in Kim's mind, in their real relation of importance to the reader, that is to say, the objective strictly subordinated to the subjective. He would have told us, because he would have thought of, the details of the mess-tent, &c., *only in so far as they explained Kim's ideas* and his consequent action. The mischief in all this, the origin of the faulty construction, even of the misuse of tenses, lies, I think, in the slackness and poverty of the thought. Where ignorance of the habits of a language cannot come into account, I believe that bad syntax, bad grammar, bad rhetoric can be traced to a lapse in the power of feeling and thinking a subject. Literature, more than any other art, is a matter of intellectual and emotional strength. Let us see whether, in our five hundred words, Kipling recovers himself after this lapse.

He has been talking of Kim, so far. He now requires to talk about the chaplain. Instead of turning clean to his new point of view, he lurches over to it across that self-same sentence in which irrelevant information about the mess-table was given alongside of Kim's impressions. He has so little the feeling of having made a mistake that he builds upon it. "*Now* the Rev. A. B. always left mess after that toast." Here we again meet, if not an absolutely incorrect concordance of tenses, at least a very slack employment of them. Let us resume. ". . . always left . . . and, being rather tired by his march, his movements were, &c." To put the tenses right it would be necessary to slip in "and to-day"—or "on this occasion"—so as to connect the general statement with the particular one. Moreover, the pronouns are so placed that the verb "being tired"—is either without a nominative or governed by "his movements." Such a lapse, doubtless common enough in eighteenth-century writers, has come to represent a real con-

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fusion of thought, at least a stumble in thinking, nowadays that grammatical habits have acquired more precision and hardness.

The next sentence begins with *Kim*, as the preceding one did with the Reverend Arthur; and our attention being drawn to him and his "slightly raised head . . ." staring at the totem, we are as surprised as he when "the chaplain stepped on his right shoulder-blade." After that we have first Kim as governing the action, then the chaplain; two *leads* made more conspicuous by Kim beginning with an intransitive verb and one making him passive to the Reverend Arthur's boot ("Kim flinched under the leather and . . . brought down the chaplain—" and the chaplain deflecting from the passive into the active with the parenthetical information "ever a man of action." What would this exchange of nominatives have looked like without that parenthesis? Let us try. "Kim flinched under the leather, and, rolling sideways, brought down the chaplain who caught him by the throat and nearly choked the life out of him." The sentence, reduced to this, is weak, without a solid middle on which to articulate it; and the two nominatives strike out confusedly like puppets whose strings have got mixed up. The "ever a man of action" serves as body or head to all these members. It steadies the rest, and makes the continued exchange of nominatives in a way rhythmical; for the interchange continues. But there comes a sudden break, showing that this see-saw of nominatives has been accidental and the result of disorder. For we get after "silently hauled Kim to his tent"—this other thing—"The Mavericks were incurable practical jokers." After this comes the second half explaining this sudden introduction of the regiment—"and it occurred to the Englishman that silence was best till, &c."

It is an odd proof of deficient logical feeling, and (in so far, perhaps, of deficient sense of consecutive action), that Kipling should not have written: "*for* the Mavericks were, &c." As it is, this whole sentence is chaotic; and although the verbs employed are consecutive in their meaning "Kim kicked"—"Mr. Bennett gasped and doubled up . . . rolled over . . . silently hauled Kim, &c."—the lack of logical formula makes them into a series

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of ill-understood jerks, *as they no doubt would have seemed to bystanders.*

The lack of causal clearness continues; perhaps I should have said, Kipling's satisfaction with an imperfectly stated causal relation—"His (the Reverend Arthur's) Hindustanee was very limited, and the ruffled and disgusted Kim intended to keep to the character laid down for him." This follows upon two Hindustanee words, which this unstrung sentence explains in retrospective fashion. It is possible that such logical slackness may lighten the trouble of some readers, those who don't care to follow the *hang of an action*, and are satisfied with staring at mere movement. If so, I am not sure whether this way of writing is not a kind of *impressionism*, a deliberate trick on Kipling's part. For note the sequel: "The chance came; he ducked for the doorway; but a long arm shot out and clutched at his neck," &c.

If impressionism, it is unsuccessful, because all impressionism, literary as much as pictorial, depends upon *a fixed point of view* whence unity and intelligibility are obtained. Now this elision of the man to whom the arm belonged does not go with a point of view. Not Kim's; for to Kim the central occurrence would not be the nominative *arm* actively shooting out from the inexplicable, but a nominative *Kim* suddenly collared in the passive by a very well guessed-at chaplain. And if not Kim's point of view, then whose? The absence of what I call the *causal attitude* (all words save nouns, adjectives, verbs, and their satellites are words deciding the reader's attitude) is conspicuous in the next sentence also. "The words were in English—the tinny, saw-cut English of the native bred, *and* the chaplain jumped."

And? the chaplain may be said to jump also over the connection. This gives vivacity, but also a sense of emptiness and superficiality. The effect is increased by the spasmodic speech of the chaplain—"'A scapular,' he said, opening his hand. 'Why—why—do you speak English? Little boys who steal are beaten. You know that?'" I have no doubt the chaplain actually did speak like that. But it affects me like a snap-shot leaving the *how* of a movement unintelligible. A

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certain scamping of the passage is shown by not altering the *why*, which may also mean "*for what reason*," and which by no means announces itself at once as an interjection.

I am sorry that accident should have furnished me with so poor a page from what is, in many ways, a great and charming book. But having trusted to mere chance in my selections from Meredith, Henry James, Hardy, Stevenson, and Hewlett, I had no right to pick and choose when it came to Kipling. Of course there must be, in even the most inspired or the most careful writers, a certain amount of work in which inspiration or care has been insufficient, work done in moments of being, intellectually, *below par*, or else done at the beginning of a day before the mind has warmed to the task. On the other hand, it is in such less fortunate work that we can judge of what I should call the writer's *constitutional tradition*, of his habits and standards, and I think it is probable that Kipling is among the most unequal, the least disciplined, of contemporary English writers.

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July

By Edward Thomas

THERE were certain periods in Lawrence Garlon's past life, some of them but a few days, others several months long, which had become in his memory foreign countries, each with a sky, an air, and physical character of its own; and as he had much leisure he returned to these countries—the country of January to October 1885, for example, the country of May 1888—every year several times. Year after year they changed and rose and fell slightly in his favour. Sometimes, as he well knew, the changes were made in imperceptible ways by himself. But a few he could have sworn were the work of other powers than his own.

The most changeful and alluring of all these lands was the nearest, the country of January to October 1885, to which he was admitted by a score of diverse gateways, and the gateway he most used was that of July. The partner of his journey was always the same, a girl of his own age. And the day was her twenty-first birthday, his own being then not many days past. He was so much fascinated by this land that he would at times do the forbidden thing—knock and—having no answer—force open the gate into it; and that meant misery and he could see the desired only in fragments, little trees and haystacks above the level mist, and she showed him only glimpses of her smile, her tears, her white dress fluttering among endless trees that engulfed her as night does the solitary wandering bird. But if there was one time when the bolts were more likely than at any other to be self-drawn and to disclose the vision, it was the first day in January when change from frost and north-east wind and cold rain to warmth, blue sky, white clouds of gracious

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form and golden light among naked trees, relaxes the sinews and, while inviting men to some unusual effort, refuses the energy. It was on such a day that he had the journey which completely changed him by making of him no longer a melancholy but a sad man ; nor did he ever think afterwards of knocking impatiently at the gate of July.

The afternoon had been silent, but now, though several thrushes were singing, the silence had become a strong and austere spirit which nothing could disturb. A traction-engine struggled up the road that threaded the beech wood upon the hills, but its sound was outside the sphere of the silence. He looked from hill to hill, to the twenty-mile distant headland carving the farthest silver in the south-east, from cloud to cloud and from star to star. He followed the flight of a crow until it seemed to descend into the ashes of the west. He listened to the voices of some children in the wood and clung to them almost fearfully as they went farther and farther away, fading deep into that other world beyond the enveloping silence. And he sighed as he walked slowly in this quiet unearthly world. He sighed, too, as he sat down by his own fire, and the gateway of the July country was opened to him. The gateway was opened, but he could not, as he had always been used to do, pass over the threshold. He could only look in and see wandering there another self, the self of July in that lost year, and that wraith was enjoying Margaret as he had done once upon a time.

At the side of this wraith he saw Margaret, whose world this also was, and, for all he knew, her only world, for she was dead long ago. And was not that one of the dead walking with her ? He was equally distant and out of reach and recall, and in the sunlight of that land his eyes could not distinguish the ghost of the living from the ghost of the dead.

She was tall and carried herself with gentleness and at the same time with an animal freedom of movement and gesture ; her strength and energy had so far found no way to express itself except in exquisite grace, buoyant head, bright eyes, and a habit of interrupting her walk by running or tripping unconsciously for a few steps ; and few could have looked at her without thinking what noble children she might bear, or without a sigh that

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she could not be thus everlastingly. He at her side was taller, fair haired, and more frail, and it was only his passion that for the moment made him worthy to be with her; already the weakness might have been detected that made him fitter to lament her loss in a study than to reign as her lover.

As she used to do, years before, she flowed beside him swiftly with a motion as if she trod, not upon the earth, but upon the south wind that was always blowing in that land. Her brows and the dark brown hair crowning them were on a level with his eyes and often did he look at them.

At first they mounted a long road, broad and dry but with a dryness that could be enjoyed as one of the truest pledges of summer, from the shade of the hawthorns alongside. The dew was still on the leaves, and on the grass of the untenanted gardens seen betwixt the stems. The two looked together at these solitudes and smiled, knowing that there were others more deep, more cool, and fuller of sunlight, beyond. Sometimes the two looked in one another's eyes and hardly waited to kiss, he laying his two hands on her two cheeks, and she pressing his hands so tightly with hers that her lips pouted under the kisses, and she would slip one of his arms about her neck and keep it there while they walked, their heads erect in the green gloom of old trees that were the mansions of other lovers, invisible, melodious, but heeding them not. Or she looked at him, but he at the trees ahead, trying hard not to notice her for a little time, but knowing well that a smile was already forming on her lips, delaying, for its perfect flourishing, till he should turn and behold; which, not too late, he did, and turned two smiles into one kiss. More seldom it was that both looked ahead and that he was the first to turn, and every time she also turned and caught his eyes just as they were settling on cheeks or shoulders with butterfly glances. He could not have said why they walked on and on, why their lips ever deserted one another or their arms disentwined themselves or their eyes shook off one another's magnetism, why they did not stop and demand an eternity of embraces. Yet rarely did they pause in their walk for more than a moment, for longer than a bird's song or a bee's visit to one flower.

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But Lawrence knew—the watcher, not the lover—and he stared nevertheless more and more eagerly as if to know what they would do.

When they wished to feed their eyes or lips more boldly, she stooped for some purple or golden flowers out of the grass and asked him to fasten them at her throat, or, those being withered, she stood on tip-toe and plucked a rose and carried it, or he cut a long strand of bryony and wound it as a crown in her hair. While they were passing one of the gardens she stayed behind—actually he went on two steps without her—and she unfastened her hat, sending both hands bird-like to the back of her head on the errand, and thus tempting him to pounce upon her lips while they were without the pretence of protection. She took off her hat and covered it up with nettles until they should return, and so all day long he had to wind fresh crowns of bryony and wild hops to shield her head, or when they sat he covered it with a huge burdock leaf bespangled with spray from the rivulet—just as the watcher had done twenty years before. These were the same roses, roses twenty years old, so cool to the finger-tips yet glowing and misty warm with love and summer, their golden or dark hearts moist with dew, pure and fresh and sweet, yet not more pure or fresher or sweeter than her fingers that gathered them, or her throat against which they pressed their petals as she strained for the topmost. Over their heads was bent an immortal sky. Not all the years could stain the blue of that sky. Lofty and based upon infinitely far-off hills, it was, nevertheless, their sky : it was good and kind to them and blessed their love and their spring lust ; out of it had descended so many resplendent days that those before were forgotten and those yet to come were inexhaustible ; like the floor of this their palace of the earth it seemed to have been built to receive them, and they saw it with a sense of possession, and, measureless though it was, it was less so than their love, their joy, their hope, their immortal life.

The fire cracked and crumbled at the watcher's side with a noise prophesying frost ; he shivered as he looked into the summer land where the south wind blew. And now they were alone upon a wide moor.

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Margaret walked among the purple heather and the yellow gorse. The blue sky praised her white form, her green-coroneted brows. The black flashes of her eyes lightened at her lover's out of the pale rose of her cheeks. When she was looking he could not keep his eyes away from hers, and they fenced together as if the aim of love was to prolong that airy bickering. When she was not looking, for a moment only, his eyes wandered to the divinely warm and tender skin like a flower under her ear and looped hair, but not often dared to kiss it because it was too sweet. He was as happy (though the thought never came into his head) when he was gazing away, straight ahead, not even holding her hand, as when it seemed impossible for them ever to end their embrace or their silent marriage of eyes.

Why, thought the watcher, why does he ever look away? Why will he not consume her with kisses and not wait so timorously? It is not many days before she is to die. Why will he let her go on staring piercingly in front of her as though her eyes saw through the blue and through the forest now gathered about and before them in groups and masses and solitary trees? For, look, the smile almost dies from her lips and cheeks; if she looks a moment longer she will perhaps discover the spectre with that burning glance. Ah, he has kissed her—she has detached her eyes from the horizon as if she had not seen anything all the time but his face, and smiling as if she had been wilfully looking away.

At the edge of the forest, where the golden light was melting but never surrendering to the golden gloom, the lover knelt down, keeping one of her hands in both of his and covering his face with it while she laid her other fingers upon his head and watched him, with trembling lips and eyes in which the fires looked as if they could not shine brightly and tenderly enough without some tears. Fiercely he pressed her hand upon his eyes to shut out all sight and thought—now, even now, why will they not make an end or the earth swallow them up? But presently, stung perhaps by the fragrance of her flower-gathering hand, he rose again and, not turning to her, as if some thought had come to him that was not for her—and yet that was impossible—he led her on by the finger-tips to the deeps

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of the forest, a forest as old as the earth itself, and wearing its age heavily and with groans and a lowering aspect. But those two descended into it without fear, joyfully, exultantly. Its only limit was the sea, which they never saw but heard all day long, making a sound like the murmur with which silence fills too wakeful ears. To those lovers the sound was only part of their realm of light and fragrance and melody. Perhaps he would say "It is the sea," and she replied "Yes." But neither said, nor even thought, "Let us go to the sea." For the sea was beyond, away from them, and it was where they were that love dwelt with joy, and they were not in search of anything that they knew, and therefore the sea was as a poet's tale.

To the watcher it was not the sea, at least not any earthly sea of sunlit sapphire and foam. To him it was the sound of the flight of time which, never ceasing but heard oftenest at night or in solitude, is for ever lying in wait to spoil men's singing when their songs are not made so that the refrain may be droned by time. If it was a sea, it was that "unfathomable sea whose waves are years," of which the poet speaks. Could those two not tell the difference between the undying moan of those waves and the sound of ocean? He at least knew that if a man listened curiously he could disentangle out of that seeming senseless murmur the lamentation of his own death-bell. "M-m-m—sh—ah!" They heard it not, or only when she said: "That is the waves, yet there is no wind."

If they did not hear the moan of the unearthly sea it was as certain that they did not see him who was peering upon them out of the twilight gate, out of a desolate heart, nor hear the footsteps which tracked theirs as they floated on or as they paused to kiss. He strove with himself to tell them, to warn, to bid them haste; to let them know—something: but he was not sure what to do, for sometimes he saw that their joy was unshadowed and for a moment dreaded lest they should detect him; but more often he wished them to know their happiness, to make more of it, not to linger so upon the way as if it would never end any more than their love would ever weary.

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He sings! He is singing of the most pitiful sorrow:

O bonnie, bonnie, was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair
Whereon the red blood dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre;
O gin her face was wan!
He said "Ye are the first that e'er
I wished alive again. . . ."

It was the ballad of Edom o' Gordon that tells of a castle long ago surrounded by enemies, when the lady of it and her children but not the lord were within; and the enemies set fire to it and waited; and the smoke was smothering the mother and children on the battlements, and she let her fair daughter down, rolled in a sheet—let her down on to the enemy's spear so that he turned away from his victim and said:

I cannot look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass.

In their fond happiness the two lovers dwelt long upon these verses and he must needs repeat them that he might see her turn to hide her tears and kiss them away.

"Do you cry because the verses are sad?" he asked.

"Oh no, but because they are beautiful," she replied.

They were now deep in the forest, and the third saw them go many paces silent as the trees, sunk into the great silence, a happy part of it, and then emerging from it and glad to see one another again as if newly met. The youth's hands were warm from the sun, but one was warmer where it lay over her shoulder or curved under her further arm to her bosom; and almost it appeared once or twice that she could not support that bliss, for she put his hand away and let her head sink back upon his breast, so that he kissed her throat where it was hot from hiding in her dress and from the turbulence of her heart, and his lips dwelt upon the strands of flesh that heaved under them with sighs.

The footpath was over level ground, upon mossy turf or dead leaves, and so narrow that one of them was always brushing

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a foot through the dark foliage of dog's mercury that enclosed the path as in straight banks, where the beeches forbade anything else to grow: it wound in and out, clear cut like the flat bed of a streamlet, the earth pressed firm but not sunken. A little way ahead and behind it was invisible, so that it seemed to open for their passing and then to close over it again. And yet myriads had trodden it: the leaves were not more numerous than their vanished footsteps or their words. Nor was the watcher the only ghost hovering in that amorous and mortal air, though it was he alone that beheld the others. One less intimate with the wood might have thought them hovering forms born from the suggestions of knot-holes or scars on the tree-trunks or curious arrangements of branches and of dancing insects or shadows. To him they were a thicket of the phantoms of the living and dead, upon whom those lovers trod, through whom they wafted their gossamer way, who looked down at them from trees and up from grass and fern and whisked like vapours feebly and without purpose. But Lawrence and Margaret saw those faces no more than they heard the sea or saw the spectator of all, sitting with blood yet warm, and watching beside the dying clicks and sighs of the fire. He shivered as he saw the two come now through bunches of meadow-sweet and wild mint that had to be crushed underfoot, down to a wide pool, half in shade and half burnished by the sun, surrounded by tall reeds and reflecting the reeds, the branches of the forest, the clouds, and their two faces but not those of their companions.

The two bent to drink. They bathed their hands. They sat upon a boulder and dipped their feet into the water and laughed together for the first time, as the cool touch of the element set them free from the net of almost too much love which their kisses had woven.

They were now perfectly still in the midst of those dim whisking multitudes, and perfectly silent, girdled in that dense summer murmur, inaudible to the full brain or fancy, through which crept the deeper voice of the sea. The forest came right up to them and stretched its roots out into the water at their feet; but on either side and in front of them the mossy-footed beeches had drawn back a little way from the mirror—leaving,

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however, their images—down to which there was a slope of turf; and between these enormous trees could be seen the long green corridors to be travelled at evening. They sat confident, as if enthroned, in the heart of this majesty. Here, for their observer, culminated the exuberance of beautiful human and natural life, in this repose. Beyond, perhaps not many steps beyond, was the precipice or slow descent; for it is the careless prodigality of happy life that makes possible death and the tragedy of death; it can ascend no further, yet it cannot pause; a touch, therefore, and the precipice is under the leaping foot. Life paused for its rhyme to meet it—death. The maiden laughed.

The watcher fixed his eyes upon her in suspense that he might watch every step. But the smile was still upon her eyes and lips when she and her lover and the pool and all the July land ceased to be visible and had given place to a low, grey winter sky and a flat white winter land, and in the midst of it, under a yew tree, a man shoulder deep in the ground casting up dark earth on to the snow at a grave's edge. Of the other land nothing remained save the moaning girdle of that invisible sea; even the ghosts had gone. The man paused from his work to say: "'Tis a beautiful day for a funeral; 'tis a maid, and she has a white day for her burying. . . ."

"Imbecile!" the watcher tried to say while rushing forward to bury the grave-digger in his own pit, but his hand struck against the cold arm of his chair; he opened his eyes and saw only black branches stirring in the pale south where the moon quivered, now white and very small and half-way through her climb.

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Traveller and Peasant

By Leo Tolstoy

[*The interior of a peasant hut. An old Traveller is sitting on a bench, reading a book. A Peasant, the master of the hut, just home from his work, sits down to supper and asks the Traveller to share it. The Traveller declines. The Peasant eats, and when he has finished, rises, says grace, and sits down beside the old man.*]

PEASANT. What brings you ? . . .

TRAVELLER [*taking off his spectacles, and putting down his book*]. There is no train till to-morrow. The station is crowded, so I asked your Missis to let me stay the night with you, and she allowed it.

PEASANT. That's all right, you can stay.

TRAVELLER. Thank you ! . . . Well, and how are you living nowadays ?

PEASANT. Living ? What's our life like ? . . . As bad as can be !

TRAVELLER. How's that ?

PEASANT. Why, because we've nothing to live on ! Our life is so hard that if we wanted a worse one, we couldn't get it. . . . You see, there are nine of us in family ; all want to eat, and I have only got in four bushels of corn. Try and live on that ! Whether one likes it or not, one has to go and work for wages . . . and when you look for a job, wages are down ! . . . The rich do what they like with us. The people increase, but the land doesn't, and taxes keep piling up ! There's rent, and the district tax, and the land tax, and the tax for bridges, and insurance, and police, and for the corn store . . . too many to count ! And there are the priests and the landlords. . . . They all ride on our backs, except those who are too lazy !

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TRAVELLER. I thought the peasants were doing well nowadays.

PEASANT. So well, that we go hungry for days at a time!

TRAVELLER. The reason I thought so was that they have taken to squandering so much money.

PEASANT. Squandering what money? How strange you talk! . . . Here are people starving to death, and you talk of squandering money!

TRAVELLER. But how is it? The papers say that 700 million roubles (and a million is a thousand thousands)—700 millions were spent by the peasants on vódka last year.

PEASANT. Are we the only ones that drink? Just look at the priests. . . . Don't they swill first-rate? And the gentlefolk aren't behindhand!

TRAVELLER. Still, that's only a small part. The greater part still falls to the peasants.

PEASANT. What of that? Are we not to drink at all?

TRAVELLER. No; what I mean is that if 700 millions were squandered on vódka in one year it shows that life can't be so very hard. . . . 700 millions! It's no joke . . . one can hardly imagine it!

PEASANT. But how can one do without it? We didn't start the custom, and it's not for us to stop it. . . . There are the Church feasts, and weddings, and memorial feasts, and bargains to be wetted with a drink. . . . Whether one likes it or not, one can't get on without it. It's the custom!

TRAVELLER. But there are people who never drink, and yet they manage to live! After all, there's not much good in it.

PEASANT. No good at all! Only evil!

TRAVELLER. Then one ought not to drink.

PEASANT. Well, anyhow, drink or no drink, we've nothing to live on! We've not enough land. If we had land we could at least live . . . but there's none to be had.

TRAVELLER. No land to be had? Why, isn't there plenty of land? Wherever one looks, one sees land!

PEASANT. There's land, right enough, but it's not ours. Your elbow's not far from your mouth, but just you try to bite it!

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TRAVELLER. Not yours! Whose is it, then?

PEASANT. Whose? . . Whose, indeed! There's that fat-bellied devil over there . . . he's seized 5000 acres. He has no family, but he's never satisfied, while we've had to give up keeping fowls—there's nowhere for them to run about! It's nearly time for us to stop keeping cattle, too . . . we've no fodder for them; and if a calf, or maybe a horse, happens to stray into his field, we have to pay fines and give him our last farthing.

TRAVELLER. What does he want all that land for?

PEASANT. What does he want the land for? Why, of course, he sows and reaps and sells, and puts the money in the bank.

TRAVELLER. How can he plough a stretch like that, and get his harvest in?

PEASANT. You talk as if you were a child! . . . What's he got money for, if not to hire labourers? . . . It's they that do the ploughing and reaping.

TRAVELLER. These labourers are some of you peasants, I expect?

PEASANT. Some are from these parts, and some from elsewhere.

TRAVELLER. Anyway, they are peasants?

PEASANT. Of course they are! . . . the same as ourselves. Who but a peasant ever works? Of course they are peasants.

TRAVELLER. And if the peasants did not go and work for him. . . .

PEASANT. Go or stay, he wouldn't let us have it. If the land were to lie idle, he'd not part with it! Like the dog in the manger, that doesn't eat the hay himself and won't let others eat it!

TRAVELLER. But how can he keep his land? I suppose it stretches over some three or four miles? How can he watch it all?

PEASANT. How queer you talk! He himself lies on his back, and fattens his paunch; but he keeps watchmen!

TRAVELLER. And those watchmen, I dare say, are also peasants?

PEASANT. What else could they be? Of course they are!

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TRAVELLER. So that the peasants work the rich man's land for him, and guard it for him from themselves ?

PEASANT. But how can one help it ?

TRAVELLER. Simply, by not going to work for him, and not being his watchmen ! Then the land would be free. The land is God's, and the people are God's ; let him who needs it, plough and sow and gather in the harvest !

PEASANT. That is to say you think we ought to strike ? To meet that, my friend, they have the soldiers. They'd send their soldiers . . . one, two, fire ! . . . some would get shot, and others taken up. Soldiers give short shrift !

TRAVELLER. But is it not also the likes of you that are soldiers ? Why should they shoot at their own fellows ?

PEASANT. How can they help it ? That's what the oath is for.

TRAVELLER. The oath ? What oath ?

PEASANT. Don't you understand ? Aren't you a Russian ? . . . The oath is—well, it's the oath !

TRAVELLER. It means swearing, doesn't it ?

PEASANT. Well, of course ! They swear by the Cross and by the Gospels, to lay down their life for their country.

TRAVELLER. Well, I think that should not be done.

PEASANT. What should not be done ?

TRAVELLER. Taking the oath.

PEASANT. Not done ? Why, the law demands it !

TRAVELLER. No, it is not in the Law. In the Law of Christ, it is plainly forbidden. He said : " Swear not at all."

PEASANT. Come now ! What about the priests ?

TRAVELLER [*takes a book, looks for the place, and reads*] : " It was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, *but I say unto you, Swear not at all.* . . . But let your speech be, Yea, yea ; nay, nay : and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one " (Matthew v. 33). So, according to Christ's Law, you must not swear.

PEASANT. If there were no oath, there would be no soldiers.

TRAVELLER. Well, and what good are the soldiers ?

PEASANT. What good ? . . . But supposing other Tsars were to come and attack our Tsar . . . what then ?

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TRAVELLER. If the Tsars quarrel, let them fight it out themselves.

PEASANT. Come! How could that be possible?

TRAVELLER. It's very simple. He that believes in God, no matter what you may tell him, will never kill a man.

PEASANT. Then why did the priest read out in church that war was declared, and the Reserves were to be ready?

TRAVELLER. I know nothing about that; but I know that in the Commandments, in the Sixth, it says quite plainly: "Thou shalt do no murder." You see, it is forbidden for a man to kill a man.

PEASANT. That means, at home! At the wars, how could you help it? They're enemies!

TRAVELLER. According to Christ's Gospel, there is no such thing as an enemy. You are told to love everybody.

[*Opens the Bible and looks for place.*]

PEASANT. Well, read it!

TRAVELLER. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. . . . Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you" (Matthew v. 21, 43-44). [*A long pause.*]

PEASANT. Well, but what about taxes? Ought we to refuse to pay them, too?

TRAVELLER. That's as you think best. If your own children are hungry, naturally you should first feed them.

PEASANT. So you think soldiers are not wanted at all?

TRAVELLER. What good do they do? Millions and millions are collected from you and your folk for them—it's no joke to clothe and feed such a host! There are nearly a million of those idlers, and they're only useful to keep the land from you; and it is on you they will fire.

[*The* PEASANT *sighs, and shakes his head.*]

PEASANT. That's true enough! If everybody were to do it at once . . . but if one or two make a stand, they'll be shot or sent to Siberia, and that will be the end of the matter.

TRAVELLER. And yet there are men, even now—young

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men—who by themselves stand up for the Law of God, and refuse to serve. They say: "According to Christ's Law, I dare not be a murderer! Do as you please, but I won't take a rifle in my hands!"

PEASANT. Well, and what happens?

TRAVELLER. They are put in prison; they remain there, poor fellows, three years, or four. . . . But I've heard that it's not so bad for them, for the authorities themselves respect them. And some are even let out as unfit for service—bad health! Though he is sometimes a strapping, broad-shouldered fellow, he's "not fit," because they're afraid of taking a man of that kind, for fear he should tell others that soldiering is against God's Law. So they let him go.

PEASANT. Really?

TRAVELLER. Yes, sometimes it happens that they are let off; but it also happens that they die there. Still, soldiers die too, and even get maimed in service—lose a leg, or an arm. . . .

PEASANT. Oh, you're a clever fellow! It would be a good thing, only it won't work out like that.

TRAVELLER. Why not?

PEASANT. *That's* why.

TRAVELLER. What's *that?*

PEASANT. That the authorities have power given them.

TRAVELLER. They only have power, because you obey them. Do not obey the authorities, and they won't have any power!

PEASANT [*shakes his head*]. You do talk queer! How can one do without the authorities? It is quite impossible to do without some authority.

TRAVELLER. Of course it is! Only whom will you take for authority—the policeman, or God? Whom will you obey—the policeman, or God?

PEASANT. That goes without saying! No one is greater than God. To live for God is the chief thing.

TRAVELLER. Well, if you mean to live for God, you must obey God, and not man. And if you live according to God, you will not drive people off the land: you will not be a policeman, a village elder, a tax-collector, a watchman, or, above all, a soldier. . . . You will not promise to kill men.

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PEASANT. And how about those long-maned fellows—the priests? They must see that things are being done not according to God's Law. Then why don't they teach how it ought to be?

TRAVELLER. I don't know anything about that. Let them go their way, and you go yours.

PEASANT. They are long-maned devils!

TRAVELLER. It's not right to judge others like that! We must each remember our own faults.

PEASANT. Yes, that's right enough. [*Long pause. The* PEASANT *shakes his head, and smiles.*] What it comes to is this: that if we all were to tackle it at once, at one go the land would be ours, and there would be no more taxes.

TRAVELLER. No, friend, that's not what I mean. I don't mean that if we live according to God's will, the land will be ours, and there will be no more taxes. I mean that our life is evil, only because we ourselves do evil. If one lived according to God's will, life would not be evil. What our life would be like if we lived according to God's will, God alone knows; but certainly life would not be evil. We drink, scold, fight, go to law, envy, and hate men; we do not accept God's Law; we judge others; call one fat-paunched, and another long-maned; but if any one offers us money, we are ready to do anything for it: go as watchmen, policemen, or soldiers, to help ruin others, and to kill our own brothers. We ourselves live like devils, and yet we complain of others!

PEASANT. That's so! But it is hard, oh, how hard! Sometimes it's more than one can bear.

TRAVELLER. But for our souls' sakes, we must bear it.

PEASANT. That's quite right. . . . We live badly, because we forget God.

TRAVELLER. Yes, that's it! That's why life is evil. Take the Revolutionaries; they say: "Let's kill this or that squire, or these fat-paunched rich folk (it's all because of them); and then our life will be happy." So they kill, and go on killing, and it profits them nothing. It's the same with the authorities: "Give us time!" they say, "and we'll hang, and do to death in the prisons, a thousand or a couple of thousand people, and

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then life will become good. . . ." But it only gets worse and worse!

PEASANT. Yes, that's just it! How can judging and punishing do any good? It must be done according to God's Law.

TRAVELLER. Yes, that is just it. You must serve either God or the devil. If it's to be the devil, go and drink, scold, fight, hate, covet, don't obey God's Law, but man's laws, and life will be evil. If it is God, obey Him alone. Don't rob or kill, and don't even condemn, and do not hate any one. Do not plunge into evil actions, and then there will be no evil life.

PEASANT [*sighs*]. You speak well, daddy, very well—only we are taught so little! Oh, if we were taught more like that, things would be quite different! But people come from the town, and chatter about their way of bettering things: they chatter fine, but there's nothing in it. . . . Thank you, daddy, your words are good! . . . Well, where will you sleep? On the oven, yes? . . . The Missis will make up a bed for you.

(Translated by L. and A. Maude.)

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A Retainer

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

"LAIRD ye ken ane o' my forbears gaed to Bannockburn wi' the Græmes." Though my retainer always insisted that this forbear was "nigh upon seven feet high," and used to add "men nowadays run awfie small," he would himself with his inadequate six feet and four or five inches have wielded a good spear.

Indeed, no man could possibly have had a better spearsman at his back in the old days.

Tall, dark, and with a fell of hair that grew down low upon his forehead and met his curling beard, which grew so thick upon his face, if you had dropped a pin upon it it would have never touched the skin, his twinkling grey eyes looked out suspiciously and yet with humour on the world. His upper lip was always shaved, that is to say, upon "the Sabbath morn," and bore throughout the week a crop of stubble on it, so that, had it not been an article of faith with him to shave it on the Sunday, he might as well have thrown away his razor, though I can never fancy him with a moustache. He had, I think, a vague idea that to have grown it would have been a sort of poaching on the customs of the "gentry," though if a long descent can make a gentleman, surely the fact of the grim forbear who had gone to Bannockburn should have entitled him to be so styled, even although the warrior ancestor may have been legendary. Most ancestors do not bear looking at too closely, not only for their moral worth, but for their authenticity, and my retainer's had done as much for him, as if he had, after the manner of most Scottish worthies, hall-marked his passage through the world by witnessing a charter, for he lived up to him, according to his lights.

Born just before the railway penetrated the remoter districts,

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he had, although he never knew it, preserved a flavour of an older world.

His speech was harsh and dialectic, but yet not vulgar, and in his voice you heard that cadence, as of a Gaelic song, natural to those born near the Highland line. Whether he ever knew it I know not, but he appeared to me a little wasted in a world which had no special function for such men as he was, to perform. Walking beside a cart, towering above the horse, or sitting on the cramped iron seat of some new reaper, cutting the corn upon his boggy fields, he seemed a little out of place, too fine a figure for the work, not that he was especially intelligent, beyond a certain "pawky" humour, the inheritance of nearly every one who tills the soil in our bleak, kindly North, but because a manhood such as his imparts a dignity to its possessor, quite as impossible to explain as humour, but seen at the first glance.

Huge and athletic as he seemed to me in later life, in childhood he loomed gigantic, and illness, death, or age appeared in his case as impossible as they would have been to a mountain or to the world itself.

Seated beside his father, his very counterpart, but bent and grey, he used to keep my eyes focussed upon him, half against my will, during long hours in church. It seemed a miracle how his great hands, in which the soil had entered as it were below the skin and dyed them dark as peat, could "whummle o'er" the pages in the "Book," and as I sat desperately waiting for "saxteenthly and seventeenthly," and often cheated by the preacher, who always seemed to have a "few words in conclusion," extending over twenty minutes, in reserve, I used to envy his composure as he sat as little moved as is a rock upon a moor during a shower of rain. As I look back through the long vista of the years, it does not strike me that he was religious to a great degree, though such a constant worshipper in church. In fact, I think he was one of the class of commentators who would not give "five minutes of the clash of the Kirkyard, for all the sermons in the world." It may be that in this I am unjust, for in things spiritual he did not venture an opinion, although on politics he thought he was a Radical, that is, with

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reservations, as are most of us, for I remember that on one occasion he remarked he "was na sure ould Wully Gladstane had done richt when he gave votes to the farm labourers," . . . for, as he said, "yon class o' cattle is not eddicated up to it." It would have been a work of supererogation to have told him, that what he had just said was what was urged against his own class once upon a time, for he would certainly have answered: "Aye ou aye, prejudice juist dies hard," or something of the sort, with the assurance of a man who knows that he is right

His house, just on the edge of a wild moss, was suited to him, for certainly it had no outward sign of any inward grace, as it stood gaunt and square, its grey stone walls and green-grey slates gave it that air of self-assertion, which I suppose it had to have to face the climate, just as a Scotchman who is lacking in it is a Scotchman lost.

Needless to say, no flowers climbed up the porch, no garden broke the look of sternness of the place.

The only sacrifice, that is, if sacrifice it could be called, upon the altar of æstheticism, were two small rowan trees which grew on each side of the iron gate which opened on the gravel path that led up to the house, and had been made to form an arch. I think that in his heart of hearts that my retainer looked upon this as foolishness and waste of time, for once when I directed his attention to it, he muttered "havers of the wife's," and turned the conversation with a remark that sheep "were back at the October Tryst," or something of the sort.

Though not a grumbler, or a man who ever asked for a reduction of his rent, my retainer never would allow that any season could be a good one for the crops. Markets were always "back," during the many years I knew him; potatoes always either were diseased or just were sickening for it; the "neeps" had tae-and-finger, and the hogs wintering upon his farm either had foot-rot or the fluke.

None of these statements did he advance with an ulterior object, but simply threw them out, for what they might be worth, either as pleasant subjects to discourse upon, or as a sort of formula with which to enter into conversation in an agreeable way.

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This habit, and his enormous hands, and feet encased in boots like barges, heavily soled and tacketed, his homespun clothes and soft black hat (he lived before the age of caps), were but one side of him, the side that he turned outward to the world.

Not having Gaelic, he had lost the gift of picturesque expression, the birthright, as it seems, of every Highlander, even the dullest of his race. Deep in his mind, however, there seemed to seethe a mixture of hard Lowland Scotch ideas, and a half Celtic spirit of revolt, not against powers that be, but against life as we all know it, striving for mastery.

This made him ever in hot water with his fellows, but, on the other hand, took him off into a fantastic world, not that of elves and fairies, of wraiths and second sight, but to a sphere in which all the occurrences of daily life were magnified till they became as interesting as they might well be, or perhaps really are, if we could see them in his way.

During the whole course of his life he was, as he said, " sair ta'en up wi' horse," and yet had the worst horses in the district on his farm.

Floods, frosts, and snows were deeper, fiercer, and more intense when he recounted them than any one had ever known them, and yet in all his dealings with his fellows he was honest to a fault, so that it may have been he either was a poet without the gift of words, or that the spirit of the strange, wild district where he lived worked in his soul, whilst the affairs of life, sordid and commonplace, but yet compelling, influenced his mind.

The village, close to where he lived, was rent asunder by feuds between the Churches, which, as the difference between them was infinitesimal, rendered their quarrels almost as bitter as those between the Spaniards and the Moors.

Often the battle raged on little matters, such as the appointment of a school-teacher, or the like, and my retainer, having taken as it were the shilling of the Free Kirk, duly embroiled himself with almost everybody, offending just as much his co-religionists, by too great violence, as he outraged his enemies by his attacks.

At last he found himself left all alone, the one sincere and

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honest man in the whole district branded as an intriguer and a liar.

So he retired to his marshy fields, and passed his time between the plough-stilts and his own ingle neuk, but never missing kirk on Sundays, where he sat silently, his hair a little greyer, and his hands a little more like roots of trees, turning the criticising gaze of the old-fashioned members of his race upon the preacher and ostentatiously looking up all the texts he quoted, with a loud rustle of the pages, reminding one of dry leaves falling in a wood.

All the strange waifs and strays, goin' aboot bodies and the like, who forty years ago travelled the upland districts in the North, drifted up to his farm, in the same way steel filings jump to a magnet, and he, although he bitterly complained about their presence and the small depredations that they made, was always ready to throw open barns and outhouses for them to pass the night.

Perhaps the district, with its wide mosses and enshrouding mists, its mouldering ruins of the past, mysterious-looking tarns lost in the hills, and its slow-flowing, black-streamed river, upon whose bosom bubbles that seemed to rise up from the centre of the earth were ever bursting, was his chief friend, for no one could have pictured him in any other place. The great iron gin he dug out of the moss, and which he called a wolf-trap, and the claymore he found when casting peats, and which by a quite natural process soon became Rob Roy's, were his chief treasures. The one I have inherited, and the other which he sold to a travelling antiquary, was perhaps the sole occasion in which he got the best part of a bargain in his life. His all-embracing feuds, extending from his nearest neighbours, with every one of whom he had some question, either of "marches" or of trespass, did not exclude the humblest from his wrath.

The parish gravedigger, he declared, should never bury him, for as he had not been consulted over his appointment, he used to say, "Yon Ramsey canna howk a grave; he maks them mair like tattie pits, no like a Christian's grave."

Happening to meet him on the road one day long years ago, I asked him whether he had made it up with Ramsey, and

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received the answer, "Aye ou aye, time is a sort o' healer. Aye ou aye, . . . when I dee, Ramsey wull just hae to sort me . . . though he is sure to mak' a bummle o' the job ! ! "

Fate as it happened was not willing that his grave should be bungled in the way he feared, for, dying in the North, a snow-storm caught the mourners and he was shoughed as he himself would certainly have said, in a churchyard by a lake, where to this day his rough-hewn head-stone moulders in the mist. All round him lie McFarlanes and McGregors, most of whose tomb-stones simply bear a sword upon them, thus setting forth the manner of their lives.

What he will think when he "spangs up" amongst them at the day of judgment, I cannot say, for in the days gone by they were sworn foes . . . but, as he said himself, "time is a healer" . . . and in the meanwhile the little wavelets of the lake break up against the wall of the wild graveyard where he lies, with a faint gurgling sound.

No one I know, is left in the whole world the least resembling him, so strange a mixture of the present and the past; on the one side a representative of the rough-footed Scots who harried and who reived, and, on the other, of the laborious race of plough-men (loved of the sea-gulls) who have made Scotland what she is.

Roughness and kindliness so struggled for the mastery in him that they seemed after the fashion of the spirit and the flesh to fight an everlasting battle for the predominance, leaving the struggle fortunately undetermined, so that he still appeared a man, weak and uncertain in his strength, an infant grafted on a giant, such as no doubt was his fell ancestor, who gaed to Bannockburn.

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The Theatre: The Next Phase

A Lecture given on June 9, 1910

By Granville Barker

I THINK there can be no doubt that we are fairly launched upon a striking development of the Theatre. It has been evident for some years in France, in Germany, in Russia, and in Scandinavia; it is becoming evident in England; there are signs of it in America. The evidence with us varies from the movement for a National Theatre to the springing up of bodies of Village Players here and there over England.

The National Theatre movement is an assertion under the most appropriate guise of a memorial to Shakespeare that the dignity of our drama should be a recognised part of our national dignity. For some years, by the way, the Irish National Theatre has been an accomplished fact. In Dublin they are asserting their nationality as well through the Theatre as by other means.

A movement for Citizens' Theatres has lately been launched in Glasgow, in Manchester* and Liverpool. This, indeed, is mainly a practical demand by the would-be playgoers in these cities for a provision of the current drama whatever it may be, from which theatrical circumstances are more and more cutting them off.

Then there is what one must perhaps call the Secessionist Movement (growing old and almost respectable now), dating from the Independent Theatre, its influence spread by the Stage Society and the various other movements and individualities so fostered.

There are Playgoers' Societies; sometimes I must own, rather aimless Sunday evening gatherings of people who find cigarette-smoking and a lecture more pleasantly soporific than

* Miss Horniman's Theatre there is provided rather for than by the citizens.

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Church. I think though that in the bulk these clubs take their connection with the drama rather more seriously. But the most striking thing in this direction to my mind, is a new departure in Amateur Theatricals. One thinks of an amateur performance (and often only too justly) as the exploiting of vanity under the name of charity. But more and more amateur clubs, especially those manned by young men and women of the student age, are becoming centres for the serious study of drama.

I have in mind the Stockport Garrick Society.

The frequenter of fashionable West End Theatres passing Stockport in the train would scarcely suspect it of being a centre of Theatrical Progress. Which only shows, among other things that one is apt to look for Theatrical Progress in the wrong direction. But I find by its last report (I am proud to be an honorary member) that here is a ten-year-old Society, with a dozen papers and debates a season on quite abstruse dramatic problems. It has a dramatic library; it runs elocution classes, and it has to its credit during ten years, the production and performance by its members of nine plays of Shakespeare (including *King Lear*), two by Sheridan, four by Ibsen, four by Shaw, not to mention a Hauptmann, a Maeterlinck, a Yeats, a Synge, an Arnold Bennett, and a few other trifles; twenty-nine productions in all to their credit—to their very great credit—in ten years. If there were a couple of hundred Stockport Garrick Societies—and why should there not be?—I should feel quite sure of the English Dramatic Renaissance. For though this sort of influence on the Drama and that of the Village Players (who contribute not a little to the revival of the amenities of country life), may be the slowest in their indirect working, I think they will ultimately be the most far-reaching in their effects, since they are fostering the dramatic spirit in the people themselves; they are creating a perfect audience.

Now it is significant that these movements are largely extra-theatrical. They are not fostered by the professional Theatre; they spring up often, I am sorry to say, in the face of its prejudice, a prejudice though that tends to pass and will pass I think. But there is evidently a growing feeling that the development of such an art as the Theatre cannot be left solely to its professional

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exponents, strangled as they are apt to be in the net of speculation and competition.

We have but lately begun to feel our way in England to a method of establishing and promoting the Arts and Sciences in a democratic state. We see clearly enough that something must be done, that such things belong to good government, but because, apparently, of the dread we have of the sustained labour of clear thinking, and because of our almost unconquerable objection to the making and fulfilling of any logical and comprehensive plan, we continue to mean well and muddle. At least, I can't speak for the organisation of Science, but in Art, the muddlement is certainly ludicrous.

For instance: we provide more or less publicly endowed colleges for training people in music and in painting and its kindred subjects. Nothing could be better so far. I believe the training is almost always excellent. But in practice how does it work out? We educate a man to appreciate and interpret the beauty of Bach and Mozart and Beethoven. Then he goes out into the world to make his living. How? Unless he is a heaven-sent genius (who would have got on without the training anyhow) he is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, reduced to teaching in his turn; and at anything higher than the extremest drudgery of that game, the endowed institution (quite rightly) sweats him out of existence. It is mostly the women who come to teaching in preparatory schools, while all of their art they value most rusts from disuse. A man will play in a theatre orchestra. You know how much attention an audience pays to music in a theatre and the sort of music you consequently get there as a rule. Worse, he will have to join one of the little bands that play for hours and hours a day at smart hotels and restaurants.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you please remember the next time you hear these tawdry waltzes and rag-time polkas being ground out to assist your digestion and obliterate the pauses in your chatter that you also are being the means of inflicting upon men who have studied and love great music the insult and the torture—there is no subtler spiritual torture to an artist than to be forced to degrade his art. This is not a mere flight of rhetoric. I know the facts of the case. And the ludicrous part

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of the matter is that the solution of the problem is so obvious and easy. For a few hundred pounds a year each township could have its municipal orchestra. That would in the first place provide decent employment for musicians and decent music for the people; and as good music is so much prettier and jollier to listen to than bad, public taste would soon demand that even restaurant music—if one must have it—should be bearable. I assure you that people—quite common people—will listen to good music, even when they can get it for nothing. I have watched for some years the programmes of the London County Council Orchestras. They now include Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Schubert's Unfinished.

Again, we teach thousands of people to draw and paint and model and then turn them out—to what? Apparently with the idea that they will paint pretty *genre* pictures which, while some of them in expensive gilt frames may hang a month or two in the Academy, no one will ever buy. But as to making some organised use of all this ability in art; as to decorating (for instance) our public and semi-public buildings—why, it is as much as we can do to get them washed. I know of a band of young men, who, lest their love of work should be too long thwarted, are decorating public buildings in London for the wages of house-painters' labourers. Subscriptions have to be raised to pay for putting up scaffolding. I can tell you where to send them if you like. It is becoming a serious question of conscience with art-teachers whether they have any right to turn out pupil after pupil to this barren, disheartening waste of No Opportunity.

Literature. What do we do for that but in the way of charity (the worst way); and surely our Civil List is the very scurviest national charity that ever was. But Literature has always been the rather proud and silent one among the arts. There is still the tradition that good work may be as well done in a garret as elsewhere. And this much, of course, is true: that pens and ink are cheap; a writer can write in a garret; publishing is not over costly; the quantity of books that get out is amazing, and the quality not perhaps on the whole so bad. But this also is generally true, that serious literature is all but barred except to men with money to live on.

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THE THEATRE

And the Theatre. Well, now that the Theatre is at last being brought to a sense of its needs it is a comfort to reflect that it is a democratic and a rather vulgar art and will not scruple to let the voice of its complaint be heard.

A reason in the past why nothing was done to organise the Theatre was that the powers that be were ashamed of its existence; and a difficulty in the present is that they have fallen out of their shame only to fall into fear of it, as seems to be shown by their desperate clinging to a Censorship of plays. Now that we are committed to a National Theatre as the only possible memorial to Shakespeare it is amusing to remember the almost desperate efforts of dead-and-gone professors of literature (they are not all dead and gone, by the way) to conceal the fact that our great idol was anything so vulgar as a playwright. I wonder how Shakespeare himself would have taken the curious compliment that his plays were fitter for the study than the stage. Odd praise for a playwright when you come to think of it. The day of that sort of literary professor is over, we hope; just as we hope that the day is at least waning of the theatrical manager, who, ignoring from his other point of view the fact that Shakespeare wrote plays, kindly proceeds before producing one of them to rewrite—or at least to reconstruct it. By general consent one of the best pieces of recent criticism was Professor Bradley's Shakespearean Tragedy. His method was to approach the plays as plays, and what he has to say about them is—if one may say so—all the more illuminating in consequence.

As we cease to be ashamed of Shakespeare the playwright, we discover equally that it might be to our advantage to see something more of his work as he meant it to be seen. I emphasised just now the fact that the Stockport Garrick Society had performed *King Lear*. I emphasised it for the reason, among others, that I, who have been connected with the Theatre for twenty years, had until a few months ago never seen *King Lear*—had never had an opportunity of seeing *King Lear*. I ask you to appreciate the monstrosity of such a confession. Yet how many people here are in better case over that play and others? Confirmed playgoers though we may be, we are used to such a state of things and it doesn't stir us. But what would painters and lovers of

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painting say if the half-dozen best pictures in the National Gallery were kept locked away for fifty weeks out of the fifty-two ?

It is a part of my trade to read plays and visualise their stage effect as I read them. I had read *Lear* much and fondly, but I was electrified at things which actual performance threw into relief. I had hardly suspected the wonderful craftsmanship of the scene between blind Gloucester and mad Lear, when the dialogue only reinforces the poignancy of that perfectly devised meeting. I need not suppose that any one here is much better off than I in his practical knowledge of Shakespeare. Therefore are we not neglecting and wasting our noble inheritance of his plays quite shamefully ? Ought not the Shakespeare National Theatre to be opened at the very latest the day after to-morrow ?

We cannot get Shakespeare as we want it by private enterprise. I could bring figures and figures to prove it. But let us take the simplest sort of evidence. We never have; and what signs are there that we ever shall ? Nor if we could get it, do I think we should accept it; for Shakespeare is not only a National Inheritance but a National Responsibility. That phrase is acquiring a real meaning. We are making the State a governing entity in ways undreamed of a generation ago. It is being done indifferently by both political parties—being done, therefore, whether we like it or not. Why should not the State (one may throw out these airy suggestions in a lecture) assume sufficient responsibility for our various artistic activities to establish a Ministry of Fine Arts, under which existing public and semi-public institutions should gradually be co-ordinated, in much the same relation to it as Local Authorities now are to the Local Government Board ? One thing certain; it would be the immediate duty of such a Ministry to build and open a National Theatre, if only for the sake of Shakespeare's plays.

And why should not such a theatre be opened free ? The suggestion, if not practical, is a perfectly serious one. We have a free National Gallery and a free British Museum Library. A free National Theatre would always be full—if the performances were good enough—and full of people who really wanted to see the plays; for, unlike those other places, a theatre is not a convenient place to flirt in and not a very convenient place

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to sleep in. It would only cost a few thousands a year to have the classic drama there like a drinking fountain in a public park—free refreshment to any one who was really thirsty for it. I assert that it would be cheap at the price. For I don't think one sufficiently realises the enormous influence of the Drama. It is primarily an emotional influence; and it is principally exercised on that section of the people most open to emotional influence—men and women between the ages of seventeen and thirty. That is the stretch of life when released from the tie of one sort of education, the other sort is in full swing—education in moral ideas, in conduct. This is gained emotionally; through art, through fiction, and, very largely, from the theatre. The great bulk of theatre-goers (and week by week they number millions) are men and women from seventeen to thirty. Is it not vital that their Theatre should be of good report, clean, wholesome, making for righteousness; at the very least that there should everywhere and always be before them the choice of such a Theatre?

My practical suggestion for the great cities other than London that have free Libraries and Museums and Picture Galleries is that if they will not think thus of a Municipal Theatre, they should at least put it on a level with the Swimming Baths, build and equip at the public expense, looking for the running expense to be met by the people who use it. It is becoming obvious that some such plan is the only hope for giving provincial centres the current variety of good drama. With the great increase of travelling the rich people of a big town are more and more apt to do their theatre-going in London. The filling of the cheaper seats only will not support good plays.

One pleads from time to time for these Public Theatres, and worthy citizens reply that there is nothing they would better like to see—if a millionaire or two could be induced to provide them. That doesn't suit me. In the first place because I dislike cadging public institutions from rich men. It is a most unworthy habit we have got into, it seems to me. Tax it out of the rich man's income by all means; that's another matter. Of course if there's no other way of getting such National work done—well, though our pockets are pretty full of this sort of

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pride already they must hold a little more. But in the second place I want the rich man's money for something else. I want it to run the Theatre which is sometimes called—by the people who don't like it—the Advanced Theatre, sometimes even the Intellectual Theatre ; and that is one of the most abusive epithets that one Englishman can fling at another.

One should generally adopt the bad names that enemies bestow, for they so often become titles to fame. But there's a lonely feeling about the term Advanced Theatre which no provider of public entertainment wishes to cultivate; and, really, Intellectual Theatre gives me a headache. No, if I had to name the movement in Drama (better unnamed) that I care most for I should call it the Normal Theatre. That is a just description of the endeavour to produce normal plays about and for normal people, capable of normal success under normal conditions.

To take conditions first. If we are to trust the experience of every other country in Europe, this sort of drama can only be run in Repertory. To take a parallel from Literature, this approaches the conditions under which normally good books are produced and sold. A publisher looks for a moderately numerous public to welcome them, and after for them to depend upon a slow and steady sale. For, roughly, there are two sorts of Literature—that one buys to read and throw away, and that which is on one's book-shelves to be taken down from time to time. A condition of the normal Drama's existence is that it can be on the shelf of a theatre, so that, as from time to time a reasonable number of people is likely to want to see it, it can be taken down without overwhelming trouble and expense.

Now, managers must make their theatres pay. Failures are ruinously expensive, so that a success must be made to play and pay as long and as well as possible. And a manager nowadays is—to take the literary parallel again—in the position of a publisher who can only afford to produce a book at all if he thinks that about a hundred thousand people are likely to read it, and, moreover, will be forced to withdraw the book from circulation altogether as soon as its readers drop below eight hundred a day. We can imagine what would become of English Literature working

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on terms like that. The wonder to me is that the Drama gets on so well as it does. If the commercial test were strictly applied, if there were not unselfish enterprise and artistic self-respect in the question too, be assured that it would not. During the last few years I have been interestedly and disinterestedly into the figures of various Repertory Theatre schemes, complete and incomplete, and I have come to the conclusion that a Repertory Theatre cannot be made to pay in the commercial sense of the word.

I may be told that an astute money-maker like Charles Frohman differs from me—or *did* differ from me. I cannot disclose Mr. Frohman's secret heart, indeed I don't know it; but—I wonder. One thing a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Frohman makes you sure of, that whether it gains or loses him money he loves the Theatre. He has somewhat shamed us by bringing Repertory from the regions of talk and agitation to be an accomplished fact. Whatever has been done or left undone, gained or lost, at the Duke of York's Theatre since last February the practicability of modern repertory has been proved, and the public now knows by demonstration what a Repertory Theatre is. That is a definite step forward; and as far as my thanks go, I want to tender them publicly to Mr. Frohman, and to say that I am proud to have taken a part in his enterprise.

But I still insist that the Normal Drama needs endowment. All but its actual existence is endangered by the lack of it. I believe that it will anyhow push on to its ultimate recognition and reward. But, as I have tried to point out, the conditions are difficult; the struggle is unfair. The men who are working at it have in most cases less distressing, if less fascinating, but more remunerative, activities open to them. It will push on, I fear, crippled and incomplete, warped perhaps by too constant failure, unless it can be organised and established in health and safety. Five thousand a year might be well thrown away in providing a Normal Theatre for London. I make the appeal on the bare chance of getting it. It is not quite a personal one. I have managed one theatre, that is enough to satisfy me, thank you.

Even on the bare chance I had better perhaps proceed to define, if I can, what I mean by the Normal Drama.

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It is easy enough to distinguish, I think, and difficult enough to define. When J. M. Barrie, giving his evidence before the Censorship Committee, was asked how he would distinguish a sincerely unconventional play from a catch-penny piece of riskiness, he answered that you could always tell whether a thing was well meant or not. For days every one had been exhausting their wits to define and re-define and define again the difference between what might be medicinal and what was merely noxious. But this answer was accepted; one felt the truth of it. By cultivating an artistic as well as a moral conscience—a clean palate—good taste in fact, one can distinguish soon enough between a normal work of art and an abnormal.

Apart from its sincerity and the little touch of life which an insincere writer never has, I think this Normal Drama is noticeable for its Puritan spirit, for the fact that, good-naturedly, portentously, industriously, or light-heartedly, it somehow makes for righteousness. And by that sign more than any other, I judge that the Theatre is to be a power in England. Puritans have fought Art; especially they have fought the Theatre. If the result of this battle, as of many others, is that the combatants are to join forces! Puritan art has dominated many chosen English minds; a Puritan Theatre, democratic, direct in its appeal, might be a formidable power.

But, of course, the obvious test of the Normal Drama is in its normality, in the fact that it does try to present, not an unprejudiced view of life (that would be too tame for anything), but an undistorted view. No, this is not Satan rebuking sin. I protest that the struggle to capture the Theatre, now occupied in the interests, on the one hand, of the young lady who will sacrifice her dinner for the play, and on the other of the gentleman who cannot receive it except at nine o'clock on a basis of seven (hurried) courses with wine—to capture the Theatre in the interests of the average man. The average man raised to his highest power, perhaps; but—I protest—the average man and woman. For it is their interest that must be consulted (and the sooner the better, if, as I think, the Theatre—with Music—is marked out as the art of the immediate future, of the next hundred years).

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This may well be so, for the Theatre answers to so many of the conditions and requirements of modern life. The simple fact that it is a sociable art, bringing people together, is one point in its favour ; since the domestic history of the English middle classes during the last hundred years consists largely of efforts to break up the English home, in the sense of dragging its inmates of an evening away from the narrowness of their own fireside. Incidentally, let us notice what an effect the shortening of working hours may have on the Art and Literature market. The theatre a man would choose after eight hours work is often not the theatre he chooses after ten hours work; which, again, is sometimes more like the theatre chosen by a man who has not worked at all. If our workers had a little more leisure and our idlers a little less, our taste in art might level up considerably.

But in its very nature the art of the Theatre is most apt for the expression of modern life. For it is a complex art, concentrated and strenuous in form. And the art of writing a good play is as the art of living a fruitful life nowadays, pre-eminently the art of selection. Society during the last century has undergone a great change. Our distinctive effort now is to realise just what that change has been and to adapt ourselves to it. Does not such a state of things more than any other seem to call for interpretation by the vivid art of the Theatre, and more especially for that objective side of it, Comedy.

I see the Theatre of the average man weighted in favour of a Comedy which shall reflect and clarify, honestly and humorously, many aspects of the confused life around him. I think he will have no use—already he begins to have little use—for a Theatre which would persuade him at every visit that life consists—not even of the Four Elements or of eating and drinking, but of lovemaking and its consequences; that its Comedy is incomplete without love triumphant ; that there is no tragedy but love in ruins. The average woman certainly begins to be bored by the never-changing picture of herself created for no other purpose than to be made love to ; when she is past it she may indulge in scandal to develop the plot. Again, can life not be interesting if lived on less than £5000 a year ? Is a Duke only dramatic when viewed from the angle of a shop-girl ? I say

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that this is the distorted view of life. This is the *ab*normal drama. The normal drama is—comprehensively—all the rest.

No, this does not open up an arid, educational prospect. Nothing is more stimulating and amusing than Comedy at its most modern normal and advanced to those who are quick-minded and healthy-minded enough to be amused by it.

No, I do not exclude romance. I personally can no more take to the low-pressure romance which is sentiment than I can drink fizzy lemonade. But Romance as Kipling sings of it—when one has lost the 8.50 train, Romance bringing up the 9.15—who would not welcome and be ready to thrive on the oxygen of it ?

Yes, I do want Beauty—all the Beauty that we can honestly pay for with Truth.

If this Normal Drama is to develop healthily among us, several things are necessary. Let me name four. It must be put upon an economic footing. No art—the art of the Theatre or any other—can flourish upon speculation and by cut-throat competition.

It must be free. I suppose the people who like to leave their moral conscience about the Theatre sweetly slumbering in the arms of the Lord Chamberlain have really begun to think—they have never ceased to say—that the Committee Report presented to the last Parliament upon the Censorship of Plays is so much waste paper. I venture to differ. I think that when the air is a little less thick with political thunderbolts—this year, next year (or even if it must be) some time, something will be done. I think so, partly because of the many and varied outcries of the rather inappropriate friends of this Dry Nurse of the British Drama. If they had a better case they would not so frantically abuse the plaintiff's attorney. I think so partly because the most judicial mind on the Committee—I suppose one may so term Lord Gorell's—decided, though too late unfortunately to prevent the report being balanced on the fence of a super-subtle compromise, that it would be best to do away with the silly business of the Censorship altogether; and I believe that ultimately common-sense views do prevail. It is a very interesting Blue Book. I spoke of Mr. Barrie's evidence. I should like to speak of the Bishop of Southwark's, as generous an acknowledg-

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ment of the drama as a power, not the Church's, which might make for righteousness as any calling could either desire or deserve. I feel constrained to note the attitude of one witness because although it is, I believe, happily, an old-fashioned attitude towards the Theatre, for that reason alone some sanctity may attach to it and the name of the Speaker of the House of Commons must lend weight and dignity and, indeed, pre-suppose the serious consideration of a serious subject. Nevertheless, it is the foolishness of this attitude I want to demonstrate. I will do it, as I think I can, merely by quoting from the evidence, commenting as little as possible; indeed, comment is mostly needless.

Mr. Lowther, having advised upon several points of House of Commons procedure was asked to give the Committee his opinion upon the subject of the Censorship generally, as a man of the world. Handsomely admitting that he knew nothing about it, still—as a man of the world—how could he resist the temptation?

He doubted if the Censorship had injured the growth of a fine drama in England, by forbidding playwrights to deal with problems of life which are of grave importance to every one, because he thought that any healthy-minded author with a wholesome plot should have no difficulty in writing a good drama if he were capable of writing a good drama at all. An author was not obliged to take those unhealthy and disgusting subjects and seem to revel in them as most do. Now law for one man is law for another, I suppose the Speaker of the House of Commons would admit. Was Shakespeare a healthy-minded author, or Æschylus? Is the plot of *King Lear* a wholesome plot —or of the Agamemnon? Why will men worry about unhealthy and disgusting things? Why do members of Parliament (under Mr. Lowther's very nose) want to discuss injustice in Ireland, barbarities in Egypt and Russia, the miseries of the Poor? I fear I am not only commenting, but suggesting that the art of the Theatre may be taken seriously; a proposition no man of the world would admit. I continue my extracts from the evidence.

Mr. Lowther would be sorry to see the Lord Chamberlain

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given his present powers because he had any special knowledge of the Drama. His fitness for the task (I gather—I hope I do not wrong the witness) lies in his social position. I imagine a great many more people think this than have the courage to say so. To them the Theatre is still a lackey among the arts and should enjoy being kicked by a man of quality.

He would by no means have the control of the Theatre brought within the purview of the House of Commons, for the opportunity would be used as an advertisement for one of the morbid plays which its friends wished to advertise. This assumption that a wronged play must needs be morbid (that word is such an easy stone to throw) and that a man complaining of injustice, if he has to do with a theatre, can only be seeking advertisement—Mr. Lowther, is that quite worthy of the Speaker of the House of Commons, even in his more private capacity of man of the world ?

He "would never have the least hesitation in deciding that a play was not suitable for production quite apart from its literary or dramatic merit." *Quite apart from its literary or dramatic merit.* I need only underline it. He could decide without hesitation, whether the messages of some of the world's greatest teachers (we have the right to refer him to the demi-gods of our calling), messages wrung from the Spirit of Truth in the sweat of their souls by the prophets of the present and the past, by Shelley, by Euripides, by Tolstoy, by Ibsen—he can decide *without hesitation*, can he, whether those messages should be given to mankind or not! He considers that a play of an immoral tendency may do much harm because "things are said in public and laughed at by a great number of people night after night." Doubtless he sees the virtuous British Public simply splitting its sides at the obscene buffooneries of the Œdipus Tyrannus, of Monna Vanna, or the Cenci. I wonder, Mr. Lowther, when you came to correct the proofs of this evidence of yours whether you considered for a moment; was it quite fair play, even as a man of the world, first to acknowledge your ignorance of the subject and then to throw off these—may I call them—irresponsible opinions, knowing, as you must have known, the weight they would carry with many people ? Also did it strike you as at all inappropriate that it should be the

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Speaker of the House of Commons who thus wantonly placed a stone in the path of men struggling for freedom? Is it not the very freedom of which you are, to every other British citizen, the figure-head—the freedom to be governed by law, not by caprice. Men do not struggle idly for it, and since it is the Puritans of the Theatre who lead the battle, you more than any man, Mr. Speaker, might have bethought yourself that in spite of all the opinions of men of the world they are likely to have their way.

The third thing which the Normal Theatre demands is a highly trained body of actors for its interpretation. In the eighteen hundred and eighties, when a new style of play was ousting an old style of acting, the cry went up—foolishly enough—from the old actors, that any one could act this sort of stuff. When a little later the Ibsen movement produced a yet newer style of plays the new-old actor caught up the cry. As the theory absolved bright gentlemanly young stage-aspirants from any trouble but that of obtaining an engagement, they found it a convenient one, and the result to English acting in general is to this very moment appalling. So far from the theory being true, the acting of a modern play requires not only all the physical skill which was an old actor's pride, but a mental and emotional agility too, possessed to the full at present by only a few of our very best actors; for, indeed, it comes not save by prayer and fasting. Theatrical recruiting was at such a pass of mere clumsiness and bad elocution that some years ago Sir Herbert Tree public-spiritedly founded a dramatic school, now flourishing under a revised constitution as the Academy of Dramatic Art. The work is cramped, perhaps a little cheapened, for lack of funds, and though I strongly hold this business of training actors to be a public business, still if any millionaire present has money he would like to throw in this particular direction here is an institution which perhaps would be open to an offer. I would like him to make it on very stringent conditions though. In the first place, I hope the Academy will become a part of the National Theatre Organisation when that is in being. In the second place, it seems to me that we have formed no definite conception yet of what an actor's training should be. Again I suppose has come in our dislike of hard thinking, our preference for what

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we are pleased to term the Practical. My own feeling is that the man who says acting can't be taught enunciates a useful paradox. In all the acting I know too little attention has been paid to the constituents of the art—too little to the causes of the effects and too much to the effects themselves. A school of acting should perhaps be a gymnasium in the widest sense of the word, where every faculty of expression should be developed and exercised, but each for its own sake. The training over, those who survived it would act because they couldn't help it; the ideal condition of the artist. It is quite certain that what a Normal playwright needs is interpreters whom one can look at and listen to with pleasure for half an hour or so on end (it's a great demand to make) in spite of the boring things they may have to say. I hate slovenliness in writing plays or in acting them. We must stop dignifying it by the name of Realism and put it behind us.

The fourth thing needful—and it isn't really, but it would be helpful—is a little more open-mindedness in most of the critics of the Normal Drama. I am puzzled by the general critical attitude towards the Normal Drama. Is it the same in all other arts? Does the critic universally look on himself as the guardian of a sacred tradition that a play or a picture or a piece of music shall be this or that and no other because (apparently) in the near or remoter past some special revelation was accorded us to the effect. It is not so that I view the Arts or read the history of their progress. Does the critic admit progress in the Arts? If so, does he slyly maintain that a necessary condition of that progress is that he—if he is a musical critic—should only discover that Lohengrin is worth listening to just as Wagner, wearing with his heroic struggle has reached the harmonies of the Rheingold? If this is necessary it still seems to me unfortunate. Artists, I am sure, would be most willing to admit progress in the science of Criticism upon any terms, if only they could discover some signs of it.

In the drama we are constantly referred to the sayings of a person called Aristotle. I have nothing to urge against them, and their quotation when one of Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides appears would seem to me entirely appropriate, though even then I might prefer Euripides wrong to Aristotle right.

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But if the first words about the Drama, however illuminating, are to be treated in any way whatsoever as if they must be the last, then I protest. The Drama is alive, and about Life there is nothing final to be said. If I am told that this treatise of Aristotle refers not so much to plays themselves as to the immutable Laws of Human Psychology which must always govern Dramatic Art, then I reply that, except as between Aristotle and his reader, I mistrust it even more. I mistrust all dogma, I mistrust it especially in the hands of uncreative men. Are we emancipating ourselves a little at last from religious superstitions to be caught in superstitions about art. It is unthinkable. A dogma as a rule is used by its adherents to save them the trouble of thinking and feeling for themselves. Now, an honest artist re-tests his principles every time he puts them into practice, and a critic should, as far as possible, keep unprejudiced enough to do the same. I protest that in Art nothing but its physical boundaries should be taken for granted. The third leading article in the *Times* the other day was very interesting about characterisation in Drama, but its interest was vitiated for me by the assumption of the writer that the Drama could fundamentally only deal with emotion. If he used the word in its strict sense, that is such a truism as not to be worth saying, for the very appearance of a human figure on the stage, properly contrived, will cause emotion. If he meant (and I presume he did) what is vulgarly thought of as emotion even then he may be right, but why try to make it an axiom of the Theatre in the sense that the distance a spectator can see or hear must be an axiom ? That is to obstruct a rightly open path along which some pioneer of the Drama may wish, at his own peril, to proceed. To strike at the living future of an art, most of all in the name of its dead past, is a heinous sin. Surely the sign of life in art has always been the revolt against tradition, the determination to remould the old forms which will no longer perfectly contain or express the new spirit. It is very certain that the Theatre of to-day presents tasks that the Theatre of yesterday did not. New tasks cannot always be accomplished in the old ways, and it is an ill service to those who undertake them—this terrorising either in the name of Aristotle or another. I rejoiced to read the other day that this ancient Greek (I had long suspected him) once announced

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to a gaping antiquity that ten pounds of lead would fall through the air with ten times the velocity of one pound. This uncalled-for statement, made doubtless for the sole purpose of filling an odd corner of his encyclopædia, was supported for two thousand years by scientific critics, and only disproved when Galileo, a practical scientist, proceeded to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa and dropped the weights in question metaphorically upon the Aristotelian toes. Which thing, Mr. Walkley, is a parable. No sincere artist is ever wilfully perverse or obscure. He has enough trouble without that to find out the exact method of adequately expressing what he has to say. But find it out he must—find it out for himself; no one else's method, however admirable, will quite do. He must find it out by failure—buying his experience—possibly never succeeding altogether. But that is the burden of the artist. And helpful criticism, to find out where he has failed and why, must first of all have the sympathy to discover just what it is he is trying to do. That, I suggest, is the burden of the critic: to leave the cocksureness of dogma and its foot-rule measurements and to keep an open mind.

The next time you see in the papers that such and such a piece is "not a play," please book your seats at once before the management is compelled to remove it; first, because you may, open-mindedly, find it very interesting; secondly, because it is more than likely to be a piece of mine. I will ask the next critic who tells me that to explain in return just what a play is and all that it is and to explain it without reference to any authority whatever. A play is anything that can be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency. And I am not sure that definition is not too narrow. But it remains a helpful definition, calculated to attract to the work of the Theatre men of originality and force. That is why, incidentally, we must go on breaking new ground, enlarging the boundaries of the Drama, fitting it for every sort of expression. When we deserve it a new dramatic genius will arise. He will neither break laws nor obey them. He will make laws and there will happily be no questioning. And he must find the Theatre ready for him. Meanwhile, do believe that we lesser men are doing our best to prepare the way and doing it of very set purpose.

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"The Women of Shakespeare"

By Frank Harris

ARTICLE III

For love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave

In the previous article we identified the Rosaline of *Romeo and Juliet* with the Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost* and proved that both Rosalines are photographic studies of the "dark lady" of the second sonnet-series, who was Shakespeare's mistress and love. It has been shown also that the idealistic pictures, Julia, Juliet, Portia, Beatrice, and Rosalind are all portraits of the same woman with her high temper mitigated and her wantonness subdued to passionate loyalty and affection. Shakespeare has pictured his heart's love for us, as he has pictured no one else in all his plays. Browning tells us that every artist is tormented with the desire to find some new way of praising the woman he loves; Dante will paint her picture, Raphael will write her a century of sonnets; he, himself, will use a new verse-form "once and for one only." Shakespeare felt the same need and satisfied it, not only by pouring out his very soul to her in sonnets, but especially by portraying her in both comedies and tragedies from every sort of angle, so to speak. Mary Fitton is the only character in all his dramas whom he has thus shown to us body and soul, and we have not one portrait of her but a dozen. He is perpetually painting her, now in love, now in hate, as a tall gipsy, queen and wanton, with pitch-black eyes and hair, velvet brow, whitely complexion, red lips, and vivid cheeky speech, and her soul is made at least as distinct to us as her body: bold she is and proud, this Dian, wily huntress of men; generous too, and high-tempered; witty above all women and above all women eager to satisfy every impulse of desire. In a kindlier mood he finds images to convey her loveliness to us such as no other poet ever found

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before or since: "thine eyes I love" he cries and talks about their "mourning" and their "pretty ruth" and then enskies them for ever by comparing them with that "full star that ushers in the even"; her lips, too, he loves, and finds a deathless word for them—"those lips that love's own hand did make" the simple monosyllables kiss and cling, and about her superb figure he has thrown a robe of "modern grace" to explain her incommunicable charm. And yet the professor-pedants hum and ha and purse dry lips and wish there were "some evidence of this passion."

The story set forth in the sonnets is convincing by reason of its simplicity and unexpectedness. Who would have imagined that Shakespeare with the best head in the world and the best tongue would have asked another man to plead his cause for him with the woman he loved. Not only the sonnets, but *Much Ado* proves that he made this blunder. And the explanation of it is really simple. Shakespeare was fulfilled, as we have seen, with the peculiarly English reverence for noble birth and social rank. Mary Fitton was a maid of honour who held her head high; for some reason Shakespeare felt himself inferior to her. William Herbert was a great lord far above even Mistress Fitton in position; he was a poet to boot; might, therefore, be able to get the girl to understand the poet's transcendent merits. We all long to hear ourselves praised to the woman we love. But Mary Fitton was nineteen and Herbert nearly the same age; she tempted him with her "foul pride" and Shakespeare lost both the friend who had gone as "surety" for him and his love.

Here the boldest commentators have stopped; but the story does not end here, or we should only have had from Shakespeare a couple of tragedies instead of six or eight. The truth is the critics are reading only from the sonnets, and the sonnets here are not clear enough for them, though they should be. Even the sonnets say plainly that Mary Fitton's traitorism with Herbert took place in the very beginning of the acquaintance: Shakespeare cries that his friend was but "one hour" his: and not only do the sonnets themselves tell us that they cover a period of three years, but they show us Shakespeare begging Mary Fitton to admit him as one "Will" in her many "Wills"—

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" in the number let me pass untold," he cries pitifully—and then :

> For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
> That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.

Moreover, the sonnets don't speak of one " foul fault " of Mary Fitton ; but of many, and in the last series addressed to her, Shakespeare goes on complaining of her evil " deeds " and betrayals, till, in the very last sonnet of all, he moans :

> And all my honest faith in thee is lost.

But his passionate love did not die with his faith, as we shall soon see ; in fine, Herbert was but an incident, and not the most important incident in the long chapter of Mary Fitton's unfaith.

All the inferences which can be drawn from the sonnets are established and extended in the plays. Before Herbert came on the scene at all (he did not reach London as a boy of eighteen till 1598), in Christmas 1597, when *Love's Labour's Lost* was played at Whitehall, Shakespeare had had proof on proof of Mary Fitton's unfaithfulness : she was even then to him a " wanton."

> Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
> Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.

And his passion for her of which we see the dawn in *Romeo and Juliet* is still but morning-warm in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and only reaches its burning meridian towards the end of the last sonnet-series.

I shall be told that in all this I have lost sight of William Herbert and Shakespeare's love for him as shown in the first series of sonnets. In my book, *The Man Shakespeare*, I have given it as my settled opinion that Shakespeare's affection for young Herbert has been exaggerated out of all reason. I have not disguised my belief that to some extent Shakespeare himself is responsible for the misunderstanding ; partly out of snobbery, partly out of hope of favours to come, Shakespeare strained the expression of his liking for young Herbert and his admiration for his youth and " bravery " as far as he well could ; but even in the sonnets he condemned his traitorism with Mary Fitton,

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and where he could speak more freely in the anonymity of drama as in the last act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in *Much Ado* he showed himself severe to the " false friend " and full of contempt for the " stealer."

For the purpose of these articles I have had to read all Shakespeare's works again, away from my books, away from the notes made in earlier readings, and this deprivation has brought me good fortune. I have found in a later play *All's Well*—a play I always disliked in spite of Coleridge's extravagant eulogy and therefore read too cursorily—a passage of extraordinary significance, a passage which shows us Herbert to the life and his inexpressibly vulgar and caddish relations to Mary Fitton. I confess my oversight the more easily because it only proves how little I have been inclined to strain plain inferences. We can see Herbert now in the light of Shakespeare's mature judgment. With supreme art he gives us Herbert's own view of his seduction of Mary Fitton and those who can read Herbert's confession and still believe in a guilty intimacy between the two men are greatly to be pitied.

But before handling Herbert's relations to Shakespeare and to Mary Fitton let me precise Shakespeare's position in the triangular love-duel. The first series of sonnets from 1 to 125 inclusive is addressed to a young man of high position, wealth and honourable esteem, whom I take to be Lord William Herbert. One has only to compare and study these first sonnets side by side with the twenty-seven sonnets from 127 to 152 which are addressed to the " dark lady " to be struck by the essential difference of feeling. The first seventeen or eighteen sonnets to the young man only beg him to marry and get children so that his beauty may not be lost to the world. The whole appeal is transferred bodily from *Venus and Adonis;* it was natural enough in the mouth of Venus, maddened with desire of Adonis; but when addressed to a young man it rings forced and false. Then follow sonnets, in which the language of affection is strained towards love; but in all there are only half a dozen of them; and if sonnet 23 brings us to doubt, we have only to read sonnet 20 again to convince us that our suspicions are mistaken. When sonnet 26 was written, Shakespeare was already on a journey;

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while sonnet 33 mourns the loss of the friend who was but "one hour mine." The other sonnets tell of "strong offences" and "pretty wrongs," of coldness and reconciliation, of rivalry with another poet, of old age, of loyalty, and a dozen other things; but of passion *me judice* not one word.

Let me give my whole thought with as much frankness as is permitted to me to-day in England: had sonnet 23 never been written, I should have no need even to argue the matter, and a little later I shall show that sonnet 23 ought to be left out of the account. In all the other sonnets the expressions of affection are either far-fetched or wire-drawn or thin; they all ring affectedly. Compare the two sonnets I shall print here in parallel columns: both handle the same theme; 99 is addressed to the youth, 130 to the woman: can any one doubt which is the expression of passionate desire:

99.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

130.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun:
Coral is far more red than her lips red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

In intensity the loves are not to be compared; in fact, passion is not to be found in the first. Among the sonnets to the young

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man, one suddenly comes across one in which there is a thought of the " dark lady " or mention of her, and forthwith his affectations drop from the poet, and the page throbs and burns with desire. Doubt is impossible : Shakespeare wrote to the youth :

> Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments . . .

and so forth in a strain much appreciated by the professors. But here is how he writes of the woman :

> What potions have I drunk of siren tears,
> Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within . . .

Of course Clapham shudders at this, and Tooting turns away, if indeed Clapham or Tooting ever read anything so immoral; but every writer and every reader worthy of the name knows which expression is of passion and which of strained affection. Take it at its lowest, harsh dispraise is a thousand times as strong as affected eulogy. Herbert may have been Shakespeare's for " one hour," as is said in sonnet 33, though I do not draw the shameful inference and cannot believe it ; such sins are seldom sinned only once. But in any case Herbert had little or no influence on Shakespeare's life or on his art. His ingratitude even, which Shakespeare complains of so bitterly in this play and in that, would certainly have been made just as bitter to Shakespeare by some other false friend, if Herbert had never come into his life. Ingratitude is like yawning—too common to be criminal.

Disillusion came to Shakespeare through Mary Fitton ; it was her faithlessness and not Herbert's which rankled in him. Take up all the sonnets addressed to her from 127 to 152 and read them ; there is no such record of passion's ebb and flow, the surging madness of it and the rage, in any other literature Every sonnet is distinguished by its terrible sincerity. Again and again in the sonnets to the young man, Shakespeare reaches phrases of unearthly spirit beauty ; here there are none : Shakespeare never forgot his art when writing to the youth ; when writing to the woman he was not an artist but a lover. Read 140 for the rage and menace in it :

> Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
> My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;

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Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

Sonnet 147 is a cry of passion:

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease; . . .

Sonnet 150 paints his mistress' strength and fascination once for all: the admiration is wrung from him, so to speak:

O, from what power has thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warranties of skill
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate? . . .

Sonnet 151 is a plain confession of lust, and contains, as Mr. Tyler was the first to point out, a fairly clear reference to Miss Fitton's name (*fit one*):

For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason,
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize. . . .
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

Finally, in sonnet 152, Shakespeare admits with that imperial intellect which is his most fascinating quality that if his love is twice forsworn and has broken bed vows or marriage vows he is himself twenty times perjured; he has sworn oaths of her "deep kindness":

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Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
. . . more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie! . . .

I must now leave these enthralling poems with their confession of insatiate desire, of maddening jealousy, contempt and rage, to the final loss of faith and the terrible admission which is also an explanation, that all his vows were selfish—" oaths to misuse her."

Before I pass from the lyrics altogether, I must just touch on the poem " The Lover's Complaint " which appeared at the end of the volume containing the first edition of the sonnets in 1609. It looks to me as if it had been written in 1598 or 1599. It contains careless little sketches of Shakespeare, Mary Fitton, and Lord Herbert, which in the absence of completer evidence we cannot afford to ignore. If I read the poem aright, it tells the story of Mary Fitton's seduction by Herbert, but the recognisable touches are slight and careless, and I would not attach undue importance to it. Still its very slightness and carelessness bear out my contention that it was not Mary Fitton's slip with Herbert, but her perpetual faithlessness, which filled Shakespeare with jealous rage. Any one fault he could have pardoned: it was the understanding that his devotion was poured into a sieve which brought him to despair.

In " The Lover's Complaint " Shakespeare only appears in a couple of verses: here is one that pictures him:

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe. . . .

The fact that " a reverend man " and one " privileg'd by age " was aforetime a " blusterer " in the city and court strikes me as a would-be confession, but more characteristic of Shakespeare still is the fact that even in the heyday of youth and while fleeting careless hours he " observed " them as they flew. What all these high qualities have to do with cowherding we are not told.

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Mary Fitton, too, is recognisable by her pride, for pride has little to do with unkempt hair:

> Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
> Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;

Shakespeare tells us how she held off from Herbert at first, and soon we shall see that Herbert describes her in the same way:

> Yet did I not, as some my equals did
> Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
> Finding myself in honour so forbid,
> With safest distance I mine honour shielded . . .

We have also the explanation of Mistress Fitton's coldness to Herbert at first:

> For further I could say, "This man's untrue,"
> And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
> Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
> Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
> Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling; . . .

But at length she yielded and "daff'd the white stole of her chastity" to Herbert's pleading. It was his youth and "beauteous" person won her helped by his cunning tongue. The description of Herbert is fairly complete:

> His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
> . . . . .
> Small show of man was yet upon his chin. . . .

But it is the next verse that paints him. He is bold and free spoken, we are told, as he is handsome; he could ride splendidly, too, and was an admirable advocate in his own cause—the qualification is finely characteristic both of Shakespeare and of Herbert:

> So on the tip of his subduing tongue
> All kind of arguments and questions deep,
> All replication prompt, and reason strong,
> For his advantage still did wake and sleep.

As soon as the youth attained his object he left the maiden to grieve for his broken promises and break the rings which he had given her. In all this we have, I believe, a slight pencil sketch, as it were, of the three figures, a sketch which is very interesting in its way, though perhaps not in itself sufficient to be convincing. But this faint outline of the relations between

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Herbert and Mary Fitton is confirmed and strengthened beyond expectation in the play I am now about to handle.

All's Well That Ends Well remains, in spite of the early sketch, which is its skeleton, so to speak, a work of the master's maturity. As it stands, it is of capital importance to us, for it fills a gap in our knowledge, making clear not only Herbert's view of Mary Fitton, but what is of infinitely more interest to us the way Shakespeare regarded his high-born patron, friend, and rival.

The picture of Helena in this play has been so bepraised that it demands attentive scrutiny: Coleridge called Helena "the loveliest of Shakespeare's characters" and the professor-mandarins all echo this nonsensical eulogy. It will be convenient to deal with this minor matter first; for it affords an easy entrance to the heart of the greater problem.

The features of Helena are outlined almost beyond power of modification in the first scene of the first act. She admits she is in love with "a bright particular star" Bertram:

> . . . . my imagination
> Carries no favour in't but Bertram's
> I am undone: there is no living, none
> If Bertram be away . . .

This is hardly the way a young girl confesses her love even to herself; it is needlessly emphatic. Then Parolles comes to view, whom she weighs up all too correctly as a "notorious liar," a coward, and "a great way fool"; yet she engages at once with this fool and coward, in a long wordy discussion on virginity, which she admits "is weak in defence" while confessing that she wishes to lose it "to her own liking."

Then she talks of Bertram at court, and uses images in swarms to show off her word-wit, after the fashion of the time and the custom of young Shakespeare; and, lastly, she becomes thoughtful, almost philosophic, in the rhymed soliloquy that begins:

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: . . .

This monologue ends with the tawdry affected words:

> . . . who ever strove
> To show her merit, that did miss her love?
> The King's disease—my project may deceive me,
> But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

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In all these eighty or a hundred lines there is hardly a hint of feminine characterisation. It is as poor, as lifeless, a sketch as any of Shakespeare's early failures in the same field. Helena's best words are those in which she pictures her lover; she admires his "arched brows," "hawking eyes" and "curls." I must just note that this physical description, being very rare in Shakespeare, is important; it indicates his extraordinary interest in the character of Bertram.*

The chief peculiarity in Helena's character so far is coarseness in thought and words, and this coarseness is a characteristic of the majority of Shakespeare's heroines. English critics have exhausted ingenuity in explaining and excusing it. Their defence is simple: the whole fault lies, they say, in the time: Shakespeare's heroines are cleaner minded than Fletcher's, and what could one wish for more than that? But all primitive times were not coarse; Homer and Sophocles are free of the fault, and Dante's Francesca is a model of reticent delicacy of speech. It looks as if the fault were in our race, or, to speak more truly, in the author, and though we should not be far wrong if we concluded that the talk which went on among the young noblemen on the stage in Shakespeare's time was as lewd as it well could be, and that nine out of ten of the young women whom he met in the theatre were quite willing to bandy obscenities with their aristocratic admirers, still the coarseness of speech found in his dramas must be ascribed to his individual preference. Sophocles and Aristophanes in this respect, though of the same date, were poles apart, and Spenser was far cleaner than our world-poet. It is certain, too, from Mercutio and Hamlet, and the ever-famous Nurse, that Shakespeare himself enjoyed jests which in our more squeamish times would shock a club smoking-room. I find no fault with him on this account, but when he depicts pure maidens enjoying the high flavour of such discussions, I can only say that he commits an offence against Nature and an error in art. He does not make Helena more real to us by her eagerness to talk of her virginity, but less real. It has never been a characteristic of young girls to like

* The "curls" too and pride connect Bertram with the faithless young lover whom we naturally take to be Herbert in "The Lover's Complaint."

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to discuss this theme with men whom they despise. The truth, of course, is that Mary Fitton was excessively sensual, bold and free-spoken, and because of his love for her Shakespeare was continually tempted to ascribe her qualities to his heroines. Raphael, it is said, gave the almond eyes of his mistress to all his Madonnas.

When questioned by the Countess, Helena is forced to admit the secret of her love; true, she fences at first with words; but, as soon as she has brought herself to confess, her avowal becomes as frank and passionate as a young man's would have been. This long speech belongs to the later revision, and is manifestly Shakespeare's own confession. Here are some lines:

> I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
> *Yet in this captious and intenible sieve*
> *I still pour in the waters of my love*
> *And lack not to lose still: thus Indian-like*
> Religious in mine error, I adore
> The sun * that looks upon his worshipper.
> But knows of him no more . . .

If any one doubts that this is Shakespeare speaking in his proper person of his love for Mary Fitton, let him consider the lines which I put in italics. Helena goes on:

> . . . O! then, give pity
> To her *whose state is such, that cannot choose*
> *But lend and give where she is sure to lose;*
> That seeks not to find that her search implies,
> But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!

The sad, Viola-like resignation of the last couplet is untrue to Helena; for Helena has already told us that her "intents are fix'd"; already she means to cure the King and ask for Bertram's hand in recompense.

Her persuasion of the King, too, has nothing feminine in it; it is, indeed, curiously calm and rational in tone:

> What I can do, can do no hurt to try,

* Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* is a mere mask of Shakespeare himself, and Biron says to Rosaline:

> Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face
> That we, like savages, may worship it.

But it is the "captious and intenible sieve" which convinces me that Shakespeare is here giving expression to his own regret.

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and when the King asks her how long the cure will take, she breaks into a parody of poetry:

> The greatest grace lending grace,
> Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
> Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
> Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
> Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,

and so forth in a way that ought to have frightened, or at least exasperated, his Majesty, instead of convincing him.

When asked "what she will venture" on the cure, she answers as a young lyric poet contemptuous of feminine modesty might answer:

> Tax of impudence,
> A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
> Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
> Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse of worst extended,
> With vilest torture let my life be ended.

The rhyme here adds a touch of exquisite comicality to such boasting as would befit Parolles or even the immortal Pistol.

Then the "pure and exquisite Helena," as Professor Herford calls her in the Eversley Edition, boldly asks in payment of her service for the husband she may select. Of course all this stuff is beneath criticism: one might as well take the miaullings of a midnight cat for eloquence as this for the dramatic presentation of a maiden's character. Helena hardly speaks at all; is in fact nothing more than the mouthpiece of young Shakespeare's crude opinions. A few phrases of his later writing glitter here and there; but they are embedded in a lot of rhymed nonsense and only serve to confuse our view of the girl.

As we have now reached the middle of the second act, it would be almost impossible for any art to make Helena live for us. Shakespeare, however, seems to have made up his mind to attempt the impossible, for we now meet continually the revision of his riper manhood. When asked to choose her husband, Helena suddenly forgets her boldness, and begins to talk like a girl: or rather like one of Shakespeare's girls, say Portia for choice:

> I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest *
> That, I protest, I simply am a maid.

* This "therein wealthiest" reminds me of Portia's "happiest of all."

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Please it, your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
" We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever :
We'll ne'er come there again."

I do not like the second line of this excerpt, though it expresses a sentiment that Shakespeare uses a hundred times ; but it is impossible not to admire the way in which the third line almost turns the fault into a beauty. Helena, however, doffs her maiden modesty almost as suddenly as she assumed it ; evidently Shakespeare did not revise her speech to the fourth lord ; this pure maiden says :

You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Immediately afterwards she speaks again becomingly to Bertram : indeed just as Portia spoke to Bassanio ; Portia says :

. . . her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Helena says :

I dare not say I take you ; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man. . . .

One could have wished the last four words away ; but the first two lines almost save the situation.

When Bertram declares

I cannot love her, nor will I strive to do 't,

one wonders, in view of the final reconciliation between them, why this Bertram should be so unnecessarily rude and resolved. It was this curt rudeness of Bertram as much as his " curls " and his insensate pride of birth which first made me see that Shakespeare was identifying Bertram with his faithless friend and rival, Lord William Herbert. For this rudeness of Bertram is not only exaggerated beyond the needs of the play, it is also consistent with what we know from history of Herbert's character and of the relations between him and Mary Fitton. After Mistress Fitton had borne him a child, Lord William Herbert

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was asked to marry her; but he refused peremptorily, "admitting the act," we are told, but denying responsibility.

Bertram's contempt is so wounding that Helena for the moment renounces her weird courtship; "Let the rest go," she cries; but the mischief's done. Besides she takes Bertram's hand as soon as he offers it, and marries the man she knows dislikes her. Just as Helena has varied coarse pursuit with modest blushing, so now she varies humility with boldness. She says to Bertram:

> . . . Sir, I cannot say
> But that I am your most obedient servant,

which sounds perilously like farcical exaggeration; tne next moment she asks her unloving master for a kiss!

A little later we have the famous passage when she pictures Bertram as driven to the wars by her, and pities his "tender limbs" praying the bullets to "fly with false aim." But, good as the verses are, nothing can redeem Helena or render her credible, and the stratagem by which she makes her husband her lover is a thousand times more revolting than the compulsion she has used to make him wed her.

In his youth Shakespeare seems to have regarded maiden modesty as mere affectation, or rather he did not study maidenhood at all. His wife appears to have taught him that girls have no pride in them, no delicacy, no dignity.

"All's well that ends well" is Helena's reiterated excuse. But it will not serve her. Take merely the words:

> But, O, strange men,
> That can such sweet use make of what they hate.

The words "sweet use" under the circumstances are an offence: it is a boy's confession, not a girl's.

At the beginning of the play, indeed, Helena is a sort of boy wavering between absurd humility and cheeky boldness; later she becomes a woman at moments, with fine touches in her of pity and affection; the best I can say for her is that she is never more than half realised by the poet. When Dr. Brandes calls her a "patient Griselda" and says that Shakespeare has shed over her figure "a Raphael-like beauty," I excuse him as led astray by English commentators; but when Professor Dowden asserts

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that Shakespeare could not choose but endeavour to make beautiful and noble the entire character and action of Helena's "sacred boldness" I grin irreverently and recall Heine's contemptuous gibe at English critics.

The truth is that, owing partly to the affectations of the first sketch and partly to the later revision, the character of Helena is a mere jumble of contradictions, without coherence or charm; she is not realised clearly enough or deeply enough to live; she is an unconsidered attempt and a complete failure.

The whole story of the play is unsuited to the character of a young girl, and perhaps no care could have made a girl charming, or even credible, who would pursue a man to such lengths or win him by such a trick; at any rate no dramatist has yet succeeded with such a theme, though it might be within the larger compass of the novelist.

I am glad that just as Dr. Johnson "could not reconcile his heart to Bertram" so Swinburne with as good reason "could not reconcile his instincts to Helena." But the desire to praise every work of Shakespeare was too strong for Swinburne even here, so he went on to talk of the "'sweet, serene, skylike' sanctity and attraction of adorable old age made more than ever near and dear to us in the incomparable figure of the old Countess of Rousillon." This sing-song of praise is undeserved; but a study of the old lady's portrait will bring us by the easiest way to our main thesis, the identity of Bertram with Herbert. Swinburne evidently took whatever the Countess says as characterisation, whereas more often than not Shakespeare is using her as a mask to display his own wisdom.

At the very beginning she excuses Helena's passion in memorable words.

> Even so it was with me when I was young.
> If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
> Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
> Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
> It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
> Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
> By our remembrances of days foregone,
> Such were our faults—or then we thought them none.

Nowhere else in all his work does Shakespeare try to give us

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his real opinion about passion, the whole unvarnished truth, as carefully as he does here. Desire belongs rightly to youth, he says, and yet condemns it as the thorn to the rose. Is it a fault? he asks: in youth we did not think so, is his half-hearted answer. Nowhere else do we see more clearly than here how anxious he was to keep a perfect balance, and Emerson's regret that Shakespeare never gave us his whole mind on the highest matters that concern man is a mere confession that Emerson could not read the dramatist. On this matter at least Shakespeare's opinion was far saner, better balanced, and nearer to the heart of truth than Emerson's cheap Puritanism.

But such a speech does not paint the Countess for us. No old lady would be so anxious to keep a perfect balance. If she liked the girl, she might be inclined to smile on her love-sick passion for her son; if she did not like her, she would despise her for it. The Countess is too measured-wise. Or is Shakespeare suggesting here that an old lady would take a somewhat severe view of passion, severer than a man? I think not; that is too subtle for the dramatist: manifestly we have here Shakespeare's own opinion, given most scrupulously.*

In the second scene of the third act, the old Countess brings us to wonder. As soon as she hears from her son that he has wedded Helena and not "bedded" her, and has sworn to make the "*not*" eternal, she calls him "rash unbridled boy," declares that she "washes his name out of her blood," and that "twenty such rude boys" might serve Helena. She begs the gentleman to go to him:

> . . . tell him that his sword can never win
> The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
> Written to bear along . . .

All this is of too high an impartiality and far too emphatic in expression for a mother to use about her only child. It sets one thinking therefore. If Shakespeare portrays a mother judging her only son too severely, he must have had very special

* In *Love's Labour's Lost* the hero Biron, young Shakespeare's *alter ego*, speaks of passion in much the same way, but with half a dozen years' less experience:

> Young blood doth not obey an old decree;
> We cannot cross the cause why we were born . . .

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reasons for disliking the son. In just the same way he gets the impartial Abbess in *The Comedy of Errors* to condemn his wife, Adriana, and her continual, jealous scolding. Moreover, it is astonishing that Shakespeare should have cared, in his maturity, to revise so poor a sketch as this *All's Well*. He must have known that the theme was impossible: why did he touch it? Why after working on it did he leave it in such a faulty condition? When Michelangelo leaves a statue unfinished, his Pietà of the Rodanini Palace for example, it is because the rough, imperfect modelling, the rude nose, and vast, sightless sockets are more expressive than perfect features would have been. Similarly if Shakespeare takes this unsatisfactory theme in hand and revises it, here carelessly, here with particular, unnecessary detail, it is to satisfy some personal need of self-expression. The whole play bristles with difficulties which no critic has ever tried to answer or even to face; let us see if the riddle will not solve itself.

First of all let us settle as near as we can the date of the revision. Several passages help us to this. Every one remembers how the porter in *Macbeth* speaks of those who go "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." The clown in the fifth scene of the fourth act of *All's Well* gives us the first sketch of that magnificent phrase: he speaks about:

> The flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Besides we have already caught distinct echoes of Portia and of Viola in the revision of Helena.

This revision was much earlier than *Macbeth*, yet it is evidently a product of Shakespeare's suffering. To be more exact it is earlier, I believe, than *Hamlet* because it is not so bitter, and probably later than *Twelfth Night* and *Julius Cæsar*. This explains why Shakespeare's revision of the character of Helena is so ineffectual. When he revised *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he did it all of a piece; he had before him the model which afterwards served for Portia; it was his first view of Mary Fitton from a certain distance as a great lady, and he made her credible to us. But before writing *All's Well* he had been deceived by Mary Fitton more than once; but he persisted in loving her,

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tried to rebuild his ruin'd love; he will not yet tell us the naked truth about her. He still prefers to go back to his earlier view of her with its idealisation, but there is no longer any conviction in the angelic view of her; even the revision, therefore, is wavering and incomplete. For this and other reasons which will soon show themselves I place the revision of *All's Well* about the time of *Julius Cæsar* and slightly before *Hamlet*. But whether put before or after *Julius Cæsar* matters little; we are near enough to be true to Shakespeare's nature and growth, and that is perhaps better even than temporal truth.

Now let us take up the main question with this knowledge in mind, that Shakespeare revised the play about 1601, after he had been in love for some time with the "dark lady," and after she had betrayed him with Herbert and probably others. When Dr. Johnson condemned Bertram, he was wiser than he knew. It seems to me that Shakespeare's dislike of certain faults in the youthful Herbert comes to light in this harsh sketch of Bertram. Contrary to his custom the dramatist forces us to detest his protagonist. Bertram is by way of being the hero of the piece, and yet he is allowed to speak most contemptuously of the heroine whom Shakespeare evidently intends us to admire.

From sheer insensate pride of birth he holds her "most base," and disdains her as "a poor physician's daughter." Moreover, not only does his mother condemn him and so alienate our sympathy from him, but Parolles speaks of him as "a foolish idle boy; but for all that very ruttish." And though he is shown as having despatched "sixteen businesses . . . a month's length apiece" in a night, and though he is praised on all hands for courage and capacity, Parolles returns to the charge, declaring that the young Count is "a dangerous and lascivious boy who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds." Yet we know that Bertram refused to "bed" Helena. These needless contradictions and the extravagantly precise and emphatic accusations of Parolles betray personal feeling.

Another weighty point. Shakespeare knows that he is going to end the play happily. As soon, therefore, as Bertram learns that he has slept with Helena, he must change towards her, and show her affection; he does this, declares, indeed, that he will

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love her "dearly, very dearly." Was it then the embracing which has made this right-about-face possible? It would have been well, one would think, at least to have passed this point over in silence, to have left it to be inferred by our imagination, but Shakespeare loathes this Bertram and makes him assert that the embracing had no effect upon him; why then does Bertram suddenly turn from hating to loving Helena? What should be an explanation makes the improbable incredible! A man does not veer from hate to love without reason; and Bertram is left without a shadow of reason. But Shakespeare in his maturity does not blunder in this crude way. Such mistakes on his part are always due to personal feeling.

There is another piece of evidence which of itself should be convincing. Bertram's confession that he enjoyed Diana-Helena is most peculiar; it is worse than unnecessary as we have seen; it would have been better to pass the matter over in silence; yet the confession is dragged in, made circumstantial, and it damns Bertram in the reader's eyes as an unspeakable cad; puts him far lower than his mother's condemnation or Parolles' contempt. Yet, with consummate art, this accusing confession is intended to strike us as sincere, bears indeed every imprint of truth heightened by careless, off-hand expression. Let us weigh each word of it, for it is surely Shakespeare telling us the actual truth about the connection between Herbert and Mary Fitton. Bertram says:

> . . . certain it is I lik'd her,
> And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
> She knew her distance and did angle for me
> Madding my desire with her restraint,
> As all impediments in fancy's course
> Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
> *Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,*
> *Subdued me to her rate:* she got the ring:
> And I got that which any inferior might
> At market-price have bought . . .

Here we have the plain, unvarnish'd truth at last. This is surely Herbert-Bertram's view of Mary Fitton. The lines I have put in italics are of the most intense interest: the "infinite cunning" with which Mary Fitton maddened eagerness, the affected self-restraint—are all used later to make Cleopatra life-like to us;

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the "modern grace" was Mary Fitton's magic gift we may be sure, as native to her as the utter wantonness laid to her charge in the last two lines here, just as Shakespeare charged her with it again and again in the sonnets, and painted it for us as a vice of blood incurable in his "false Cressida."

Here, too, we have Shakespeare's frank and final judgment of Herbert. Bertram-Herbert paints himself for us to the life as the shallow, selfish, ineffably conceited, aristocrat-cad; not a single virtue in him save the common, hard virtues of vigour and courage. No wonder stout old Dr. Johnson could not stomach him. The contemptuous truth of the portrait shows that Shakespeare has at length been able to appraise the young nobleman at his proper value. Most likely, indeed, as I have said elsewhere, he saw Herbert in his true colours even earlier, but thought it too dangerous to himself to state his true opinion in his proper person in the sonnets. This elaborate self-judgment of Herbert is in perfect accord with the condemnation passed upon the "false friend" and "stealer" in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Much Ado*. I am delighted, however, to have it here in unmistakable terms, for it not only throws new light on the relations between Herbert and Mary Fitton, but it sets all doubt at rest as to the slight nature of the connection between Herbert and Shakespeare.

Some other indications that I am justified in thus identifying Bertram with Herbert may be given here. As I have said, it is an historic fact that when Miss Fitton bore Herbert a son he was asked to marry her and refused flatly, rudely, just as Bertram out of tune with the comedy refuses imperiously to have anything to do with Helena.

Another interesting point: when Parolles is questioned by the King, he declares that Bertram "was mad for her" and adds that he "knew of their going to bed, *and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill-will to speak of.*"

That "promising marriage" manifestly goes to establish the identity of Bertram with Herbert, for it has nothing on earth to do with the play; it contradicts both the spirit and letter of the play, for Bertram is married and is to be reconciled to his

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wife. Shakespeare wishes us to believe that Herbert-Bertram had promised marriage to Mistress Fitton which the historical fact that he was asked to marry her, seems to imply. Again, the introduction of Parolles here only hems the action. Besides, what does Parolles mean by those "things which would derive him ill will to speak of"? Is it Shakespeare confessing his own apprehensions to us, or a hint of worse things undivulged as yet on the part of Herbert or both. I think both, and when we come to study Cressida we shall find the foul insinuation again and have our worst suspicions confirmed. Shakespeare's bitterness was so over-mastering, his dislike of Herbert so intense, that he takes Mary Fitton's side in the quarrel and tells the dangerous truth while hinting at darker secrets.

When *The Man Shakespeare* appeared one of my ablest and most sympathetic critics, Mr. Arnold Bennett, put his finger on my statement that Shakespeare's friendship for Herbert was only superficial as the weakest point in the whole book. It was to be expected that Mr. Arnold Bennett would show himself a most excellent critic; for fine criticism is only the other side of creative genius. It was, I must confess, the weakest point; for both Shakespeare's snobbishness and his hope of favours to come from Lord William Herbert hindered him from telling us frankly what he thought of him. He hinted it clearly enough in the sonnets, and more clearly still when protected by the dramatic shield in *Much Ado;* but here we have it set forth once for all with the "i's" dotted and the "t's" crossed. I had overlooked this most memorable passage. Mr. Arnold Bennett will appreciate what the discovery of it has meant to me.

This identification of Bertram with Herbert fills up a great gap in our knowledge with curious completeness, and explains what otherwise must be regarded as the most stupid and fundamental blunder in this play.

I am especially delighted to find in Herbert-Bertram's confession the words "modern grace" applied to Mary Fitton. Some critics hold that "modern" should be read "modest," but I prefer "modern" in our sense of the word. I regard the phrase as Shakespeare's acknowledgment of Mary Fitton's novel witchery. That "modern grace" is the touch of inexplicable enchantment

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which I had been looking for in order to understand his "dark lady's" deathless fascination. In a later and still better portrait of Shakespeare's love, the very same quality in her is selected for praise by the coldest and most impartial of judges. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Cæsar says of the dead Cleopatra she looks

> As she would catch another Antony
> In her strong toil of grace.

One or two words more in general on this play; Shakespeare is contemptuous of character in it. As in his latest work, so towards the end of this play, whenever he is led away by personal feeling, he spills himself into this or that character almost indifferently. Take, for example, what the First Lord says:

> The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues . . .

This is certainly our gentle, fair-minded Shakespeare himself speaking at his very wisest.

The curious way in which Lafeu reads Parolles, is very much in the same vein as Hamlet's later reading of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz. He says: "There can be no kernel in this light nut . . ." and again "the soul of this man is his clothes."

It is probable that shortly after betraying him Herbert drew away from Shakespeare. Vain self-love generally teaches us to slight those whom we have injured, and as soon as the powerful patron began to stand aloof, others followed the great lord's example, and Shakespeare was taught what fair-weather friends are worth. The curious point is that he is not bitter at first. His bitterness is an after-growth, sustained by his ethical judgment; this Lafeu does not condemn Parolles as harshly as Hamlet condemns Guildenstern and Rosencrantz. Indeed he accepts him at the end and asks him to accompany him home; at least he will find amusement in him. Gentle Shakespeare could endure fools gladly as St. Paul advised, for he managed, as Lafeu tells us, to "make sport" with them.

Shakespeare sketched Lafeu as a wise old nobleman as a companion picture to the portrait of the old Countess, but the picture of Lafeu, too, suffers from an all-too-close identification

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with Shakespeare himself. As in early manhood Shakespeare loved to picture a side of himself, especially his gaiety, wit, and talkativeness in Biron, Gratiano, and Mercutio, so in maturity he loved to incorporate his honest loyalty in outspoken old gentlemen like Lafeu, Gonzalo, the Steward in *Timon*, Menenius, and Kent.

The gem of the play, however, for us is Herbert-Bertram's confession; it dates the revision; the talk is fresh; it smacks of the deed, and it finally settles the problem of Shakespeare's relations with Lord William Herbert. I can now go on to treat with perfect freedom of Shakespeare's passion for Mary Fitton.

(*To be continued*)

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The New Machiavelli

By H. G. Wells

BOOK THE SECOND: MARGARET

CHAPTER THE FIRST

MARGARET IN STAFFORDSHIRE

§ 1. I must go back a little way with my story. In the previous book I have described the kind of education that happens to a man of my class nowadays, and it has been convenient to leap a phase in my experiences that I must now set out at length. I want to tell in this second book how I came to marry, and to do that I must give something of the atmosphere in which I first met my wife and some intimations of the forces that went to her making. I met her in Staffordshire while I was staying with that uncle of whom I have already spoken, the uncle who sold my father's houses and settled my mother in Penge. Margaret was twenty then and I was twenty-two.

It was just before the walking tour in Switzerland that opened up so much of the world to me. I saw her once, for an afternoon, and circumstances so threw her up in relief that I formed a very vivid memory of her. She was in the sharpest contrast with the industrial world about her; she impressed me as a dainty blue flower might do, come upon suddenly on a clinker heap. She remained in my mind at once a perplexing interrogation and a symbol. . . .

But first I must tell of my Staffordshire cousins and the world that served as a foil for her.

§ 2. I first went to stay with my cousins when I was an awkward youth of sixteen, wearing deep mourning for my mother. My uncle wanted to talk things over with me, he said, and, if he could, to persuade me to go into business instead of going up to Cambridge.

I remember that visit on account of all sorts of novel things, but chiefly I think because it was the first time I encountered anything that deserves to be spoken of as wealth. For the first time in my life I had to do with people who seemed to have endless supplies of money, unlimited good clothes, numerous servants; whose daily life was made up of things that I had hitherto considered to be treats or exceptional extravagances. My cousins of eighteen and nineteen took cabs, for instance, with the utmost freedom, and travelled first-class in the local trains that run up and down

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the district of the Five Towns with an entire unconsciousness of the magnificence, as it seemed to me, of such a proceeding.

The family occupied a large villa in Newcastle, with big lawns before it and behind, a shrubbery with quite a lot of shrubs, a coachhouse and stable, and subordinate dwelling-places for the gardener and the coachman. Every bedroom contained a gas heater and a canopied brass bedstead, and had a little bathroom attached, equipped with the porcelain baths and fittings my uncle manufactured, bright and sanitary, and stamped with his name, and the house was furnished throughout with chairs and tables in shining wood, soft and prevalently red Turkish carpets, cosy corners, curtained archways, gold-framed landscapes, overmantels, a dining-room sideboard like a palace, with a large tantalus, and electric light fittings of a gay and expensive quality. There was a fine billiard-room on the ground floor with three comfortable sofas and a rotating bookcase containing an excellent collection of the English and American humorists from *Three Men in a Boat* to the penultimate Mark Twain. There was also a conservatory opening out of the dining-room, to which the gardener brought potted flowers in their season. . . .

My aunt was a little woman with a scared look and a cap that would get over one eye, not very like my mother, and nearly eight years her junior; she was very much concerned with keeping everything nice, and unmercifully bullied by my two cousins, who took after their father and followed the imaginations of their own hearts. They were tall, dark, warmly flushed girls, handsome rather than pretty. Gertrude, the eldest and tallest, had eyes that were almost black; Sybil was of a stouter build, and her eyes, of which she was shamelessly proud, were dark blue. Sybil's hair waved, and Gertrude's was severely straight. They treated me on my first visit with all the contempt of the adolescent girl for a boy a little younger and infinitely less expert in the business of life than herself. They were very busy with the writings of notes and certain mysterious goings and comings of their own, and left me very much to my own devices. Their speech in my presence was full of unfathomable allusions. They were the sort of girls who will talk over and through an uninitiated stranger with the pleasantest sense of superiority.

I met them at breakfast and at lunch and at the half-past six o'clock high tea that formed the third chief meal of the day. I heard them rattling off the compositions of Chaminade and Moskowski with great decision and effect, and hovered on the edge of tennis foursomes where it was manifest to the dullest intelligence that my presence was unnecessary. Then I went off to find some readable book in the place, but apart from miscellaneous popular novels, some veterinary works, a number of comic books, old bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* and a large, popular illustrated History of England there was very little to be found. My aunt talked to me in a casual, feeble way, chiefly about my mother's last illness. The two had seen very little of each other for many years; she made no secret of it that the ineligible qualities of my father were the cause of the estrangement. The only other society in the house during the day was an old and rather decayed Skye terrier in constant conflict with what were, no doubt, imaginary fleas. I took myself off for a series of walks and acquired a considerable knowledge of the scenery and topography of the Potteries.

It puzzled my aunt that I did not go westward, where it was countryside

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and often quite pretty, with hedgerows, and fields, and copses, and flowers. But always I went eastward, where in a long valley industrialism smokes and sprawls. That was the stuff to which I turned by nature, to the human effort and the accumulation and jar of men's activities. And in such a country as that valley, social and economic relations were simple and manifest. Instead of the limitless confusion of London's population, in which no man can trace any but the most slender correlation between rich and poor, in which every one seems disconnected and adrift from every one, you can see here the works, the potbanks or the ironworks or what not, and here close at hand the congested, meanly housed workers, and at a little distance a small middle class quarter, and again, remoter, the big house of the employer. It was like a very simplified diagram—after the untraceable confusion of London.

I prowled alone, curious and interested, through shabby back streets of mean little homes; I followed canals, sometimes canals of mysteriously heated waters with ghostly wisps of steam rising against blackened walls or a distant prospect of dust-bin fed vegetable gardens; I saw the women pouring out from the potbanks, heard the hooters summoning the toilers to work, lost my way upon slag heaps as big as the hills of the South Country, dodged trains at manifestly dangerous level crossings, and surveyed across dark intervening spaces the flaming uproar, the gnome-like activities of iron foundries. I heard talk of strikes and rumours of strikes, and learnt from the columns of some obscure labour paper I bought one day, of the horrors of the lead-poisoning that was in those days one of the normal risks of certain sorts of pottery workers. Then back I came, by the ugly groaning and clanging steam tram of that period, to my uncle's house and lavish abundance of money and more or less furtive flirtations and the tinkle of Moskowski and Chaminade. It was, I say, diagrammatic. One saw the expropriator and the expropriated—as if Marx had arranged the picture. It was as jumbled and far more dingy and disastrous than any of the confusions of building and development that had surrounded my youth at Bromstead and Penge, but it had a novel quality of being explicable. I found great virtue in the word "exploitation."

There stuck in my mind as if it was symbolical of the whole thing the twisted figure of a man, whose face had been horribly scalded—I can't describe how, except that one eye was just expressionless white—and he ground at an organ bearing a card which told in weak and bitterly satirical phrasing that he had been scalded by the hot water from the tuyères of the blast furnace of Lord Pandram's works. He had been scalded and quite inadequately compensated and dismissed. And Lord Pandram was worth half a million.

That upturned sightless white eye of his took possession of my imagination. I don't think that even then I was swayed by any crude melodramatic conception of injustice. I was quite prepared to believe the card wasn't a punctiliously accurate statement of fact, and that a case could be made out for Lord Pandram. Still, there in the muddy gutter, painfully and dreadfully, was the man, and he was smashed and scalded and wretched, and he ground his dismal hurdy-gurdy with a weary arm, calling upon heaven and the passer-by for help—for help and some sort of righting—one could not imagine quite what. There he was as a fact, as a by-product of the system that heaped my cousins with trinkets and provided the comic

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novels and the abundant cigars and spacious billiard-room of my uncle's house. I couldn't disconnect him and them.

My uncle on his part did nothing to conceal the state of war that existed between himself and his workers, and the mingled contempt and animosity he felt for them.

§ 3. Prosperity had overtaken my uncle. So quite naturally he believed that every man who was not as prosperous as he was had only himself to blame. He was rich and he had left school and gone into his father's business at fifteen, and that seemed to him the proper age at which every one's education should terminate. He was very anxious to dissuade me from going up to Cambridge, and we argued intermittently through all my visit.

I had remembered him as a big and buoyant man, striding destructively about the nursery floor of my childhood, and saluting my existence by slaps, loud laughter, and questions about half herrings and half eggs, subtly framed to puzzle and confuse my mind. I didn't see him for some years until my father's death, and then he seemed rather smaller, though still a fair size, yellow instead of red, and much less radiantly aggressive. This altered effect was due not so much to my own changed perspectives, I fancy, as to the facts that he was suffering for continuous cigar smoking, and being taken in hand by his adolescent daughters who had just returned from school.

During my first visit there was a perpetual series of—the only word is rows, between them and him. Up to the age of fifteen or thereabouts, he had maintained his ascendency over them by simple, old-fashioned physical chastisement. Then after an interlude of a year it had dawned upon them that power had mysteriously departed from him. He had tried stopping their pocket money, but they found their mother financially amenable; besides which it was fundamental to my uncle's attitude that he should give them money freely. Not to do so would seem like admitting a difficulty in making it. So that after he had stopped their allowances for the fourth time Sybil and Gertrude were prepared to face beggary without a qualm. It had been his pride to give them the largest allowance of any girls at the school, not even excepting the granddaughter of Fladden the Borax King, and his soul recoiled from this discipline as it had never recoiled from the ruder method of the earlier phase. Both girls had developed to a high pitch in their mutual recriminations, a gift for damaging retort, and he found it an altogether deadlier thing than the power of the raised voice that had always cowed my aunt. Whenever he became heated with them they frowned as if involuntarily, drew in their breath sharply, and said: "Daddy, you really must not say—," and corrected his pronunciation. Then, at a great advantage, they resumed the discussion. . . .

My uncle's views about Cambridge, however, were perfectly clear and definite. It was waste of time and money. It was all damned foolery. Did they make a man a better business man? Not a bit of it. He gave instances. It spoilt a man for business by giving him "false ideas." Some men said that at college a man formed useful friendships. What use were friendships to a business man? He might get to know lords; but, as my uncle pointed out, a lord's requirements in his line of faience were little greater than a common man's. If college introduced him to hotel proprietors there might be something in it. Perhaps it helped a man into

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Parliament—Parliament still being a confused, retrogressive corner in the world where lawyers and such-like sheltered themselves from the onslaughts of common sense behind a fog of Latin and Greek and twaddle and tosh—but I wasn't the sort to go into Parliament, unless I meant to be a lawyer. Did I mean to be a lawyer? It cost no end of money and was full of uncertainties, and there were no judges nor great solicitors among my relations. "Young chaps think they get on by themselves," said my uncle. "It isn't so. Not unless they take their coats off. I took mine off before I was your age by nigh a year."

We were at cross purposes from the outset because I did not think men lived to make money; and I was obtuse to the hints he was throwing out at the possibilities of his own potbank, not wilfully obtuse, but just failing to penetrate his meaning. Whatever City Merchants had or had not done for me, Flack, Topham, and old Gates had certainly barred my mistaking the profitable production and sale of lavatory basins and bathroom fittings for the highest good. It was only upon reflection that it dawned upon me that the splendid chance for a young fellow with my uncle, "me, having no son of my own," was anything but an illustration for comparison with my own chosen career.

I still remember very distinctly my uncle's talk—he loved to speak "reet" Staffordshire—his rather flabby face with the mottled complexion that told of crude ill-regulated appetites, his clumsy gestures—he kept emphasising his points by prodding at me with his finger—the ill-worn, costly, grey tweed clothes, the watch chain of plain solid gold, and soft felt hat thrust back from his head. He tackled me first in the garden after lunch, and then tried to raise me to enthusiasm by taking me to his potbank and showing me its organisation, from the dusty grinding mills in which whitened men worked and coughed, through the highly ventilated glazing-room in which strangely masked girls looked ashamed of themselves—"They'll risk death, the fools, to show their faces to a man," said my uncle, quite audibly—to the firing kilns and the glazing kilns, and so round the whole place to the railway siding and the gratifying spectacle of three trucks laden with executed orders.

Then we went up a creaking outside staircase to his little office, and he showed off before me for a while, with one or two subordinates and the telephone.

"None of your Gas," he said, "all this. It's Real every bit of it. Hard cash and hard glaze."

"Yes," I said, with memories of a carelessly read pamphlet in my mind, and without any satirical intention, "I suppose you *must* use lead in your glazes?"

Whereupon I found I had tapped the ruling grievance of my uncle's life. He hated leadless glazes more than he hated anything, except the benevolent people who had organised the agitation for their use. "Leadless glazes ain't only fit for buns," he said. "Let me tell you, my boy——"

He began in a voice of bland persuasiveness, that presently warmed to anger, to explain the whole matter. I hadn't the rights of the matter at all. Firstly, there was practically no such thing as lead-poisoning. Secondly, not every one was liable to lead-poisoning, and it would be quite easy to pick out the susceptible types—as soon as they had it—and put them to other work. Thirdly, the evil effects of lead-poisoning were much exag-

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gerated. Fourthly, and this was in a particularly confidential undertone, many of the people liked to get lead-poisoning, especially the women, because it caused abortion. I might not believe it, but he knew it for a fact. Fifthly, the workpeople simply would not learn the gravity of the danger, and would eat with unwashed hands and incur all sorts of risks, so that, as my uncle put it, "the fools deserve what they get." Sixthly, he and several associated firms had organised a simple and generous insurance scheme against lead-poisoning risks. Seventhly, he never wearied in rational (as distinguished from excessive, futile, and expensive) precautions against the disease. Eighthly, in the ill-equipped shops of his minor competitors lead-poisoning was a frequent and virulent evil, and people had generalised from these exceptional cases. The small shops, he hazarded, looking out of the cracked and dirty window at distant chimneys, might be advantageously closed. . . .

"But what's the good of talking?" said my uncle, getting off the table on which he had been sitting. "Seems to me there'll come a time when a master will get fined if he don't run round the works blowing his girls' noses for them. That's about what it will come to."

He walked to the black mantelpiece and stood on the threadbare rug, and urged me not to be misled by the stories of prejudiced and interested enemies of our national industries.

"They'll get a strike of employers one of these days, and then we'll see a bit," he said. "They'll drive Capital abroad and then they'll whistle to get it back again. . . ."

He led the way down the shaky wooden steps, and cheered up to tell me of his way of checking his coal consumption. He exchanged a ferocious greeting with one or two workpeople, and so we came out of the factory gates into the ugly narrow streets, paved with a peculiarly hard, diapered brick of an unpleasing inky-blue colour, and bordered with the mean and squalid homes of his workers. Doors stood open and showed grimy interiors, and dirty, ill-clad children played in the kennel.

We passed a sickly looking girl with a sallow face, who dragged her limbs and peered at us dimly with painful eyes. She stood back, as partly blinded people will do, to allow us to pass, although there was plenty of room for us.

I glanced back at her.

"*That's* ploombism," said my uncle casually.

"What?" said I.

"Ploombism. And the other day I saw a fool of a girl, and what d'you think? She'd got a basin that hadn't been fired, a cracked piece of biscuit it was, up on the shelf over her head, just all over glaze, killing glaze, man, and she was putting up her hand, if you please, and eating her dinner out of it. Got her dinner in it!"

"Eating her dinner out of it," he repeated in loud and bitter tones, and punched me hard in the ribs.

"And then they comes to *that*—and grumbles. And the fools up in Westminster want you to put in fans here and fans there—the Longton fools have. . . . And them eating their dinners out of it all the time! . . ."

At high tea that night—my uncle was still holding out against evening dinner—Sybil and Gertrude made what was evidently a concerted demand

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for a motor-car. "You've got your mother's brougham," he said, "that's good enough for you." But he seemed shaken by the fact that some Burslem rival was launching out with the new invention. "He spoils his girls," he remarked. "He's a fool," and became thoughtful.

Afterwards he asked me to come into his study; it was a room with a writing-desk and full of pieces of earthenware and suchlike litter, and we had our great row about Cambridge.

"Have you thought things over, Dick?" he said.

"I think I'll go to Trinity, uncle," I said firmly. "I want to go to Trinity. It's a great college."

He was manifestly chagrined. "You're a fool," he said.

I made no answer.

"You're a damned fool," he said. "But I suppose you've got to do it. You could have come here. That don't matter though now. . . . You'll have your time and spend your money, and be a poor, half-starved clergyman mucking about with the women all the day and afraid to have one of your own ever, or you'll be a schoolmaster or some such fool for the rest of your life. Or some newspaper chap. That's what you'll get from Cambridge. I'm half a mind not to let you. Eh? More than half a mind. . . ."

"You got to do the thing you can," he said after a pause, "and likely it's what you're fitted for."

§ 4. I paid several short visits to Staffordshire during my Cambridge days, and always these relations of mine produced the same effect of hardness. My uncle's thoughts had neither atmosphere nor mystery. He lived in a different universe from the dreams of scientific construction that filled my mind. He could as easily have understood Chinese poetry. His motives were made up of intense rivalries with other men of his class and kind, a few vindictive hates springing from real and fancied slights, a habit of acquisition that had become a second nature, a keen love both of efficiency and display in his own affairs. He seemed to me to have no sense of the state, no sense and much less any love of beauty, no charity, and no sort of religious feeling whatever. He had strong bodily appetites, he ate and drank freely, smoked a great deal, and occasionally was carried off by his passions for a "bit of a spree" to Birmingham or Liverpool or Manchester. The indulgences of these occasions were usually followed by a period of reaction, when he was urgent for the suppression of nudity in the local art gallery, and a harsh and forcible elevation of the superficial morals of the valley. And he spoke of the ladies who ministered to the delights of his jolly-dog period, when he spoke of them at all, by the unprintable feminine equivalent. My aunt he treated with a kindly contempt and considerable financial generosity, but his daughters tore his heart; he was so proud of them, so glad to find them money to spend, so resolved to own them, so instinctively jealous of every man who came near them.

My uncle has been the clue to a great number of men for me. He was an illuminating extreme. I have learnt what not to expect from them through him, and to comprehend resentments and dangerous, sudden antagonisms I should have found incomprehensible in their more complex forms if I had not first seen them in him in their feral state.

With his soft felt hat at the back of his head, his rather heavy, rather

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mottled face, his rationally thick boots and slouching tweed-clad form, a little round-shouldered and very obstinate looking, he strolls through all my speculations, sucking his teeth audibly, and occasionally throwing out a shrewd aphorism, the intractable, unavoidable ore of the new civilisation.

Essentially he was simple. Generally speaking, he hated and despised in equal measure whatever seemed to suggest that he personally was not the most perfect human being conceivable. He hated all education after fifteen, because he had had no education after fifteen, he hated all people who did not have high tea until he himself under duress gave up high tea, he hated every game except football, which he had played and could judge, he hated all people who spoke foreign languages because he knew no language but Staffordshire, he hated all foreigners because he was English, and all foreign ways because they were not his ways. Also he hated particularly, and in this order, Londoners, Yorkshiremen, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, because they were not "reet Staffordshire," and he hated all other Staffordshire men as insufficiently "reet." He wanted to have all his own women inviolate, and to fancy he had a call upon every other woman in the world. He wanted to have the best cigars and the best brandy in the world to consume or give away magnificently, and every one else to have inferior ones. (His billiard table was an extra large size, specially made and very inconvenient.) And he hated trade unions because they interfered with his autocratic direction of his works, and his workpeople because they were not obedient and untiring mechanisms to do his bidding. He was, in fact, a very naïve, vigorous human being. He was about as much civilised, about as much tamed to the ideas of collective action and mutual consideration as a Central African negro.

There are hordes of such men as he throughout all the modern industrial world. You will find the same type with the slightest modifications in the Pas de Calais or Rhenish Prussia or New Jersey or North Italy. No doubt you would find it in New Japan. These men have raised themselves up from the general mass of untrained, uncultured, poorish people in a hard, industrious, selfish struggle. To drive others, they have had first to drive themselves. They have never yet had occasion nor leisure to think of the state or social life as a whole; and as for dreams or beauty, it was a condition of survival that they should ignore such cravings. All the distinctive qualities of my uncle can be thought of as dictated by his conditions; his success and harshness, the extravagances that expressed his pride in making money, the uncongenial luxury that sprang from rivalry, and his self-reliance, his contempt for broad views, his contempt for everything that he could not understand.

His daughters were the inevitable children of his life. Queer girls they were! Curiously "spirited" as people phrase it, and curiously limited. During my Cambridge days I went down to Staffordshire several times. My uncle, though he still resented my refusal to go into his business, was also in his odd way proud of me. I was his nephew and poor relation, and yet there I was, a young gentleman learning all sorts of unremunerative things in the grandest manner, "Latin and mook," while the sons of his neighbours, not nephews merely but sons, stayed unpolished in their native town. Every time I went down I found extensive changes and altered relations, and before I had settled down to them, off I went

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again. I don't think I was one person to them; I was a series of visitors. There is a gulf of ages between a gaunt schoolboy of sixteen in unbecoming mourning and two vividly self-conscious girls of eighteen and nineteen, but a Cambridge "man" of two-and-twenty with a first and good tennis and a growing social experience is a fair contemporary for two girls of twenty-three and twenty-four.

A motor-car appeared, I think in my second visit, a bottle-green affair that opened behind, had dark purple cushions, and was controlled mysteriously by a man in shiny black costume and a flat cap. The high-tea had been shifted to seven and rechristened dinner, but my uncle would not dress nor consent to have wine, and after one painful experiment, I gathered, and a scene, he put his foot down and prohibited any but high necked dresses.

"Daddy's perfectly impossible," Sybil told me.

The foot had descended vehemently! "My own daughters!" he had said, "dressed up like—" and had arrested himself and fumbled and decided to say—"actresses, and showin' their fat arms for every fool to stare at!" Nor would he have any people invited to dinner. He didn't, he had explained, want strangers poking about in his house when he came home tired. So such calling as occurred went on during his absence in the afternoon.

One of the peculiarities of the life of these ascendant families of the industrial class to which wealth has come is its tremendous insulations. There were no customs of intercourse in the Five Towns. All the isolated prosperities of the district sprang from economising, hard-driven homes, in which there was neither time nor means for hospitality. Social intercourse centred very largely upon the church or chapel, and the chapels were better at bringing people together than the Establishment to which my cousins belonged. Their chief outlet to the wider world lay, therefore, through the acquaintances they had formed at school and through two much less prosperous families of relations who lived at Longton and Hanley. A number of gossiping friendships with old school mates were "kept up," and my cousins would "spend the afternoon" or even spend the day with these; such occasions led to other encounters, and interlaced with the furtive correspondences and snatched meetings that formed the emotional thread of their lives. When the billiard table had been new, my uncle had taken to asking in a few approved friends for an occasional game, but mostly the billiard-room was for glory and the girls. Both of them played very well. They never, so far as I know, dined out, and when at last after bitter domestic conflicts they began to go to dances, they went with the quavering connivance of my aunt, and changed into ball frocks at friends' houses on the way. There was a tennis club that formed a convenient afternoon rendezvous, and I recall that in the period of my earlier visits the young bloods of the district found much satisfaction in taking girls for drives in dog-carts and such-like high-wheeled vehicles, a disposition that died in tangled tandems at the apparition of motor-cars.

My aunt and uncle had conceived no plans in life for their daughters at all. In the undifferentiated industrial community from which they had sprung, girls got married somehow, and it did not occur to them that the concentration of property that had made them wealthy, had cut their children off from the general social sea in which their own awkward meeting had occurred, without necessarily opening any other world in exchange.

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My uncle was too much occupied with the works and his business affairs and his private vices to philosophise about his girls; he wanted them just to keep girls, preferably about sixteen, and to be a sort of animated flowers and make home bright and be given things. He was irritated that they would not remain at this, and still more irritated that they failed to suppress altogether their natural interest in young men. The tandems would be steered by weird and devious routes to evade the bare chance of his bloodshot eye. My aunt seemed to have no ideas whatever about what was likely to happen to her children. She had, indeed, no ideas about any thing; she took her husband and the days as they came.

I can see now the pathetic difficulty of my cousins' position in life; the absence of any guidance or instruction or provision for their development. They supplemented the silences of home by the conversation of schoolfellows and the suggestions of popular fiction. They had to make what they could out of life with such hints as these. The Church was far too modest to offer them any advice. It was obtruded upon my mind upon my first visit that they were both carrying on correspondences and having little furtive passings and seeings and meetings with the mysterious owners of certain initials, S. and L. K. and, if I remember rightly, "the R.N." brothers and cousins, I suppose, of their friends. The same thing was going on, with a certain intensification, at my next visit, excepting only that the initials were different. But when I came again their methods were maturer or I was no longer a negligible quantity, and the notes and the initials were no longer flaunted quite so openly in my face.

My cousins had worked it out from the indications of their universe that the end of life is to have a "good time." They used the phrase. That and the drives in dog-carts were only the first of endless points of resemblance between them and the commoner sort of American girl. When some years ago I paid my first and only visit to America I seemed to recover my cousins' atmosphere so soon as I entered the train at Euston. There were three girls in my compartment supplied with huge decorated cases of sweets and being seen off by a company of friends, noisily arch and eager about the "steamer letters" they would get at Liverpool: they were the very soul-sisters of my cousins. The chief elements of a good time, as my cousins judged it, as these countless thousands of rich young women judge it, are a petty eventfulness, laughter, and to feel that you are looking well and attracting attention. Shopping is one of its leading joys. You buy things, clothes, and trinkets for yourself and presents for your friends. Presents always seemed to be flying about in that circle; flowers and boxes of sweets were common currency. My cousins were always getting and giving, my uncle caressed them with parcels and cheques. They kissed him, and he exuded sovereigns as a stroked aphis exudes honey. It was like the new language of the Academy of Lagado to me, and I never learnt how to express myself in it, for nature and training make me feel encumbered to receive presents and embarrassed in giving them. But then, like my father, I hate and distrust possessions.

Of the quality of their private imagination I never learnt anything; I suppose it followed the lines of the fiction they read and was romantic and sentimental. So far as marriage went, the married state seemed at once very attractive and dreadfully serious to them, composed in equal measure of becoming important and becoming old. I don't know what they thought

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about children. I doubt if they thought about them at all. It was very secret if they did.

As for the poor and dingy people all about them, my cousins were always ready to take part in a charitable bazaar. They were unaware of any economic correlation of their own prosperity and that circumambient poverty, and they knew of trade unions simply as disagreeable, external things that upset my uncle's temper. They knew of nothing wrong in social life at all except that there were "agitators." It surprised them a little, I think, that agitators were not more drastically put down. But they had a sort of instinctive dread of social discussion as of something that might breach the happiness of their ignorance. . . .

§ 5. My cousins did more than illustrate Marx for me; they also undertook a stage of my emotional education. Their method in that as in everything else was extremely simple, but it took my inexperience by surprise.

It must have been on my third visit that Sybil took me in hand. Hitherto I seemed to have seen her only in profile, but now she became almost completely full face, manifestly regarded me with those violet eyes of hers. She passed me things I needed at breakfast—it was the first morning of my visit—before I asked for them.

When young men are looked at by pretty cousins, they become intensely aware of those cousins. It seemed to me that I had always admired Sybil's eyes very greatly, and that there was something in her temperament congenial to mine. It was odd I had not noted it on my previous visits.

We walked round the garden somewhen that morning and talked about Cambridge. She asked quite a lot of questions about my work and my ambitions. She said she had always felt sure I was clever.

The conversation languished a little, and we picked some flowers for the house. Then she asked if I could run. I conceded her various starts, and we raced up and down the middle garden-path. Then, a little breathless, we went into the new twenty-five guinea summer-house at the end of the herbaceous border.

We sat side by side, pleasantly hidden from the house, and she became anxious about her hair, which was slightly and prettily disarranged, and asked me to help her with the adjustment of a hairpin. I had never in my life been so near the soft, curly hair and the dainty eyebrow and eyelid and warm soft cheek of a girl, and I was stirred——

It stirs me now to recall it.

I became a battleground of impulses and inhibitions.

"Thank you," said my cousin and moved a little away from me.

She began to talk about friendship, and lost her thread and forgot the little electric stress between us in a rather meandering analysis of her principal girl friends.

But afterwards she resumed her purpose.

I went to bed that night with one proposition overshadowing everything else in my mind, namely, that kissing my cousin Sybil was a difficult but not impossible achievement. I do not recall any shadow of a doubt whether on the whole it was worth doing. The thing had come into my existence, disturbing and interrupting its flow exactly as a fever does. Sybil had infected me with herself.

The next day matters came to a crisis in the little upstairs sitting-room

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which had been assigned me as a study during my visit. I was working up there, or rather trying to work in spite of the outrageous capering of some very primitive elements in my brain, when she came up to me under a transparent pretext of looking for a book.

I turned round and then got up at the sight of her. I quite forget what our conversation was about, but I know she led me to believe I might kiss her. Then when I attempted to do so she averted her face.

"How *could* you?" she said; "I didn't mean that?"

That remained the state of our relations for two days. I developed a growing irritation with and resentment against cousin Sybil combined with an intense desire to get that kiss for which I hungered and thirsted. Cousin Sybil went about in the happy persuasion that I was madly in love with her, and her game, so far as she was concerned, was played and won. It wasn't until I had fretted for two days that I realised that I was being used for the commonest form of excitement possible to a commonplace girl; that dozens perhaps of young men had played the part of Tantalus at cousin Sybil's lips. I walked about my room at nights, damning her and calling her by terms which on the whole she rather deserved, while Sybil went to sleep pitying "poor old Dick!"

"Damn it!" I said, "I *will* be equal with you."

But I never did equalise the disadvantage, and perhaps it's as well, for I fancy that sort of revenge cuts both people too much for a rational man to seek it. . . .

"Why are men so silly?" said cousin Sybil next morning, wriggling back with down-bent head to release herself from what should have been a compelling embrace.

"Confound it!" I said with a flash of clear vision, "you *started* this game!"

"Oh!"

She stood back against a hedge of roses, a little flushed and excited and interested, and ready for the delightful defensive if I should renew my attack.

"Beastly hot for scuffling," I said, white with anger, "I don't know whether I'm so keen on kissing you, Sybil, after all. I just thought you wanted me to."

I could have whipped her, and my voice stung more than my words.

Our eyes met; a real hatred in hers leaping up to meet mine.

"Let's play tennis," I said, after a moment's pause.

"No," she answered shortly, "I'm going indoors."

"Very well."

And that ended the affair with Sybil.

I was still in the full glare of this disillusionment when Gertrude awoke from some preoccupation to an interest in my existence. She developed a disposition to touch my hand by accident, and let her fingers rest in contact with it for a moment—she had pleasant, soft hands; she began to drift into summer-houses with me, to let her arm rest trustfully against mine, to ask questions about Cambridge. They were much the same questions that Sybil had asked. But I controlled myself and maintained a profile of intelligent and entirely civil indifference to her blandishments.

What Gertrude made of it came out one evening in some talk—I forget about what—with Sybil.

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"Oh, Dick!" said Gertrude, a little impatiently, "Dick's Pi."

And I never disillusioned her by any subsequent levity from this theory of my innate and virginal piety.

§ 6. It was against this harsh and crude Staffordshire background that I think I must have seen Margaret for the first time. I say I think, because it is quite possible that we had passed each other in the streets of Cambridge, no doubt with that affectation of mutual disregard which was once customary between undergraduates and Newnham girls. But if that was so I had noted nothing of the slender graciousness that shone out so pleasingly against the bleaker Midland surroundings.

She was a younger schoolfellow of my cousins', and the step-daughter of Seddon, a prominent solicitor of Burslem. She was not only not in my cousins' generation, but not in their set; she was one of a small hard-working group who kept immaculate note-books, and did as much as is humanly possible of that insensate pile of written work that the Girls' Public School movement has inflicted upon schoolgirls. She really learnt French and German admirably and thoroughly, she got as far in mathematics as an unflinching industry can carry any one with no great natural aptitude, and she went up to Bennett Hall, Newnham, after the usual conflict with her family, to work for the History Tripos.

There in her third year she made herself thoroughly ill through overwork, so ill that she had to give up Newnham altogether and go abroad with her step-mother. She made herself ill, as so many girls do in those university colleges, through the badness of her home and school training. She thought study must needs be a hard straining of the mind. She worried her work, she gave herself no leisure to see it as a whole, she felt herself not making headway, and she cut her games and exercise in order to increase her hours of toil, and worked into the night. She carried a knack of laborious thoroughness into the blind alleys and inessentials of her subject. It didn't need the badness of the food, for which Bennett Hall is celebrated, and the remarkable dietary of nocturnal cocoa, cakes, and soft biscuits with which the girls have supplemented it, to ensure her collapse. Her mother brought her home, fretting and distressed, and then, finding her hopelessly unhappy at home, took her and her half-brother, a rather ailing youngster of ten who died three years later, for a journey to Italy.

Italy did much to assuage Margaret's chagrin. I think all three of them had a very good time there. At home Mr. Seddon, her step-father, played the part of a well-meaning blight by reason of the moods that arose from nervous dyspepsia. They went to Florence, equipped with various introductions and much sound advice from sympathetic Cambridge friends, and having acquired an ease in Italy there, went on to Siena, Orvieto, and, at last, Rome. They returned, if I remember rightly, by Pisa, Genoa Milan, and Paris. Six months or more they had had abroad, and now Margaret was back in Burslem, in health again and consciously a very civilised person.

New ideas were abroad, it was May-time and a spring of abundant flowers—daffodils were particularly good that year—and Mrs. Seddon celebrated her return by giving an afternoon reception at short notice with the clear intention of letting every one out into the garden if the weather held.

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The Seddons had a big old farm-house modified to modern ideas of comfort on the road out towards Misterton, with an orchard that had been rather pleasantly subdued from use to ornament. It had rich blossoming cherry and apple trees. Large patches of grass full of nodding yellow trumpets had been left amidst the not too precisely mown grass, which was, as it were, grass path with an occasional lapse into lawn or glade. And Margaret, hatless, with the fair hair above her thin, delicately pink face very simply done, came to meet our rather too consciously dressed party—we had come in the motor four strong, with my aunt in grey silk. Margaret wore a soft-flowing flowered blue dress of diaphanous material, all unconnected with the fashion and tied with pretty ribbons, like a slenderer, unbountiful Primavera.

It was one of those May days that ape the light and heat of summer, and I remember disconnectedly quite a number of brightly lit figures and groups walking about, and a white gate between orchard and garden and a large lawn with an oak tree and a red Georgian house with a verandah and open French windows, through which the tea drinking had come out upon the moss-edged flagstones, even as Mrs. Seddon had planned.

The party was almost entirely feminine except for a little curate with a large head, a good voice, and a radiant manner, who was obviously attracted by Margaret, and two or three young husbands still sufficiently addicted to their wives to accompany them. One of them I recall as a quite romantic figure with abundant blond, curly hair, on which was poised a grey felt hat encircled by a refined black band. He wore, moreover, a loose rich shot-silk tie of red and purple, a long frock coat, grey trousers and brown shoes, and presently he removed his hat and carried it in one hand. There were two tennis-playing youths besides myself. There was also one father and three daughters in anxious control, a father of the old school scarcely half broken in, reluctant, rebellious, and consciously and conscientiously "reet Staffordshire." The daughters were all alert to suppress the possible plungings, the undesirable humorous impulses of this almost feral guest. They nipped his very gestures in the bud. The rest of the people were mainly mothers with daughters—daughters of all ages, and a scattering of aunts—and there was a tendency to clotting, parties kept together and regarded parties suspiciously. Mr. Seddon was in hiding, I think, all the time, though not formally absent.

Matters centred upon the tea in the long room of the French windows, where four trim maids went to and fro busily between the house and the clumps of people seated or standing before it; and tennis and croquet were intermittently visible and audible beyond a bank of rockwork, rich with the spikes and cups and bells of high spring.

Mrs. Seddon presided at the tea urn and Margaret partly assisted and partly talked to me and my cousin Sybil—Gertrude had found a disused and faded initial and was partnering him at tennis in a state of gentle revival—while their mother exercised a divided chaperonage from a seat near Mrs. Seddon. The little curate, stirring a partially empty cup of tea, mingled with our party and preluded, I remember, every observation he made by a vigorous resumption of stirring.

We talked of Cambridge and Margaret kept us to it. The curate was a Selwyn man and had taken a pass degree in theology, but Margaret had come to Gaylord's lectures in Trinity for a term before her breakdown, and

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understood these differences. She had the eagerness of an exile to hear the old familiar names of places and personalities. We capped familiar anecdotes and were enthusiastic about King's Chapel and the Backs, and the curate, addressing himself more particularly to Sybil, told a long, confused story, illustrative of his disposition to reckless devilry (of a pure-minded, kindly sort) about upsetting two canoes quite needlessly on the way to Grantchester.

I can still see Margaret as I saw her that afternoon, see her fresh, fair face, with the little obliquity of the upper lip, and her brow always slightly knitted, and her manner as of one breathlessly shy but determined She had rather open blue eyes, and she spoke in an even musical voice with the gentlest of stresses and the ghost of a lisp. And it was true, she gathered, that Cambridge still existed. "I went to Grantchester," she said, "last year, and had tea under the apple-blossom. I didn't think then I should have to come down." (It was that started the curate upon his anecdote.)

"I've seen a lot of pictures, and learnt a lot about them—the Pitti and the Brera—the Brera is wonderful—wonderful places,—but it isn't like real study," she was saying presently. . . . "We bought bales of photographs," she said.

I thought the bales a little out of keeping.

But fair-haired and quite simply and yet graciously and fancifully dressed, talking of art and beautiful things and a beautiful land and with so much manifest regret for learning denied, she seemed a different kind of being altogether from my smart, hard, high-coloured, black-haired and resolutely hatted cousins, she seemed translucent beside Gertrude. Even the little twist and droop of her slender body was a grace to me.

I liked her from the moment I saw her, and set myself to interest and please her as well as I knew how.

We recalled a case of ragging that had rustled the shrubs of Newnham and then Chris Robinson's visit—he had given a talk to Bennett Hall also—and our impression of him.

"He disappointed me too," said Margaret.

I was moved to tell Margaret something of my own views in the matter of social progress, and she listened—oh! with a kind of urged attention, and her brow a little more knitted, very earnestly. The little curate desisted from the appendices and refuse heaps and general débris of his story, and made himself look very alert and intelligent.

"We did a lot of that when I was up in the 'eighties," he said. "I'm glad Imperialism hasn't swamped you fellows altogether."

Gertrude, looking bright and confident, came to join our talk from the shrubbery; the initial, a little flushed and evidently in a state of refreshed relationship, came with her, and a cheerful lady in pink and more particularly distinguished by a pink bonnet joined our little group. Gertrude had been sipping admiration and was not disposed to play a passive part in the talk.

"Socialism!" she cried, catching the word. "It's well Pa isn't here. He has Fits when people talk of Socialism. Fits!"

The initial laughed in a general kind of way.

The curate said there was Socialism *and* Socialism, and looked at Margaret to gauge whether he had been too bold in this utterance. But she was all, he perceived, for broad-mindedness, and he stirred himself

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(and incidentally his tea) to still more liberality of expression. He said the state of the poor was appalling, simply appalling; that there were times when he wanted to shatter the whole system, "only," he said, turning to me appealingly, "What have we got to put in its place?"

"The thing that exists is always the more evident alternative," I said.

The little curate looked at it for a moment. "Precisely," he said explosively, and turned, stirring and with his head a little on one side, to hear what Margaret was saying.

Margaret was saying, with a swift blush and an effect of daring, that she had no doubt she was a Socialist.

"And wearing a gold chain," said Gertrude, "And drinking out of eggshell! I like that!"

I came to Margaret's rescue. "It doesn't follow that because one's a Socialist one ought to dress in sackcloth and ashes."

The initial coloured deeply, and, having secured my attention by prodding me slightly with the wrist of the hand that held his tea cup, cleared his throat and suggested that "one ought to be consistent."

I perceived we were embarked upon a discussion of the elements. We began an interesting little wrangle, one of those crude discussions of general ideas that are dear to the heart of youth. I and Margaret supported one another as Socialists, Gertrude and Sybil and the initial maintained an anti-Socialist position, the curate attempted a cross-bench position with an air of intending to come down upon us presently with a casting vote. He reminded us of a number of useful principles too often overlooked in argument, that in a big question like this there was much to be said on both sides, that if every one did his or her duty to every one about them there would be no difficulty with social problems at all, that over and above all enactments we needed moral changes in people themselves. My cousin Gertrude was a difficult controversialist to manage, being unconscious of inconsistency in statement and absolutely impervious to reply. Her standpoint was essentially materialistic; she didn't see why she shouldn't have a good time because other people didn't; they would have a good time, she was sure, if she didn't. She said that if we did give up everything we had to other people, they wouldn't very likely know what to do with it. She asked if we were so fond of workpeople, why we didn't go and live among them, and expressed the inflexible persuasion that if we *had* Socialism everything would be just the same again in ten years' time She also threw upon us the imputation of ingratitude for a beautiful world by saying that so far as she was concerned she didn't want to upset everything. She was contented with things as they were thank you.

The discussion led in some way that I don't in the least recall now, and possibly by abrupt transitions, to a croquet foursome in which Margaret involved the curate without involving herself, and then stood beside me on the edge of the lawn while the others played. We watched silently for a moment.

"I *hate* that sort of view," she said, suddenly, in a confidential undertone, with her delicate pink flush returning.

"It's want of imagination," I said.

"To think we are just to enjoy ourselves," she went on; "just to go on dressing and playing and having meals and spending money!" She seemed to be referring not simply to my cousins but to the whole world of

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industry and property about us. "But what is one to do?" she asked. "I do wish I had not had to come down. It's all so pointless here. There seems to be nothing going forward, no ideas, no dreams. No one here seems to feel quite what I feel, the sort of need there is for *meaning* in things. I hate things without a meaning."

"Don't you do—local work?"

"I suppose I shall. I suppose I must find something. Do you think—if one were to attempt some sort of propaganda?"

"Could you—?" I began a little doubtfully.

"I suppose I couldn't," she answered after a thoughtful moment. "I suppose it would come to nothing. And yet I feel there is so much to be done for the world, so much one ought to be doing. . . . I want to do something for the world."

I can see her now as she stood there with her brows nearly frowning, her blue eyes looking before her, her mouth almost petulant. "One feels that there are so many things going on—out of one's reach," she said. . . .

I went back in the motor-car with my mind full of her, the quality of delicate discontent, the suggestion of exile. Even a kind of weakness in her was sympathetic. She told tremendously against her background. She was, I say, like a protesting blue flower upon a cinder heap. It is curious, too, how she connects and mingles with the furious quarrel I had with my uncle that very evening. That came absurdly. Indirectly Margaret was responsible. My mind was running on ideas she had revived and questions she had set clamouring, and quite inadvertently in my attempt to find solutions I talked so as to outrage his profoundest feelings. . . .

§ 7. What a preposterous shindy that was!

I sat with him in the smoking-room, propounding what I considered to be the most indisputable and non-contentious propositions conceivable —until to my infinite amazement he exploded and called me a "damned young puppy." It was seismic.

"Tremendously interesting time," I said, "just in the beginning of making a civilisation."

"Ah!" he said with an averted face, and nodded leaning forward over his cigar.

I had not the remotest thought of annoying him.

"Monstrous muddle of things we have got," I said, "jumbled streets, ugly population, ugly factories——"

"You'd do a sight better if you had to do with it," said my uncle regarding me askance.

"Not me. But a world that had a collective plan and knew where it meant to be going would do a sight better anyhow. We're all swimming in a flood of ill-calculated chances——"

"You'll be making out I organised that business down there—by chance next," said my uncle, his voice thick with challenge.

I went on as though I was back in Trinity.

"There's a lot of chance in the making of all great businesses," I said.

My uncle remarked that that showed how much I knew about businesses. If chance made businesses, why was it that he always succeeded and grew while those fools Ackroyd and Sons always took second place. He showed a disposition to tell the glorious history of how once Ackroyd's

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overshadowed him and how now he could buy up Ackroyd's three times over. But I wanted to get out what was in my mind.

"Oh!" I said, "as between man and man and business and business some, of course, get the pull by this quality or that—but it's forces quite outside the individual case that make the big part of any success under modern conditions. *You* never invented pottery, nor any process in pottery that matters a rap in your works; it wasn't *your* foresight that joined all England up with railways and made it possible to organise production on an altogether different scale. You really at the utmost can't take credit for much more than being the sort of man who happened to fit what happened to be the requirements of the time, and who happened to be in a position to take advantage of them——"

It was then my uncle cried out and called me a damned young puppy and became involved in some unexpected trouble of his own.

I woke up as it were from my analysis of the situation to discover him bent over a splendid spittoon, cursing incoherently, retching a little and spitting out the end of his cigar, which he had bitten off in his last attempt at self-control, and withal fully prepared, so soon as he had cleared for action, to give me just all that he considered to be the contents of his mind upon the condition of mine.

Well, why shouldn't I talk my mind to him? He'd never had an outside view of himself for years, and I resolved to stand up to him. We went at it hammer and tongs! It became clear that he supposed me to be a Socialist, a zealous embittered hater of all ownership—and also an educated man of the vilest, most pretentiously superior description. His principal grievance was that I thought I knew everything, to that he recurred again and again. . . .

We had been maintaining an armed truce with each other since my resolve to go up to Cambridge, and now we had out all that had accumulated between us. There had been stupendous accumulations. . . .

The particular things we said and did in that bawling encounter matter nothing at all in this story. I can't now estimate how near we came to fisticuffs. It ended with my saying, after a pungent reminder of benefits conferred and remembered, that I didn't want to stay another hour in his house. I went upstairs, in a state of puerile fury, to pack and go off to the Railway Hotel, while he with ironical civility telephoned for a cab.

"Good riddance!" shouted my uncle seeing me off into the night.

On the face of it our row was preposterous, but the underlying reality of our quarrel was the essential antagonism, it seemed to me, in all human affairs, the antagonism between ideas and the established method, that is to say between ideas and the rule of thumb. The world I hate is the rule of thumb world, the thing I and my kind of people exist for primarily is to battle with that, to annoy it, disarrange it, reconstruct it. We question everything, disturb anything that cannot give a clear justification to our questioning, because we believe inherently that our sense of disorder implies the possibility of a better order. Of course, we are detestable. My uncle was of that other vaster mass who accept everything for the thing it seems to be, hate inquiry and analysis as a tramp hates washing, dread and resist change, oppose experiment, despise science. The world is our battle-ground, and all history, all literature that matters, all science, deals with this conflict, of the thing that is and the speculative "if" that will destroy it.

But that is why I did not see Margaret Seddon again for five years.

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THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

CHAPTER THE SECOND

MARGARET IN LONDON.

§ 1. I was twenty-seven when I met Margaret again, and the intervening five years had been years of vigorous activity for me if not of very remarkable growth. When I saw her again I could count myself a grown man. I think, indeed, I counted myself more completely grown than I was. At any rate, by all ordinary standards, I had "got on" very well, and my ideas, if they had not changed very greatly, had become much more definite and my ambitions clearer and bolder.

I had long since abandoned my fellowship and come to London. I had published two books that had been talked about, written several articles, and established a regular relationship with the *Weekly Review* and the *Evening Gazette*. I was a member of the Eighty Club, and learning to adapt the style of the Cambridge Union to larger uses. The London world had opened out to me very readily. I had developed a pleasant variety of social connections. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Evesham, who had been attracted by my *New Ruler*, and who talked about it and me, and so did a very great deal to make a way for me into the company of prominent and amusing people. I dined out quite frequently. The glitter and interest of good London dinner-parties became a common experience, I liked the sort of conversation one got at them extremely, the little glow of duologues burning up into more general discussions, the closing in of the men after the going of the women, the sage, substantial masculine gossiping, the later resumption of effective talk with some pleasant woman graciously at her best. I had a wide range of houses; Cambridge had linked me to one or two correlated sets of artistic and literary people, and my books and Mr. Evesham had opened to me the big vague world of "society." I wasn't aggressive nor particularly snobbish nor troublesome, sometimes I talked well, and if I had nothing interesting to say I said as little as possible, and I had a youthful gravity of manner that was liked by hostesses. And the other side of my nature that first flared through the cover of restraint at Locarno, that too had had opportunity to develop along the line London renders practicable. I had had my experiences and secrets and adventures among that fringe of ill-mated or erratic or discredited women the London world possesses. The thing had long ago ceased to be a matter of magic or mystery, and had become a question of appetites and excitement, and among other things the excitement of not being found out.

I write rather doubtfully of my growing during this period. Indeed, I find it hard to judge whether I can say that I grew at all in any real sense of the word, between three-and-twenty and twenty-seven. It seems to me now to have been rather a phase of realisation and clarification. All the broad lines of my thought were laid down, I am sure, by the date of my Locarno adventure, but in those five years I discussed things over and over again with myself and others, filled out with concrete fact forms I had at first apprehended sketchily and conversationally, measured my powers against my ideals and the forces in the world about me. It was evident that many men no better than myself and with no greater advantages than mine had raised themselves to influential and even decisive positions in the worlds of politics and thought. I was gathering the

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confidence and knowledge necessary to attack the world in the large manner; I found I could write, and that people would let me write if I chose, as one having authority and not as the scribes. Socially and politically and intellectually I knew myself for an honest man, and that quite without any deliberation on my part this showed and made things easy for me. People trusted my good faith from the beginning—for all that I came from nowhere and had no better position than any adventurer.

But the growth process was arrested, I was nothing bigger at twenty-seven than at twenty-two, however much saner and stronger, and any one looking closely into my mind during that period might well have imagined growth finished altogether. It is particularly evident to me now that I came no nearer to any understanding of women during that time. That Locarno affair was infinitely more to me than I had supposed. It ended something—nipped something in the bud perhaps—took me at a stride from a vague, fine, ignorant, closed world of emotion to intrigue and a perfectly definite and limited sensuality. It ended my youth—and for a time it prevented my manhood. I had never yet even peeped at the sweetest, profoundest thing in the world, the heart and meaning of a girl, or dreamt with any quality of reality of a wife or any such thing as a friend among womankind. My vague anticipation of such things in life had vanished altogether. I turned away from their possibility. It seemed to me I knew what had to be known about womankind. I wanted to work hard, to get on to a position in which I could develop and forward my constructive projects. Women I thought had nothing to do with that. It seemed clear I could not marry for some years; I was attractive to certain types of women, I had vanity enough to give me an agreeable confidence in love-making, and I went about seeking a convenient mistress quite deliberately, some one who should serve my purpose and say in the end, like that kindly first mistress of mine, "I've done you no harm," and so release me. It seemed the only wise way of disposing of urgencies that might otherwise entangle and wreck the career I was intent upon.

I don't apologise for, or defend my mental and moral phases. So it was I appraised life and prepared to take it, and so it is a thousand ambitious men see it to-day. . . .

For the rest these five years were a period of definition. My political conceptions were perfectly plain and honest. I had one constant desire ruling my thoughts. I meant to leave England and the empire better ordered than I found it, to organise and discipline, to build up a constructive and controlling State out of my world's confusions. We had, I saw, to suffuse education with public intention, to develop a new better-living generation with a collectivist habit of thought, to link now chaotic activities in every human affair and particularly to catch that escaped, world-making, world-ruining, dangerous thing, industrial and financial enterprise, and bring it back to the service of the general good. I had then the precise image that still serves me as a symbol for all I wish to bring about, the image of an engineer building a lock in a swelling torrent—with water pressure as his only source of power. My thoughts and acts were habitually turned to that enterprise; it gave shape and direction to all my life. The problem that most engaged my mind during those years was the practical and personal problem of just where to apply myself to serve this almost innate purpose. How was I, a child of this confusion, struggling upward through

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the confusion, to take hold of things? Somewhere between politics and literature my grip must needs be found, but where? Always I seem to have been looking for that in those opening years, and disregarding everything else to discover it.

§ 2. The Baileys, under whose auspices I met Margaret again, were in the sharpest contrast with the narrow industrialism of the Staffordshire world. They were, indeed, at the other extreme of the scale, two active self-centred people, excessively devoted to the public service. It was natural I should gravitate to them, for they seemed to stand for the maturer, more disciplined, better informed expression of all I was then urgent to attempt and do. The bulk of their friends were politicians or public officials, they described themselves as publicists—a vague yet sufficiently significant term. They lived and worked in a hard little house in Chambers Street, Westminster, and made a centre for quite an astonishing amount of political and social activity.

Willersley took me there one evening. The place was almost pretentiously matter-of-fact and unassuming. The narrow passage-hall, papered with some ancient yellowish paper, grained to imitate wood, was choked with hats and cloaks and an occasional feminine wrap. Motioned on rather than announced by a tall Scotch servant woman, the only domestic I ever remember seeing there, we made our way up a narrow staircase past the open door of a small study packed with blue-books, to discover Altiora Bailey receiving before the fire-place in her drawing-room. She was a tall commanding figure, splendid but a little untidy in black silk and red beads, with dark eyes that had no depths, with a clear hard voice that had an almost visible prominence, aquiline features and straight black hair that was apt to get astray, that was now astray like the head feathers of an eagle in a gale. She stood with her hands behind her back, and talked in a high tenor of a projected Town Planning Bill with Blupp, who was practically in those days the secretary of the Local Government Board. A very short, broad man with thick ears and fat white hands writhing intertwined behind him, stood with his back to us, eager to bark interruptions into Altiora's discourse. A slender girl in pale blue, manifestly a young political wife, stood with one foot on the fender listening with an expression of entirely puzzled propitiation. A tall sandy-bearded bishop with the expression of a man in a trance completed this central group.

The room was one of those long apartments, once divided by folding doors, and reaching from back to front, that are common upon the first floors of London houses. Its walls were hung with two or three indifferent water colours, there was scarcely any furniture but a sofa or so and a chair, and the floor, severely carpeted with matting, was crowded with a curious medley of people, men predominating. Several were in evening dress, but most had the morning garb of the politician; the women were either severely rational or radiantly magnificent. Willersley pointed me out the wife of the Secretary of State for War and I recognised the Duchess of Clynes, who at that time cultivated intellectuality. I looked round, identifying a face here or there, and stepping back trod on some one's toe, and turned to find it belonged to the Right Hon. G. B. Mottisham, dear to the *Punch* caricaturists. He received my apology with that intentional charm that is one of his most delightful traits, and resumed his discussion.

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Beside him was Esmeer of Trinity, whom I had not seen since my Cambridge days. . . .

Willersley found an ex-member of the School Board for whom he had affinities, and left me to exchange experiences and comments upon the company with Esmeer. Esmeer was still a don; but he was nibbling, he said, at certain negotiations with the *Times* that might bring him down to London. He wanted to come to London. "We peep at things from Cambridge," he said.

"This sort of thing," I said, "makes London necessary. It's the oddest gathering."

"Every one comes here," said Esmeer. "Mostly we hate them like poison—jealousy—and little irritations—Altiora can be a horror at times—but we *have* to come."

"Things are being done?"

"Oh!—no doubt of it. It's one of the parts of the British machinery—that doesn't show. . . . But nobody else could do it."

"Two people," said Esmeer, "who've planned to be a power—in an original way. And by Jove! they've done it!"

I did not for some time pick out Oscar Bailey, and then Esmeer showed him to me in elaborately confidential talk in a corner with a distinguished-looking stranger wearing a ribbon. Oscar had none of the fine appearance of his wife; he was a short sturdy figure with a rounded protruding abdomen and a curious broad, flattened, clean-shaven face that seemed nearly all forehead. He was of Anglo-Hungarian extraction, and I have always fancied something Mongolian in his type. He peered up with reddish swollen looking eyes over gilt-edged glasses that were divided horizontally into portions of different refractive power, and he talked in an ingratiating undertone, with busy thin lips, an eager lisp and nervous movements of the hand.

People say that thirty years before at Oxford he was almost exactly the same eager, clever little man he was when first I met him. He had come up to Balliol bristling with extraordinary degrees and prizes captured in provincial and Irish and Scotch universities—and had made a name for himself as the most formidable dealer in exact fact the rhetoricians of the Union had ever had to encounter. From Oxford he had gone on to a position in the Higher Division of the Civil Service, I think in the War Office, and had speedily made a place for himself as a political journalist. He was a particularly neat controversialist, and very full of political and sociological ideas. He had a quite astounding memory for facts and a mastery of detailed analysis, and the time afforded scope for these gifts. The latter eighties were full of politico-social discussion, and he became a prominent name upon the contents list of the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary* chiefly as a half sympathetic but frequently very damaging critic of the socialism of that period. He won the immense respect of every one specially interested in social and political questions, he soon achieved the limited distinction that is awarded such capacity, and at that I think he would have remained for the rest of his life if he had not encountered Altiora.

But Altiora Macvitie was an altogether exceptional woman, an extraordinary mixture of qualities, the one woman in the world who could make something more out of Bailey than that. She had much of the

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vigour and handsomeness of a slender impudent young man, and an unscrupulousness altogether feminine. She was one of those women who are wanting in—what is the word ?—muliebrity. She had courage and initiative and a philosophical way of handling questions, and she could be bored by regular work like a man. She was entirely unfitted for her sex's sphere. She was neither uncertain, coy, nor hard to please, and altogether too stimulating and aggressive for any gentleman's hours of ease. Her cookery would have been about as sketchy as her handwriting, which was generally quite illegible, and she would have made, I feel sure, a shocking bad nurse. Yet you mustn't imagine she was an inelegant or unbeautiful woman, and she is inconceivable to me in high collars or any sort of masculine garment. But her soul was bony. When she wasn't in a state of personal untidiness that was partly a protest against the waste of hours exacted by the toilet and partly a natural disinclination, she had a gypsy splendour of black and red and silver all her own. And somewhen in the early nineties she met and married Bailey.

I know very little about her early years. She was the only daughter of Sir Deighton Macvitie, who applied the iodoform process to cotton, and only his subsequent unfortunate attempts to become a Cotton King prevented her from being a very rich woman. As it was she had a tolerable independence. She came into prominence as one of the more able of the little shoal of young women who were led into politico-philanthropic activities by the influence of the earlier novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward,—the Marcella crop. She went "slumming" with distinguished vigour, which was quite usual in those days—and returned from her experiences as an amateur flower-girl with clear and original views about the problem—which is and always had been unusual. She had not married, I suppose because her standards were high, and men are cowards and with an instinctive appetite for muliebrity. She kept house for her father by speaking occasionally to the housekeeper, butler and cook—her mother had left her, and gathering the most interesting dinner-parties she could, and had married off four orphan nieces in a harsh and successful manner. After her father's smash and death she came out as a writer upon social questions and a scathing critic of the Charity Organisation Society, and she was three and thirty and a little at loose ends when she met Oscar Bailey, so to speak, in the *Contemporary Review*. The lurking woman in her nature was fascinated by the ease and precision with which the little man rolled over all sorts of important and authoritative people; she was the first to discover a sort of imaginative bigness in his still growing mind—the forehead perhaps carried him off physically—and she took occasion to meet and subjugate him, and, so soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his abject humility and a certain panic at her attentions, marry him,

This had opened a new phase in the lives of Bailey and herself. The two supplemented each other to an extraordinary extent. Their subsequent career was, I think, almost entirely her invention. She was aggressive, imaginative, and had a great capacity for ideas, while he was almost destitute of initiative and could do nothing with ideas except remember and discuss them. She was, if not inexact, at least indolent, with a strong disposition to save energy by sketching—even her handwriting showed that—while he was inexhaustibly industrious with a relentless invariable caligraphy that grew larger and clearer as the years passed by. She had a considerable

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power of charming; she could be just as nice to people—and incidentally just as nasty—as she wanted to be. He was always just the same, a little confidential and *sotto voce*, artlessly rude and egoistic in an undignified way. She had considerable social experience, good social connections, and considerable social ambition, while he had none of these things. She saw in a flash her opportunity to redeem his defects, use his powers and do large, novel, rather startling things. She ran him. Her marriage, which shocked her friends and relations beyond measure,—for a time they would only speak of Bailey as "that gnome"—was a stroke of genius, and forthwith they proceeded to make themselves the most formidable and distinguished couple conceivable. P. B. P., she boasted, was engraved inside their wedding rings, "Pro Bono Publico," and she meant it to be no idle threat. She had discovered very early that the last thing influential people will do is to work. Everything in their lives tends to make them dependent upon a supply of confidently administered detail. Their business is with the window and not the stock behind, and in the end they are dependent upon the stock behind for what goes into the window. She linked with that the fact that Bailey had a mind as orderly as a museum, and an invincible power over detail. She saw that if two people took the necessary pains to know the facts of government and administration with precision, to gather together knowledge that was dispersed and confused, to be able to say precisely what had to be done and what avoided in this eventuality or that, they would necessarily become a centre of reference for all sorts of legislative proposals and political expedients; she went unhesitatingly upon that.

Bailey under her vigorous direction threw up his post in the Civil Service and abandoned sporadic controversies, and they devoted themselves to the elaboration and realisation of this centre of public information she had conceived as their *rôle*. They set out to study the methods and organisation and realities of government in the most elaborate manner. They did the work as no one had ever hitherto dreamt of doing it. They planned the research on a thoroughly satisfying scale, and arranged their lives almost entirely for it. They took the house in Chambers Street and furnished it with severe economy, they discovered that Scotch domestic who is destined to be the guardian and tyrant of their declining years, and they set to work. Their first book, *The Permanent Official*, fills three plump volumes, and took them and their two secretaries upwards of four years to do. It is an amazingly good book, an enduring achievement. In a hundred directions the history and the administrative treatment of the public service was clarified for all time. . . .

They worked regularly every morning from nine to twelve, they lunched lightly but severely, in the afternoon they "took exercise" or Bailey attended meetings of the London School Board, on which he served, he said, for the purposes of study—he also became a railway director for the same end. In the late afternoon Altiora was at home to various callers, and in the evening came dinner or a reception or both.

Her dinners and gatherings were a very important feature in the scheme. She got together all sorts of interesting people in or about the public service, she mixed the obscurely efficient with the ill-instructed famous and the rudderless rich, got together in one room more of the factors in our strange jumble of a public life than had ever met easily before. She fed them with a shameless austerity that kept the conversa-

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tion brilliant, on a soup, a plain fish, and mutton or boiled fowl and milk pudding, with nothing to drink but whisky and soda, and hot and cold water and milk and lemonade. Everybody was soon very glad indeed to come to that. She boasted how little her housekeeping cost her, and sought constantly for fresh economies that would enable her, she said, to sustain an additional private secretary. Secretaries were the Baileys' one extravagance, they loved to think of searches going on in the British Museum and letters being cleared up and *precis* made overhead, while they sat in a little study and worked together, Bailey with a clockwork industry and Altiora in splendid flashes between intervals of cigarettes and meditation. "All efficient public careers," said Altiora, "consist in the proper direction of secretaries."

"If everything goes well, I shall have another secretary next year," Altiora told me. "I wish I could refuse people dinner napkins. Imagine what it means in washing. I dare most things. . . . But as it is, they stand a lot of hardship here."

"There's something of the miser in both these people," said Esmeer, and the thing was perfectly true. For after all, the miser is nothing more than a man who either through want of imagination or want of suggestion misapplies to a base use a natural power of concentration upon one end. The concentration itself is neither good nor evil, but a power that can be used in either way. And the Baileys gathered and reinvested usuriously not money but knowledge of the utmost value in human affairs. They produced an effect of having found themselves—completely. One envied them at times extraordinarily. I was attracted, I was dazzled—and at the same time there was something about Bailey's big wrinkled forehead, his lisping broad mouth, the gestures of his hands and an uncivil preoccupation I could not endure. . . .

§ 3. Their effect upon me was from the outset very considerable.

Both of them found occasion on that first visit of mine to talk to me about my published writings and particularly about my then just published book, *The New Ruler*, which had interested them very much. It fell in, indeed, so closely with their own way of thinking that I doubt if they ever understood how independently I had arrived at my conclusions. It was their weakness to claim excessively. That irritation, however, came later. We discovered each other immensely; for a time it produced a tremendous sense of kindred and co-operation.

Altiora, I remember, maintained that there existed a great army of such constructive minded people as ourselves—as yet undiscovered by one another.

"It's like boring a tunnel through a mountain," said Oscar, "and presently hearing the tapping of the workers from the other end."

"If you didn't know of them beforehand," I said, "it might be a rather badly joined tunnel."

"Exactly," said Altiora with a high note, "and that's why we all want to find out each other. . . ."

They didn't talk like that on our first encounter, but they urged me to lunch with them next day, and then it was we went into things. A woman Factory Inspector and the Education Minister for New Banksland and his wife were also there, but I don't remember that they made any contribution

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to the conversation. The Baileys saw to that. They kept on at me in an urgent litigious way.

"We have read your book," each began—as though it had been a joint function. "And we consider——"

"Yes," I protested, "*I* think——"

That was a secondary matter.

They did not consider, said Altiora, raising her voice and going right over me, that I had allowed sufficiently for the inevitable development of an official administrative class in the modern State.

"Nor of its importance," echoed Oscar.

That, they explained in a sort of chorus, was the cardinal idea of their lives; what they were up to, what they stood for. "We want to suggest to you," they said—and I found this was a stock opening of theirs—"that from the mere necessities of convenience elected bodies *must* avail themselves more and more of the services of expert officials. We have that very much in mind. The more complicated and technical affairs become, the less confidence will the elected official have in himself. We want to suggest that these expert officials must necessarily develop into a new class and a very powerful class in the community. We want to organise that. It may be *the* power of the future. They will necessarily have to have very much of a common training. We consider ourselves as amateur unpaid precursors of such a class. . . ."

The vision they displayed for my consideration as the aim of public-spirited endeavour seemed like a harder, narrower, more specialised version of the idea of a trained and disciplined State that Willersley and I had worked out in the Alps. They wanted things more organised, more correlated with government and a collective purpose, just as we did; but they saw it not in terms of a growing collective understanding but in terms of functionaries, legislative change, and methods of administration. . . .

It wasn't clear at first how we differed. The Baileys were very anxious to win me to co-operation, and I was quite prepared at first to identify their distinctive expressions with phrases of my own, and so we came very readily into an alliance that was to last some years, and break at last very painfully. Altiora manifestly liked me, I was soon discussing with her the perplexity I found in placing myself efficiently in the world, the problem of how to take hold of things that occupied my thoughts, and she was sketching out careers for my consideration very much as an architect on his first visit sketches houses, considers requirements, and puts before you this example and that of the more or less similar thing already done. . .

§ 4. It is easy to see how much in common there was between the Baileys and me, and how natural it was that I should become a constant visitor at their house and an ally of theirs in many enterprises. It is not nearly so easy to define the profound antagonism of spirit that also held between us. There was a difference in texture, a difference in quality. How can I express it? The shapes of our thoughts were the same but the substance quite different. It was as if they had made in china or cast-iron what I had made in transparent, living matter. (The comparison is manifestly from my point of view.) Certain things never seemed to show through their ideas that were visible, refracted perhaps and distorted but visible always, through mine.

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I thought for a time the essential difference lay in our relation to beauty. With me beauty is quite primary in life; I like truth, order, and goodness, wholly because they are beautiful or lead straight to beautiful consequences. The Baileys either hadn't got that or they didn't see it. They seemed at times to prefer things harsh and ugly. That puzzled me extremely. The æsthetic quality of many of their proposals, the "manners" of their work so to speak, were at times as dreadful as—well, War Office barrack architecture. A caricature by its exaggerated statements will sometimes serve to point a truth by antagonising falsity and falsity. I remember talking to a prominent museum official in need of more public funds for the work he had in hand. I mentioned the possibility of enlisting Bailey's influence.

"Oh we don't want Philistines like that infernal Bottle-Imp running us," he said hastily, and would hear of no concerted action for the end he had in view. "I'd rather not have the extension."

"You see," he went on to explain, "Bailey's wanting in the essentials."

"What essentials?" said I.

"Oh! he'd be like a nasty, oily, efficient little machine for some merely subordinate necessity among all my delicate stuff. He'd do all we wanted, no doubt, in the way of money and powers—and he'd do it wrong and mess the place for ever. Hands all black you know. He's just a means. Just a very aggressive and unmanageable means. This isn't a plumber's job. . ."

I stuck to my argument.

"I don't *like* him," said the official conclusively, and it seemed to me at the time he was just blind prejudice speaking. . . .

I came nearer the truth of the matter as I came to realise that our philosophies differed profoundly. That isn't a very curable difference—once people have grown up. Theirs was a philosophy devoid of *finesse*. Temperamentally the Baileys were specialised, concentrated, accurate, while I am urged either by some inner force or some entirely assimilated influence in my training always to round off and shadow my outlines. I hate them hard. I would sacrifice detail to modelling always, and the Baileys, it seemed to me, loved a world as flat and metallic as Sidney Cooper's cows. If they had the universe in hand I know they would take down all the trees and put up stamped tin green shades and sunlight accumulators. Altiora thought trees hopelessly irregular and sea-cliffs a great mistake. . . . I got things clearer as time went on. Though it was a Hegelian mess of which I had partaken at Codger's table by way of a philosophical training, my sympathies have always been Pragmatist. I belong almost by nature to that school of Pragmatism that, following the mediæval Nominalists, bases itself upon a denial of the reality of classes, of the validity of general laws. The Baileys classified everything. They were, in the scholastic sense—which so oddly contradicts the modern use of the word, "Realists." They believed classes were *real* and independent of their individuals. This is the common habit of all so-called educated people who have no metaphysical aptitude and no metaphysical training. It leads them to a progressive misunderstanding of the world. It was a favourite trick of Altiora's to speak of everybody as a "type"; she saw men as samples moving; her dining-room became a Chamber of Representatives. It gave a tremendously scientific air to many of their generalisations, using "scientific" in its nineteenth-century, uncritical, Herbert Spencer sense, an air that only

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began to disappear when you thought them over again in terms of actuality and the people one knew. . . .

At the Baileys' one always seemed to be getting one's hands on the very strings that guided the world. You heard legislation projected to affect this "type" and that; statistics marched by you with sin and shame and injustice and misery reduced to quite manageable percentages, you found men who were to frame or amend Bills in grave and intimate exchange with Bailey's omniscience, you heard Altiora canvassing approaching resignations and possible appointments that might make or mar a revolution in administrative methods, and doing it with a vigorous directness that manifestly swayed the decision; and you felt you were in a sort of signal-box with levers all about you, and the world outside there, albeit a little dark and mysterious beyond the window, running on its lines in ready obedience to these unhesitating lights, true and steady to trim termini.

And then with all this administrative fizzle, this pseudo-scientific administrative chatter, dying away in your head, out you went into the limitless grimy chaos of London streets and squares, roads and avenues, lined with teeming houses each larger than the Chambers Street house, and at least equally alive, you saw the chaotic clamour of hoardings, the jumble of traffic, the jostling, coming and going of mysterious myriads, you heard the rumble of traffic like the noise of a torrent; a vague incessant murmur of cries and voices, wanton crimes and accidents bawled at you from the placards; imperative unaccountable fashions swaggered triumphant in the dazzling windows of the shops; and you found yourself swaying back to the opposite conviction that the huge formless spirit of the world it was that held the strings and danced the puppets on the Bailey stage. . . .

Under the lamps you were jostled by people like my Staffordshire uncle, out for a spree, you saw shy youths conversing with prostitutes; you passed young lovers pairing with an entire disregard of the social suitability of the "types" they might blend or create; you saw men leaning drunken against lamp-posts whom you knew for the "type" that will charge with fixed bayonets into the face of death, and you found yourself unable to imagine little Bailey achieving either drunkenness or the careless defiance of annihilation. You realised that quite a lot of types were under-represented in Chambers Street; that feral and obscure and altogether monstrous forces must be at work, as yet altogether unassimilated by those neat administrative reorganisations.

§ 5. Altiora, I remember, preluded Margaret's reappearance by announcing her as a new type.

I was accustomed to go early to the Baileys' dinners in those days, for a preliminary gossip with Altiora in front of her drawing-room fire. One got her alone, and that early arrival was a little sign of appreciation she valued. She had every woman's need of followers and servants.

"I'm going to send you down to-night," she said, "with a very interesting type indeed—one of the new generation of serious gals. Middle-class origin—and quite well off. Rich in fact. Her step-father was a solicitor and something of an *entrepreneur* towards the end, I fancy, in the Black Country. There was a little brother died, and she's lost her mother quite recently. Quite on her own, so to speak. She's never been out into society very much, and doesn't seem really very anxious to go. . . .

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Not exactly an intellectual person, you know, but quiet, and great force of character. Came up to London on her own and came to us—some one had told her we were the sort of people to advise her—to ask what to do. I'm sure she'll interest you. . . ."

"What *can* people of that sort do?" I asked. "Is she capable of investigation?"

Altiora compressed her lips and shook her head. She always did shake her head when you asked that of any one.

"Of course, what she ought to do," said Altiora with her silk dress pulled back from her knee before the fire, and with a lift of her voice towards a chuckle at her daring way of putting things, "is to marry a member of Parliament and see he does his work. . . . Perhaps she will. It's a very exceptional gal who can do anything by herself—quite exceptional. The more serious they are—without being exceptional—the more we want them to marry."

Her exposition was truncated by the entry of the type in question.

"Well!" cried Altiora turning, and with a high note of welcome, "*Here* you are!"

Margaret had gained in dignity and prettiness by the lapse of five years, and she was now very beautifully and richly and simply dressed. Her fair hair had been done in some way that made it seem softer and more abundant than it was in my memory, and a gleam of purple-velvet-set diamonds showed amidst its mist of little golden and brown lines. Her dress was of white and violet, the last trace of mourning for her mother, and confessed the gracious droop of her tall and slender body. She did not suggest Staffordshire at all, and I was puzzled for a moment to think where I had met her. Her sweetly shaped mouth with the slight obliquity of the lip and the little kink in her brow were extraordinarily familiar to me. But she had either been prepared by Altiora or she remembered my name. "We met," she said, "while my stepfather was alive—at Misterton. You came to see us;" and instantly I recalled the sunshine between the apple blossom, and a slender pale-blue girlish shape among the daffodils like something that had sprung from a bulb itself. I recalled at once that I had found her very interesting, though I did not clearly remember how it was she had interested me.

Other guests arrived—it was one of Altiora's boldly blended mixtures of people with ideas and people with influence or money who might perhaps be expected to resonate to them. Bailey came down late with an air of hurry, and was introduced to Margaret and said absolutely nothing to her—there being no information either to receive or impart and nothing to do—but stood snatching his left cheek until I rescued him and her, and left him free to congratulate the new Lady Snape on her husband's K.C.B.

I took Margaret down. We achieved no feats of mutual expression, except that it was abundantly clear we were both very pleased and interested to meet again, and that we had both kept memories of each other. We made that Misterton tea-party and the subsequent marriages of my cousins and the world of Burslem generally, matter for quite an agreeable conversation until at last Altiora, following her invariable custom, called me by name imperatively out of our duologue. "Mr. Remington," she said, "we want your opinion—" in her entirely characteristic effort to get all the threads of conversation into her own hands for the climax that always

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wound up her dinners. How the other women used to hate those concluding raids of hers! I forget most of the other people at that dinner, nor can I recall what the crowning rally was about. It didn't in any way join on to my impression of Margaret.

In the drawing-room of the matting floor I rejoined her, with Altiora's manifest connivance, and in the interval I had been thinking of our former meeting.

"Do you find London," I asked, "give you more opportunity for doing things and learning things than Burslem?"

She showed at once she appreciated my allusion to her former confidences. "I was very discontented then," she said and paused. "I've really only been in London for a few months. It's so different. In Burslem, life seems all business and getting—without any reason. One went on and it didn't seem to mean anything. At least anything that mattered. . . . London seems to be so full of meanings—all mixed up together."

She knitted her brows over her words and smiled appealingly at the end as if for consideration for her inadequate expression, appealingly and almost humorously.

I looked understandingly at her. "We have all," I agreed, "to come to London."

"One sees so much distress," she added, as if she felt she had completely omitted something, and needed a codicil.

"What are you doing in London?"

"I'm thinking of studying. Some social question. I thought perhaps I might go and study social conditions as Mrs. Bailey did—go perhaps as a work-girl or see the reality of living-in, but Mrs. Bailey thought perhaps it wasn't quite my work."

"Are you studying?"

"I'm going to a good many lectures, and perhaps I shall take up a regular course at the Westminster School of Politics and Sociology. But Mrs. Bailey doesn't seem to believe very much in that either."

Her faintly whimsical smile returned. "I seem rather indefinite," she apologised, "but one does not want to get entangled in things one can't do. One—one has so many advantages, one's life seems to be such a trust and such a responsibility——"

She stopped.

"A man gets driven into work," I said.

"It must be splendid to be Mrs. Bailey," she replied with a glance of envious admiration across the room.

"*She* has no doubts, anyhow," I remarked.

"She *had*," said Margaret with the pride of one who has received great confidences.

§ 6. "You've met before?" said Altiora, a day or so later.

I explained when.

"You find her interesting?"

I saw in a flash that Altiora meant to marry me to Margaret.

Her intention became much clearer as the year developed. Altiora was systematic even in matters that evade system. I was to marry Margaret, and, freed from the need of making an income, I was to come into

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politics—as an exponent of Baileyism. She put it down with the other excellent and advantageous things that should occupy her summer holiday. It was her pride and glory to put things down and plan them out in detail beforehand, and I'm not quite sure that she did not even mark off the day upon which the engagement was to be declared. If she did, I disappointed her. We didn't come to an engagement, in spite of the broadest hints and the glaring obviousness of everything, that summer.

Every summer the Baileys went out of London to some house they hired or borrowed, leaving their secretaries toiling behind, and they went on working hard in the mornings and evenings and taking exercise in the open air in the afternoon. They cycled assiduously and went for long walks at a trot, and raided and studied and incidentally explained themselves to any social "types" that lived in the neighbourhood. One invaded type, resentful under research, described them with a dreadful aptness as Donna Quixote and Sancho Panza—and himself as a harmless windmill, hurting no one and signifying nothing. She did rather tilt at things. This particular summer they were at a pleasant farm-house in level country near Pangbourne, belonging to the Hon. Wilfred Winchester, and they asked me to come down to rooms in the neighbourhood—Altiora took them for a month for me in August—and board with them upon extremely reasonable terms; and when I got there I found Margaret sitting in a hammock at Altiora's feet. Lots of people, I gathered, were coming and going to the neighbourhood, the Ponts were in a villa on the river and the Rickhams' houseboat was to moor for some days, but these irruptions did not impede a great deal of duologue between Margaret and myself.

Altiora was efficient rather than artistic in her match-making. She sent us off for long walks together—Margaret was a fairly good walker—she exhumed some defective croquet things and incited us to croquet, not understanding that detestable game is the worst stimulant for lovers in the world. And Margaret and I were always getting left about, and finding ourselves for odd half-hours in the kitchen-garden with nothing to do except talk, or we were told with a wave of the hand to run away and amuse each other.

Altiora even tried a picnic in canoes, knowing from fiction rather than imagination or experience the conclusive nature of such excursions. But there she fumbled at the last moment, and elected at the river's brink to share a canoe with me. Bailey showed so much zeal and so little skill—his hat fell off and he became miraculously nothing but paddle-clutching hands and a vast wrinkled brow—that at last he had to be paddled ignominiously by Margaret, while Altiora, after a phase of rigid discretion, as nearly as possible drowned herself—and me no doubt into the bargain—with a sudden lateral gesture of the arm to emphasise the high note with which she dismissed the efficiency of the Charity Organisation Society. We shipped about an inch of water and sat in it for the rest of the time—an inconvenience she disregarded heroically. We had difficulties in landing Oscar from his frail craft upon the ait of our feasting—he didn't balance sideways and was much alarmed, and afterwards as Margaret had a pain in her back I took him in my canoe, let him hide his shame with an ineffectual but not positively harmful paddle, and towed the other by means of the joined painters. Still it was the fault of the inadequate information supplied in the books and not of Altiora that that was not the date of my betrothal.

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I find it not a little difficult to state what kept me back from proposing marriage to Margaret that summer, and what urged me forward at last to marry her. It is so much easier to remember one's resolutions than to remember the moods and suggestions that produced them.

Marrying and getting married was, I think, a pretty simple affair to Altiora; it was something that happened to the adolescent and unmarried when you threw them together under the circumstances of health, warmth, and leisure. It happened with the kindly and approving smiles of the more experienced elders who had organised these proximities. The young people married, settled down, children ensued, and father and mother turned their minds, now decently and properly disillusioned, to other things. That to Altiora was the normal sexual life; and she believed it to be the quality of the great bulk of the life about her.

One of the great barriers to human understanding is the wide temperamental difference one finds in the values of things relating to sex. It is the issue upon which people most need training in charity and imaginative sympathy. Here are no universal standards at all; and, indeed, for no single man or woman does there seem to be any fixed standard, so much do the accidents of circumstance and one's physical phases affect one's interpretations. There is nothing in the whole range of sexual fact that may not seem supremely beautiful or humanly jolly or magnificently wicked or disgusting or trivial or utterly insignificant according to the eye that sees or the mood that colours. Here is something that may fill the skies and every waking hour or be almost completely banished from a life. It may be everything on Monday and less than nothing on Saturday. And we make our laws and rules as though in these matters all men and women were commensurable one with another, with an equal steadfast passion and an equal constant duty. . . .

I don't know what dreams Altiora may have had in her school-room days; I always suspected her of suppressed and forgotten phases, but certainly her general effect now was of an entirely passionless worldliness in these matters. Indeed, so far as I could get at her, she regarded sexual passion as being hardly more legitimate in a civilised person than—let us say—homicidal mania. She must have forgotten—and Bailey, too. I suspect she forgot before she married him. I don't suppose either of them had the slightest intimation of the dimensions sexual love can take in the thoughts of the great majority of people with whom they came in contact. They loved in their way—an intellectual way it was and a fond way—but it had no relation to beauty and physical sensation—except that there seemed a decree of exile against these things. They got their glow in high moments of altruistic ambition—and in moments of vivid worldly success. They sat at opposite ends of their dinner-table, with So and So "captured," and So and So flushed with a mutual approval. They saw people in love forgetful and distraught about them, and just put it down to forgetfulness and distraction. At any rate, Altiora manifestly viewed my situation and Margaret's with an abnormal and entirely misleading simplicity. There was the girl, rich, with an acceptable claim to be beautiful, shiningly virtuous, quite capable of political interests, and there was I, talented, ambitious, and full of political and social passion, in need of just the money, devotion, and regularisation Margaret could provide. We were both unmarried—white sheets of uninscribed paper. Was there ever a simpler situation? What more could we possibly want?

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She was even a little offended at the inconclusiveness that did not settle things at Pangbourne. It seemed to her, I suspect, to reflect upon her judgment and good intentions.

§ 7. I didn't see things with Altiora's simplicity.

I admired Margaret very much; I was fully aware of all that she and I might give each other; indeed, so far as Altiora went, we were quite in agreement. But what seemed solid ground to Altiora and the ultimate footing of her emasculated world, was to me just the superficial covering of a gulf—oh! abysses of vague and dim, and yet stupendously significant, things.

I couldn't dismiss the interests and the passion of sex as Altiora did. Work, I agreed, was important; career and success; but deep, unanalysable instincts told me this pre-occupation was a thing quite as important; dangerous, interfering, destructive indeed, but none the less a dominating interest in life. I have told how flittingly and uninvited it came like a moth from the outer twilight into my life; how it grew in me with my manhood; how it found its way to speech and grew daring, and led me at last to experience. After that adventure at Locarno, sex and the interests and desires of sex never left me for long at peace. I went on with my work and my career, and all the time it was like—like some one talking ever and again in a room while one tries to write.

There were times when I could have wished the world a world all of men, so greatly did this unassimilated series of motives and curiosities hamper me; and times when I could have wished the world all of women. I seemed always to be seeking something in women, in girls, and I was never clear what it was I was seeking But never—even at my coarsest—was I moved by physical desire alone. Was I seeking help and fellowship? Was I seeking some intimacy with beauty? It was a thing too formless to state, that I seemed always desiring to attain and never attaining. Waves of gross sensuousness arose out of this preoccupation, carried me to a crisis of gratification or disappointment that was clearly not the needed thing; they passed and left my mind free again for a time to get on with the permanent pursuits of my life. And then presently this solicitude would have me again, an irrelevance as it seemed, and yet a constantly recurring demand.

I don't want particularly to dwell upon things that are disagreeable for others to read, but I cannot leave them out of my story and get the right proportions of the forces I am balancing. I was no abnormal man; and that world of order we desire to make must be built of such stuff as I was and am and can beget. You cannot have a world of Baileys; it would end in one orderly generation. Humanity is begotten in Desire, lives by Desire.

> Love which is lust is the Lamp in the Tomb;
> Love which is lust is the Call from the Gloom.

I echo Henley.

I suppose the life of celibacy which the active, well-fed, well-exercised and imaginatively stirred young man of the educated classes is supposed to lead from the age of nineteen or twenty, when Nature certainly meant him to marry, to thirty or more, when civilisation permits him to do so, is the most impossible thing in the world. We deal here with facts that are

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kept secret and obscure, but I doubt for my own part if more than one man out of five in our class satisfies that ideal demand. The rest are even as I was, and Hatherleigh and Esmeer and all the men I knew. I draw no lessons and offer no panacea ; I have to tell the quality of life and this is how it is. This is how it will remain until men and women have the courage to face the facts of life.

I was no systematic libertine you must understand ; things happened to me and desire drove me. Any young man would have served for that Locarno adventure, and after that what had been a mystic and wonderful thing passed rapidly into a gross, manifestly misdirected, and complicating one. I can count a meagre tale of five illicit loves in the days of my youth, to include that first experience, and of them all only two were sustained relationships. Besides these five "affairs," on one or two occasions I dipped so low as the inky, dismal sensuality of the streets, and made one of those pairs of correlated figures, the woman in her squalid finery sailing homeward, the man modestly aloof and behind, that every night in the London year flit by the score of thousands across the sight of the observant. . . .

How ugly it is to recall ; ugly and shameful now without qualification. Yet at the time there was surely something not altogether ugly in it—something that has vanished, some fine thing mortally ailing. . . .

One such occasion I recall as if it were a vision deep down in a pit, as if it had happened in another state of existence to some one else. And yet it is the sort of thing that has happened once or twice at least, to half the men in London who have been in a position to make it possible. Let me try and give you its peculiar effect. Man or woman, you ought to know of it.

Figure to yourself a dingy room, somewhere in that network of streets that lies about Tottenham Court Road, a dingy bedroom lit by a solitary candle and carpeted with scraps and patches, with curtains of cretonne closing the window, and a tawdry ornament of paper in the grate. I sit on a bed beside a weary-eyed, fair-haired, sturdy young woman, half undressed, who is telling me in broken German something that my knowledge of German is at first inadequate to understand. . . .

I thought she was boasting about her family and then slowly the meaning came to me. She was a Lett from near Libau in Courland and she was telling me—just as one tells something too strange for comment or emotion—how her father had been shot and her sister outraged and murdered before her eyes.

It was as if one had dipped into something primordial and stupendous beneath the smooth and trivial surfaces of life. There was I, you know, the promising young don from Cambridge, who wrote quite brilliantly about politics and might presently get into Parliament, with my collar and tie in my hand, and a certain sense of shameful adventure fading out of my mind.

"Ach Gott!" she sighed by way of comment, and mused deeply for a moment before she turned her face to me, as to something forgotten and remembered, and assumed the half-hearted meretricious smile.

"Bin ich eine Hübsche?" she asked, like one who repeats a lesson.

I was moved to crave her pardon and come away.

"Bin ich eine hübsche?" she asked a little anxiously laying a detaining hand upon me, and evidently not understanding a word of what I was striving to say.

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§ 8. I find it extraordinarily difficult to recall the phases by which I passed from my first admiration of Margaret's earnestness and unconscious daintiness to an intimate acquaintance. The earlier encounters stand out clear and hard, but then the impressions become crowded and mingle, not only with each other, but with all the subsequent developments of relationship, the enormous evolutions of interpretation and comprehension between husband and wife. Dipping into my memories is like dipping into a rag-bag, one brings out this memory or that, with no intimation of how they came in time or what led to them and joined them together. And they are all mixed up with subsequent associations, with sympathies and discords, habits of intercourse, surprises and disappointments and discovered misunderstandings. I know only that always my feelings for Margaret were complicated feelings, woven of many and various strands.

It is one of the curious neglected aspects of life how at the same time and in relation to the same reality we can have in our minds streams of thought at quite different levels. We can be at the same time idealising a person and seeing and criticising that person quite coldly and clearly, and we slip unconsciously from level to level and produce all sorts of inconsistent acts. In a sense I had no illusions about Margaret; in a sense my conception of Margaret was entirely poetic illusion. I don't think I was ever blind to certain defects of hers, and quite as certainly they didn't seem to matter in the slightest degree. Her mind had a curious want of vigour, "flatness" is the only word; she never seemed to escape from her phrases; her way of thinking, her way of doing was indecisive; she remained in her attitude, it did not flow out to easy, confirmatory action.

I saw this quite clearly, and when we walked and talked together I seemed always trying for animation in her and never finding it. I would state my ideas. "I know," she would say, "I know."

I talked about myself and she listened wonderfully, but she made no answering revelations. I talked politics and she remarked with her blue eyes wide and earnest; "Every *word* you say seems so just."

I admired her appearance tremendously, but—I can only express it by saying I didn't want to touch her. Her fair hair was always delectably done. It flowed beautifully over her pretty small ears and she would tie its fair coilings with fillets of black or blue velvet that carried pretty buckles of silver and paste. The light, the faint down on her brow and cheek was delightful. And it was clear to me that I made her happy.

My sense of her deficiencies didn't stand in the way of my falling at last very deeply in love with her. Her very shortcomings seemed to offer me something. . . .

She stood in my mind for goodness—and for things from which it seemed to me my hold was slipping.

She seemed to promise a way of escape from the deepening opposition in me between physical passion and the constructive career, the career of wide aims and human service, upon which I had embarked. All the time that I was seeing her as a beautiful, fragile, rather ineffective girl, I was also seeing her just as consciously as a shining slender figure, a radiant reconciliation, coming into my darkling disorders of lust and impulse. I could understand clearly that she was incapable of the most necessary subtleties of political thought, and yet I could contemplate praying to her and putting all the intricate troubles of my life at her feet.

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Before the reappearance of Margaret in my world at all an unwonted disgust with the consequences and quality of my passions had arisen in my mind. Among other things that moment with the Lettish girl haunted me persistently. I would see myself again and again sitting amidst those sluttish surroundings, collar and tie in hand, while her heavy German words grouped themselves to a slowly apprehended meaning. I would feel again with a fresh stab of remorse that this was not a flash of adventure, this was not seeing life in any permissible sense, but a dip into tragedy, dishonour, hideous degradation, and the pitiless cruelty of a world as yet uncontrolled by any ordered will.

"Good God!" I put it to myself, "that I should finish the work those Cossacks had begun! I who want order and justice before everything! There's no way out of it, no decent excuse! If I didn't think, I ought to have thought! . . . ."

"How did I get to it?" . . . . I would ransack the phases of my development from the first shy unveiling of a hidden wonder to that last extremity as a man will go through muddled account books to find some disorganising error. . . .

I was also involved at that time—I find it hard to place these things in the exact order of their dates because they were so disconnected with the regular progress of my work and life—in an intrigue, a clumsy, sensuous, pretentious, artificially stimulated intrigue, with a Mrs. Larrimer, a woman living separated from her husband. I will not go into particulars of that episode, nor how we quarrelled and chafed one another. She was at once unfaithful and jealous and full of whims about our meetings; she was careless of our secret and vulgarised our relationship by intolerable interpretations; except for some glowing moments of gratification, except for the recurrent and essentially vicious desire that drew us back to each other again, we both fretted at a vexatious and unexpectedly binding intimacy. The interim was full of the quality of work delayed, of time and energy wasted, of insecure precautions against scandal and exposure. Disappointment is almost inherent in illicit love. I had, and perhaps it was part of her recurrent irritation also, a feeling as though one had followed something fine and beautiful into a net—into bird-lime. These furtive scuffles, this sneaking into shabby houses of assignation was what we had made out of the suggestion of pagan beauty, this was the reality of our vision of nymphs and satyrs dancing for the joy of life amidst incessant sunshine. We had laid hands upon the wonder and glory of bodily love and wasted them. . . .

It was the sense of waste, of finely beautiful possibilities getting entangled and marred for ever that oppressed me. I had missed, I had lost. I did not turn from these things after the fashion of the Baileys, as one turns from something low and embarrassing. I felt that these great organic forces were still to be wrought into a harmony with my constructive passion. I felt, too, that I was not doing it. I had not understood the forces in this struggle nor its nature, and as I learnt I failed. I had been started wrong, I had gone on wrong, in a world that was muddled and confused, full of false counsel and erratic shames and twisted temptations. I learnt to see it so, by failures that were, perhaps, destroying any chance of profit in my lessons. Moods of clear, keen industry alternated with moods of relapse and indulgence and moods of dubiety and remorse. I was not going on as the Baileys thought I was going on. There were times when the blindness of the

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Baileys irritated me intensely. Beneath the ostensible success of those years, between twenty-three and twenty-eight, this rottenness, known to scarcely any one but myself, grew and spread. My sense of the probability of a collapse intensified. I knew indeed now, even as Willersley had prophesied five years before, that I was entangling myself in something that might smother all my uses in the world. Down there among those incommunicable difficulties, I was puzzled and blundering. I was losing my hold upon things; the chaotic and adventurous element in life was spreading upward and getting the better of me, overmastering me and all my will to rule and make. . . . And the strength, the drugging urgency of the passion. . . .

Margaret shone at times in my imagination like a radiant angel in a world of mire and disorder, in a world of cravings, hot and dull red like scars inflamed. . . .

I suppose it was because I had so great a need of such help as her whiteness proffered, that I could ascribe impossible perfections to her, a power of intellect, a moral power and patience to which she, poor fellowmortal, had indeed no claim. If only a few of us *were* angels and freed from the tangle of effort, how easy life might be! I wanted her so badly, so very badly, to be what I needed. I wanted a woman to save me. I forced myself to see her as I wished to see her. Her tepidities became infinite delicacies, her mental vagueness an atmospheric realism. The harsh precisions of the Baileys and Altiora's blunt directness threw up her fineness into relief and made a grace of every weakness.

Mixed up with the memory of times when I talked with Margaret as one talks politely to those who are hopelessly inferior in mental quality, explaining with a false lucidity, welcoming and encouraging the feeblest response, when possible moulding and directing, are times when I did indeed, as the old phrase goes, worship the ground she trod on. I was equally honest and unconscious of inconsistency at each extreme. But in neither phase could I find it easy to make love to Margaret. For in the first I did not want to, though I talked abundantly to her of marriage and so forth and was a little puzzled at myself for not going on to some personal application, and in the second she seemed inaccessible; I felt I must make confessions and put things before her that would be the grossest outrage upon the noble purity I attributed to her.

§ 9. I went to Margaret at last to ask her to marry me wrought up to the mood of one who stakes his life on a cast. Separated from her, and with the resonance of an evening of angry recriminations with Mrs. Larrimer echoing in my mind, I discovered myself to be quite passionately in love with Margaret. Last shreds of doubt vanished. It has always been a feature of our relationship that Margaret absent means more to me than Margaret present; her memory distils from its dross and purifies in me. All my criticisms and qualifications of her vanished into some dark corner of my mind. She was the lady of my salvation; I must win my way to her or perish.

I went to her at last, for all that I knew she loved me, in passionate self-abasement, white and a-tremble. She was staying with the Rockleys at Woking, for Shena Rockley had been at Bennett Hall with her and they had resumed a close intimacy; and I went down to her on an impulse,

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unheralded. I was kept waiting for some minutes, I remember, in a little room upon which a conservatory opened, a conservatory full of pots of large mauve-edged, white cyclamens in flower. And there was a big lacquer cabinet, a Chinese thing, I suppose, of black and gold against the red-toned wall. To this day the thought of Margaret is inseparably bound up with the sight of the cyclamen's back-turned petals.

She came in, looking pale and drooping rather more than usual. I suddenly realised that Altiora's hint of a disappointment leading to positive illness was something more than a vindictive comment. She closed the door and came across to me and took and dropped my hand and stood still. "What is it you want with me?" she asked.

The speech I had been turning over and over in my mind on the way vanished at the sight of her.

"I want to talk to you," I answered lamely.

For some seconds neither of us said a word.

"I want to tell you things about my life," I began.

She answered with a scarcely audible "yes."

"I almost asked you to marry me at Pangbourne," I plunged. "I didn't. I didn't because—because you had too much to give me."

"Too much!" she echoed, "to give you!" She had lifted her eyes to my face and the colour was coming into her cheeks.

"Don't misunderstand me," I said hastily. "I want to tell you things, things you don't know. Don't answer me. I want to tell you."

She stood before the fireplace with her ultimate answer shining through the quiet of her face. "Go on," she said, very softly. It was so pitilessly manifest she was resolved to idealise the situation whatever I might say. I began walking up and down the room between those cyclamens and the cabinet. There were little gold fishermen on the cabinet fishing from little islands that each had a pagoda and a tree, and there were also men in boats or something, I couldn't determine what, and some obscure sub-office in my mind concerned itself with that quite intently. Yet I seem to have been striving with all my being to get words for the truth of things. "You see," I emerged, "you make everything possible to me. You can give me help and sympathy, support, understanding. You know my political ambitions. You know all that I might do in the world. I do so intensely want to do constructive things, big things perhaps, in this wild jumble. . . . Only you don't know a bit what I am. I want to tell you what I am. I'm complex. . . . I'm streaked."

I glanced at her, and she was regarding me with an expression of blissful disregard for any meaning I was seeking to convey.

"You see," I said, "I'm a bad man."

She sounded a note of valiant incredulity.

Everything seemed to be slipping away from me. I pushed on to the ugly facts that remained over from the wreck of my interpretation. "What has held me back," I said, "is the thought that you could not possibly understand certain things in my life. Men are not pure as women are. I have had love affairs. I mean I have had affairs. Passion—desire. You see I have had a mistress, I have been entangled——"

She seemed about to speak, but I interrupted. "I'm not telling you," I said, "what I meant to tell you. I want you to know clearly that there is

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another side to my life, a dirty side. Deliberately, I say, dirty. It didn't seem so at first——"

I stopped blankly. "Dirty" I thought was the most idiotic choice of words to have made.

I had never in any tolerable sense of the word been dirty.

"I drifted into this—as men do," I said, after a little pause and stopped again.

She was looking at me with her wide blue eyes.

"Did you imagine," she began, "that I thought you—that I expected——"

"But how can you know?"

"I know. I do know."

"But—" I began.

"I know," she persisted, dropping her eyelids. "Of course I know," and nothing could have convinced me more completely that she did not know.

"All men—" she generalised. "A woman does not understand these temptations."

I was astonished beyond measure at her way of taking my confession. . . .

"Of course," she said, hesitating a little over a transparent difficulty, "it is all over and past."

"It's all over and past," I answered.

There was a little pause.

"I don't want to know," she said. "None of that seems to matter now in the slightest degree."

She looked up and smiled as though we had exchanged some acceptable commonplaces. "Poor dear!" she said, dismissing everything, and putting out her arms, and it seemed to me that I could hear the Lettish girl in the background, doomed safety-valve of purity in this intolerable world! telling something in indistinguishable German—I knew not what nor why. . . .

I took Margaret in my arms and kissed her. Her eyes were wet with tears. She clung to me and was near I felt to sobbing.

"I have loved you," she whispered presently, "Oh! ever since we met in Misterton—six years and more ago."

CHAPTER THE THIRD

MARGARET IN VENICE

§ 1. There comes into my mind a confused memory of conversations with Margaret; we must have had dozens altogether, and they mix in now for the most part inextricably, not only with one another, but with later talks and with things we discussed at Pangbourne. We had the immensest anticipations of the years and opportunities that lay before us. I was now very deeply in love with her indeed. I felt not that I had cleaned up my life, but that she had. We called each other "confederate" I remember, and made during our brief engagement a series of visits to the various legislative bodies in London, the County Council, the House of Commons, where we dined with Villiers, and the St. Pancras Vestry, when we heard Shaw

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speaking. I was full of plans and so was she of the way in which we were to live and work. We were to pay back in public service whatever excess of wealth beyond his merits old Seddon's economic advantage had won for him from the toiling people in the potteries. The end of the Boer War was so recent that that blessed word "efficiency" echoed still in people's minds and thoughts. Lord Rosebery in a memorable oration had put it into the heads of the big outer public, but the Baileys with a certain show of justice claimed to have set it going in the channels that took it to him—if as a matter of fact it was taken to him. But then it was their habit to make claims of that sort. They certainly did their share to keep "efficient" going. Altiora's highest praise was "thoroughly efficient." We were to be a "thoroughly efficient" political couple of the "new type." She explained us to herself and Oscar, she explained us to ourselves, she explained us to the people who came to her dinners and afternoons until the world was highly charged with explanation and expectation and the proposal that I should be the Liberal candidate for the Kinghamstead division seemed the most natural development in the world.

I was full of the ideal of hard restrained living and relentless activity, and throughout a beautiful November at Venice, where chiefly we spent our honeymoon, we turned over and over again and discussed in every aspect our conception of a life tremendously focussed upon the ideal of social service.

Most clearly there stands out a picture of ourselves talking in a gondola on our way to Torcello. Far away behind us the smoke of Murano forms a black stain upon an immense shining prospect of smooth water, water as unruffled and luminous as the sky above, a mirror on which rows of posts and distant black, high-stemmed, swan-necked boats, with their minutely clear-swinging gondoliers, float aerially. Remote and low before us rises the little tower of our destination. Our men swing together and their oars swirl leisurely through the water, bump back in the rowlocks, splash sharply, and go swishing back again. Margaret lies back on cushions, with her face shaded by a holland parasol, and I sit up beside her.

"You see," I say, and in spite of Margaret's note of perfect acquiescence I feel myself reasoning against an indefinable antagonism, "it is so easy to fall into a slack way with life. There may seem to be something priggish in a meticulous discipline, but otherwise it is so easy to slip into indolent habits—and to be distracted from one's purpose. The country, the world, wants men to serve its constructive needs, to work out and carry out plans. For a man who has to make a living the enemy is immediate necessity; for people like ourselves it's—it's the constant small opportunity of agreeable things."

"Frittering away," she says, "time and strength."

"That is what I feel. It's so pleasant to pretend one is simply modest, it looks so foolish at times to take oneself too seriously. We've *got* to take ourselves seriously."

She endorses my words with her eyes.

"I feel I can do great things with life."

"I *know* you can."

"But that's only to be done by concentrating one's life upon one main end. We have to plan our days, to make everything subserve our scheme."

"I feel," she answers softly, "we ought to give—every hour."

Her face becomes dreamy. "I *want* to give every hour," she adds.

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§ 2. That holiday in Venice is set in my memory like a little artificial lake in uneven, confused country, as something very bright and skylike, and discontinuous with all about it. The faded quality of the very sunshine of that season, the mellow discoloured palaces and places, the huge, time-ripened paintings of departed splendours, the whispering, nearly noiseless passage of hearse-black gondolas—for the horrible steam launch had not yet ruined Venice—the stilled magnificences of the depopulated lagoons, the universal autumn, made me feel altogether in recess from the teeming uproars of reality. There were not a dozen people all told, no Americans and scarcely any English, to dine in the big cavern of a dining-room, with its vistas of separate tables, its distempered walls, and its swathed chandeliers. We went about seeing beautiful things, accepting beauty on every hand, and taking it for granted that all was well with ourselves and the world. It was ten days or a fortnight before I became fretful and anxious for action; a long tranquillity for such a temperament as mine.

Our pleasures were curiously impersonal, a succession of shared æsthetic appreciations threads all that time. Our honeymoon was no exultant coming together, no mutual shout of "you!" We were almost shy with one another, and felt the relief of even a picture to help us out. It was entirely in my conception of things that I should be very watchful not to shock or distress Margaret or press the sensuous note. Our love-making had much of the tepid smoothness of the lagoons. We talked in delicate innuendo of what should be glorious freedoms. Margaret had missed Verona and Venice in her previous Italian journey—fear of the mosquito had driven her mother across Italy to the westward route—and now she could fill up her gaps and see the Titians and Paul Veroneses she already knew in colourless photographs, the Carpaccios (the St. George series delighted her beyond measure), the Basaitis, and that great statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni that Ruskin praised.

But since I am not a man to look at pictures and architectural effects day after day, I did watch Margaret very closely and store a thousand memories of her. I can see her now, her long body drooping a little forward, her sweet face upraised to some discovered familiar masterpiece and shining with a delicate enthusiasm. I can hear again the soft cadences of her voice murmuring commonplace comments, for she had no gift of expressing the shapeless satisfactions these things gave her.

Margaret, I perceived, was a cultivated person; the first cultivated person with whom I had ever come into close contact. She was cultivated and moral, and I—I now realise—was never either of these things. She was passive, and I am active. She did not simply and naturally look for beauty, but she had been incited to look for it at school, and took perhaps a keener interest in books and lectures and all the organisation of beautiful things than she did in beauty itself; she found much of her delight in being guided to it. Now a thing ceases to be beautiful to me when some finger points me out its merits. Beauty is the salt of life, but I take my beauty as a wild beast gets its salt, as a constituent of the meal. . . .

And besides, there was that between us that should have seemed more beautiful than any picture. . . .

So we went about Venice tracking down pictures and spiral staircases and suchlike things; and my brains were busy all the time with such things as a comparison of Venice and its nearest modern equivalent, New York; with

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the elaboration of schemes of action when we returned to London; with the development of a theory of Margaret.

Our marriage had done this much at least, that it had fused and destroyed those two independent ways of thinking about her that had gone on in my mind hitherto. Suddenly she had become very near to me and a very big thing, a sort of comprehensive generalisation behind a thousand questions, like the sky or England. The judgments and understandings that had worked when she was, so to speak, miles away from my life, had now to be altogether revised. Trifling things began to matter enormously, that she had a weak and easily fatigued back, for example, or that when she knitted her brows and stammered a little in talking it didn't really mean that an exquisite significance struggled for utterance.

We visited pictures in the mornings chiefly. In the afternoon, unless we were making a day-long excursion in a gondola, Margaret would rest for an hour while I prowled about in search of English newspapers, and then we would go to tea in the Piazza San Marco and watch the drift of people feeding the pigeons and going into the little doors beneath the sunlit arches and domes of Saint Mark's. Then perhaps we would stroll on the Piazzetta, or go out into the sunset in a gondola. Margaret became very interested in the shops that abound under the colonnades and decided at last to make an extensive purchase of table glass. "These things," she said, "are quite beautiful, and far cheaper than anything but the most ordinary looking English ware." I was interested in her idea, and a good deal charmed by the delightful qualities of tinted shape, slender handle, and twisted stem. I suggested we should get not simply tumblers and wine glasses but bedroom water-bottles, fruit and sweet dishes, water jugs, and in the end we made quite a businesslike afternoon of it.

I was beginning now to long quite definitely for events. Energy was accumulating in me, and worrying me for an outlet. I found the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* and the other papers I managed to get hold of more and more stimulating. I nearly wrote to the former paper one day in answer to a letter by Lord Grimthorpe—I forget now upon what point. I chafed secretly against this life of tranquil appreciations more and more. I found my attitudes of restrained and delicate affection for Margaret increasingly difficult to sustain. I surprised myself and her by little gusts of irritability, gusts like the catspaws before a gale. I was alarmed at these symptoms.

One night when Margaret had gone up to her room, I put on a light overcoat, went out into the night and prowled for a long time through the narrow streets, smoking and thinking. I returned and went and sat on the edge of her bed to talk to her.

"Look here, Margaret," I said; "this is all very well, but I'm restless."

"Restless!" she said with a faint surprise in her voice.

"Yes. I think I want exercise. I've got a sort of feeling—I've never had it before—as though I was getting fat."

"My dear!" she cried.

"I want to do things—ride horses, climb mountains, take the devil out of myself."

She watched me thoughtfully.

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"Couldn't we *do* something?" she said.

"Do what?"

"I don't know. Couldn't we perhaps go away from here soon and walk in the mountains—on our way home."

I thought. "There seems to be no exercise at all in this place."

"Isn't there some walk?"

"I wonder," I answered. "We might walk to Chioggia perhaps, along the Lido." And we tried that; but the long stretch of beach fatigued Margaret's back, and gave her blisters, and we never got beyond Malamocco. . . .

A day or so after we went out to those pleasant, black-robed, bearded Armenians in their monastery at Saint Lazzaro, and returned towards sundown. We fell into a silence. "*Piu lento*," said Margaret to the gondolier, and released my accumulated resolution.

"Let us go back to London," I said abruptly.

Margaret looked at me with surprised blue eyes.

"This is beautiful beyond measure, you know," I said sticking to my point; "but I have work to do."

She was silent for some seconds. "I had forgotten," she said.

"So had I," I sympathised and took her hand. "Suddenly I have remembered."

She remained quite still. "There is so much to be done," I said, almost apologetically.

She looked long away from me across the lagoon, and at last sighed, like one who has drunk deeply, and turned to me.

"I suppose one ought not to be so happy," she said. "Everything has been so beautiful and so simple and splendid. And clean. It has been just With You—the time of my life. It's a pity such things must end. But the world is calling you dear. . . . I ought not to have forgotten it. I thought you were resting—and thinking. But if you are rested—. Would you like us to start to-morrow?"

She looked at once so fragile and so devoted that on the spur of the moment I relented, and we stayed in Venice four more days.

(*To be continued*)

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The Month

Tardily, but not too late—since it is never too late to make amends—the Liberals are admitted to have a grievance, and it is an admission which commands respect. Coming from the pen of Mr. F. E. Smith, it has every claim to be regarded as genuine. Such recognition of a fact, palpable enough to every man in these islands not incurably befogged with party spleen and mania, is the first condition to the reason of the conference which has now begun, as it is the quintessential condition of its success. There would seem no cause to regard it as tactical. It was the obvious, the right, thing to do. Persistence in the fictitious attitude of class privilege and authority would have left no room for compromise or even for discussion. No Liberal Government, fighting for the very justification of its existence, could have entered into negotiations with a motley of irreconcilables and irreducibles. And now that the consequential step has been taken the best thing we can all do is to lie low and await the issue.

It was high time, and that is the short and long of it. We had grown somewhat continental; there seemed no outlet, no golden mean: from a constitutional, the issue threatened to assume a mediæval class, even a monarchical, character, absurd, anachronistic, and to plunge the country into a revel of elections from which neither side could anticipate either relief or advantage or satisfaction. Left to themselves, led by themselves, the Lords would probably have come to a working agreement long ago. They have accepted Lord Rosebery's anathemas. They will shortly have to accept his proposals. Muddled up with the economic question of Tariff Reform the real question at stake had acquired a Feudal significance utterly at variance with its true

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meaning which is the English right of representative government as opposed to the class autocracy and stratocracies of less emancipated peoples. Pushed to extremes they had generated extremes and they have now had, to put it vulgarly, to come off the grass.

That is over. We shall be able to play golf again this summer and restrict our invectives, as women, setting a good example, now circumscribe their skirts. The foolish cry of Socialism —it was answered by the silence of those multitudes mourning the loss of their King, by that picture of the living England weeping for the dead Crown. The cry of revolution, of subversion of the Throne and State—it has no longer even a foundation, since Mr. Smith admitted the grievance of his adversaries. The rabid hue of the "privilegists"—what does it mean? Just this: that the pretension was as artificial as the mystery of the "vanishing lady"—a hollow screech. The wild attempt to force the Peers to drag down their ancestral armoury from the walls—it has been jettisoned like an empty keg into the sea. We have regained our stolidity, our dignity, our reason. Once more the national endeavour stands higher than the Party claim. In what Michelet called the "désintéressement" of death our political sanity has been reborn.

Hope is the most inspiring thing in life, and it is also useful in politics. And there is hope. Granted a modicum of goodwill, there should be no inherent difficulty in arriving at a reasonable settlement, and perhaps all the more so in that neither party has much to gain by wooden irreconciliation. The main thing for both Parties to try to bear in mind is that the question is not a party matter as such, but a constitutional and so a national one. Liberals are fighting for the right of expression, it is true; but in reality they are fighting for constitutional freedom. The difference is fundamental. It is not a Bill they are seeking to carry, but a solemn and essentially English right. It concerns the nation vitally, probes deep down into the heart of the public and economic life, postulates not so much a policy as a principle, the

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justice of which has been conceded by the best men on both sides, as the enforcement of it has been admitted to be reasonable.

All the same, the principle is of such vital importance that stockish unwillingness to accept as the underlying instance of reform—conciliation, and, as the object of such reform, fair play—must yield a barren result leading to the inevitable resumption of antagonisms. One needs a stout heart to be a Liberal nowadays; it is not a popular denomination, but those who are Liberals will have to hold to their bond. They are not asking for much; their demand is but the recognition of the rights of representative government, rights that are surely entirely justifiable in these days of science and enlightenment. The "Bumbles" and beadles of Toryism may deem the opportunism of democracy to be a resolutionary device; but it is no such thing. Democracy is the antipode of anarchy, as it is the economic solvent of revolutionary form and purpose, being the mean and catholicism of extremes which are the nursery of all revolution. The minimum that Liberalism claims is simply the recognition of parity in place of the existing class monopoly. To accept anything less than that minimum would reduce the whole democratic idea in this country to paradox and ultimately to chaos and confusion.

One may thus look forward to the conference with some optimism. What is really essential is not the victory of either Liberal or Conservative but the removal of an abuse that has become an anomaly. It is not the fight between the Commons and the Lords that matters, whatever the extremists may think, but the cause of the fight: the reestablishment of normal relations between the two great parties, based on a true representative authority. The task before Mr. Asquith is great, but in the land of compromise it should not prove insuperable. He needs the wise support of his followers: he should have it. If he is able to bring about a working arrangement, his name most assuredly will go down to posterity side by side with those of our greatest statesmen.

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That is why the conference is a desirable and statesmanlike procedure. There is no reason to anticipate failure which would be a national disaster. If sensible men such as the participants in the conference cannot arrive at some equitable form of settlement which may be submitted, not so much for party advantage, as for the national good, to the verdict of Parliament and the country, then the sooner we have an inelastic and written Constitution the better. That would seem the only alternative to failure. In the meantime we can turn with more profit to Mr. Roosevelt's Egyptian speech and certain questions not indirectly connected with it.

From the standpoint of international comity it was not a very wise speech to be sure, but then it is the privilege of Americans to be American, as it was the privilege of Scapin to have a Molière. Perhaps too much has been said about the ex-President's Nilotic harangue. What the President learnt about Egypt, and our rule there, he culled, of course, from Englishmen on the spot. What he knew, therefore, we knew too, and it may be even a little more. But we also knew weeks before he landed in this country that he intended to deliver such a speech—which if it detracts somewhat from the glitter of the sensation does not impair its significance. On the contrary, had Mr. Roosevelt burst his bomb upon us unexpectedly, spontaneously, heroically, it might have been too much for the national and official composure. Of course, he did no such thing. It was all a carefully premeditated, duly notified Rooseveltian "scoop." By no notional freak of Americanism "on the road" would Mr. Roosevelt, who is both journalist and statesman, have thought fit to lecture us upon our government of Egypt had he not been fully aware that he might do so without compunction and that he was even expected to do it.

That explains "some," as Mr. Roosevelt would say. There is no need to cavil at his indiscretion. He just told us what every white man in Egypt has been saying openly for some time past, actualised the situation, as it were, for us, and, regarded in that

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limelight, he performed a useful service. So far as we are concerned he has opened the public eye to the needs of a situation fraught with no few elements of danger; so far as he is concerned, he made a bully hit, as Americans, not initiated in the secret, have now began to recognise.

THE trouble in Egypt is the old one, which, unfortunately, tends to become ever newer and more serious, of the contact of civilisation in power with an inferior civilisation in subjection. It follows the natural laws of evolution, the laws of the fittest, and its manifestations are evident in India as in America, where the problem of the Negroes is rapidly assuming an untoward significance. In Egypt, of course, the question is complicated by the preposterous system of international control solemnised as the Capitulations; a system of condominium which extends to some thirteen Powers, many of them not interested in the question, the rights of obstruction in regard to the government of the country. Forcibly imposed upon Egypt, the system owes its origin to the bickering jealousy of civilised Europe; it is somewhat similar to the absurd international control which keeps the island of Crete in a constant simmer of revolution, jeopardising the peace of Europe, and to that other international wardenship which cripples the initiative of France in Morocco, and only the other day nearly embroiled Europe in war. It is unfair to the Egyptians, unfair to us. It means that legislation has to be conducted by diplomacy, always the slowest, invariably the least efficacious of means. So long as the Egyptians remained in a more or less rudimentary state of civilisation the evils of the system did not so much matter; besides, reform was paralysed by the fierce rivalry existing between England and France; but things have changed. The *entente* with France has disposed of the rivalry; the Egyptians are gradually acquiring Western ideas and notions; the whole country, under the wise direction of Lord Cromer, has advanced well on the road to civilisation, and yet it has no general legislative system whatever and has become a hotbed of disaffection.

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It is not to be wondered at. The urgent question arises —what to do? Most certainly sentimentality is absolutely out of place. We are in possession. We have to remain. Governing a coloured race, we have to rule rather than to legislate, for you cannot be master in the East behind the purdah. The one fatal condition to authority among Eastern peoples is weakness. Where the standard of humanity is low, humanity commands neither authority nor respect. Peoples can only be governed according to their ideals. If their ideals are high, so will their rule be exalted, but it all depends upon their ideals. And it is mere mawkish sentimentalism to pretend that Egypt can be governed by the ordinary standards of Western Europe.

The *à priori* conditions to reform in Egypt are the reform of the existing treaty-rights with the Powers, as Sir Edward Grey has publicly stated. Every one in Egypt admits it. It is a policy which will have the full support of the country. Nor should there be any insuperable difficulties to its fulfilment. Our *entente* with France has settled the great obstacle to achievement. Neither Italy, nor Spain, nor Portugal, nor Belgium, nor Russia, nor Sweden, nor Denmark, nor America, is likely to offer opposition or objection, and, supported by these, England should be able to effect the necessary changes. A glad calm hangs over Europe; the moment is propitious. Moreover Mr. Roosevelt has advised it. And here again one turns to the audacity of the ex-President with no little surprise.

In life it is always well to look for the woman when men and things go astray, but in the region of international politics the first thing to do is to cast an eye upon the weather-beaten vane of German policy and to see where the "honest broker" of Bismarckian tradition is pointing to. Was Mr. Roosevelt thinking of it when he made his speech on Egypt? He had just come from Berlin. As we know, Germany has indulged in an elaborate policy of *petits soins* and sugar-candy to America ever since the Pauncefote affair; even to the sciolist in such

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matters the note sounded by Mr. Roosevelt rang somewhat aggressive, somewhat mysterious. Did he desire to testify to the world the friendship of America for England, to signify to Germany that blood is thicker than water, even when it lies across the Atlantic? Well, now, can we seriously doubt that he did? Can we seriously doubt that Mr. Roosevelt, having discovered for himself what grave obstacles frustrated reform in Egypt, felt as a business man anxious and eager to remedy them, to give us, as it were, the necessary "send off," the *envoi* of American sympathy on a task which enjoyed his full approval and understanding? Interpreted so, Mr. Roosevelt's speech has a very real significance. It was a bugle-call in diplomacy, a most discreet indiscretion; nor has it been without an echo.

For side by side with Egypt, the Cretan question has again raised its insistent and incontinent head. A pimple on the face of Europe, its ramifications are large and many. This again is one of those absurd questions which, owing to the jealousy of nations is able to test the rusty machinery of the European concert almost to the breaking-point. From time to time the insurgent nationalism breaks out; the Powers send battleships; and then all is quiet again till the next occasion, which is usually about the time of spring cleaning. Apart from its real archæological interest, Crete and its internal affairs are of small moment to any one. The actual pother is the old feud between Greek and Turk as to the ownership of the island, the Greeks insisting upon the right of annexation, the Turks, by virtue of the pledge given to the Ottoman Empire at the time by the interested Powers, guaranteeing the autonomy of the island, naturally resenting the obtrusion. The simple plan would be to let the Greeks, if they wanted it, attempt to take the island, which would lead to the massacre of some Christians and Mahomedans and very probably to the defeat of Greece. That would be the simple plan, but, unfortunately, diplomacy abhors simplicity, and so something like a deadlock has arisen which it has once more become the joint duty of the Powers to remove.

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In this question it is difficult to see how the Powers can repudiate the solemn pledge given to Turkey under the flagitious *régime* of Abdul Hamid, even if they so desired, and now that Turkey has a constitutional Government it is obviously impossible. The situation is governed by that condition. It is the manifest duty of civilised Europe to extend towards Turkey, not only every leniency consistent with dignity, but all latitude admissible. The pretensions of the Greek flag may be just, may be homeric; but they are not more heroic than the claims of the crescent and of the regenerated Mussulman Empire now in process of formation. It is all very well for the Greeks on the island to hoist the Greek flag and seek to hellenise their fellow Mussulmans, but the four Powers concerned cannot settle the status of Crete without consultation with Turkey, who has every bit as good a claim to the island as have the Greeks themselves.

Moreover the four Powers have grown rather tired of these sporadic Grecian ambitions. The affair has become a European nuisance. To imagine, as we fear some Greeks and most Cretans do, that this pigmy quarrel will incite the peoples of Europe to a kind of Crusaders' warfare against the "infidel" is, of course, an absurd miscalculation. If Bismarck did not care for the bones of a few Pomeranians in the Balkans, we cannot be expected to fight for the souls of a few Greeks in Crete, who can live perfectly well as good Christians cheek by jowl with the Mussulman, by nature and predilection the most peaceful and courteous of men. The Powers have been vastly tolerant of these Cretan eructations, but there is a limit even to the endurance of condominiums. On this point, too, Sir Edward Grey has spoken with admirable lucidity and firmness. To Europe there is no Cretan question, properly speaking. If the Greeks force the Powers to intervene on behalf of Turkey, the settlement will probably dispose of these aspirations, which are unnecessary and unwarrantable.

It is here that we seem to hear an echo of Mr. Roosevelt's brazen pronouncement. Germany and Austria always declined to

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enter into the Cretan condominium, though they reserved the rights to intervene in any settlement of interests. And it is a curious thing that precisely at the moment when we were supporting Turkey's justifiable attitude towards Crete a mysterious newspaper agitation arose stating the very opposite to be the fact, setting England and Turkey by the ears, creating the totally false impression that England was supporting the policy of Greece and was about to repudiate her solemn pledges to the Ottoman Empire. Traced to their sources, these insinuations, falsehoods, calumnies, and misrepresentations have turned out to be German. They have been officially repudiated from Berlin, and officially repudiated from Constantinople. But the fact is noteworthy and not a little characteristic. Germany professes to have no interest in the Cretan business; she stands silently aloof. Yet we find her subterraneously seeking to stir up enmity between England and Turkey, to instil the venom of mistrust into a people naturally peculiarly sensitive and diffident, in fine, to bring about a situation of tension and misapprehension, not only exceedingly injurious to the good relations between England and Turkey, but positively dangerous to the peace of Europe.

This is the work of the "honest broker," the policy of the long spoon over again; nor will a man go far wrong in assuming that at the Guildhall Mr. Roosevelt had a corner of his eye turned in the direction of the German Lorelei who lurks in the waters of the Rhine. The Turks now know how utterly false these insinuations are, as whence they emanate. It is high time the Greeks understood definitely that Europe has a deep respect for the modern Turk, who in all this gadfly turmoil has borne himself with patience and dignity. There will be no Cretan imbroglio. Of that the Cretans may be sure. Europe had quite enough of that kind of thing at Algeciras. Besides, things have changed and certainly not to the disadvantage of Turkey. The transformation at Constantinople has stirred the imagination of Europe which is now more interested in the evolution of Turkish civilisation than in the marionette insurgency of Græco-Levantine ambition.

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MEANWHILE, we are all saying about Lord Kitchener very much what Americans are thinking about their ex-President—what to do with him? On the whole, the Government has acted wisely in not sending him to India. Soldiers make poor Statesmen, and Wellington was no exception. The one obvious thing to do is, naturally, the last thing we contemplate. In any other country, except Russia perhaps, Lord Kitchener would be placed in command of the Army, so that if it needed reorganisation he might reorganise it; but, at any rate, he would be employed in the right place, which is obviously in the Service and not out of it. If, instead of groping blindly in the dark for stump-oratory figures, the absurd deputations which are sent out to Germany would bring back some knowledge of the order and scientific government of the country, some return at any rate might be seen for the outlay. The absurd party hunt for statistics of horseflesh, pig, and black bread is absolutely puerile. In France, frogs and snails are reputed delicacies; in China, birds' nests; what is quite certain is that the German stomach is every bit as sound as ours; and what is equally certain is that if Lord Kitchener were a German his services would be used in the right way.

INVERSELY the Germans make quite as many mistakes, for with them specialisation has become a fetish. That is the reason of the fall of the Colonial Minister. By birth and training a business man, he found the military, bureaucratic Junker caste too strong for him; he was boycotted; he could do nothing; like a wise man he has gone back to business, and so the German Government has lost a very able servant. To put Lord Kitchener into business, whether of diplomacy or of State, would be an equal mistake; it is not his *métier*. Yet there must be many things in the organisation, not to speak of the reorganisation, of our Army that he should do. There is the great question of national service which neither party ventures to touch. We cannot afford to neglect such a man. Wars are not won to-day by battles but by the preparation that precedes them. It is quite clear that the place for Lord Kitchener is with the Army,

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and there is surely enough to be done with that weapon which can demand his best and most earnest attention.

THERE is Egypt, and there something must be done. The first step is the removal of the seat of the evil, which are the Capitulations. Practically the question lies between England and France. Now if the *entente* has any real value here is the opportunity to test it. We have loyally stood by France in Morocco; it is now for France to make return. What we require in Egypt is power, the power of authority and of adjustment, unhampered by the continual obstruction of purely negative interests. This is a matter which, if it requires skilful treatment, demands energy and decision on the part of our Government. To temporise further at this crisis is to imperil the economic and quiet development of Egypt, to throw back the good work of a decade. All the ingredients of common accord are present in the Anglo-French understanding. The time has arrived when indecision must prove disastrous to the country. Our Foreign Office has a fine opportunity. To neglect it would be, nationally and internationally, an indictable inadvertence.

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The Position in Egypt

By H. Hamilton Fyfe

It is an odd discrepancy in our national character that, while we consent to endure a terrible amount of empty speaking, mere "words, words, words," lacking equally in charm of expression and in distinction of thought, we are, nevertheless, very quick to appreciate a speaker who really has something to say. If Mr. Roosevelt at the Guildhall had contented himself with perfunctory platitudes, his hearers would not have grumbled. Much use hath bred in them the habit of sitting quiet under a dreary discharge of tedious insincerities. But they are by no means incapable of better things.

The City Fathers are for the most part business men: they know the value of going straight to the point. The ex-President's serious warning about Egypt, which was given as much for the benefit of other nations having interests there as for our own, gripped their attention firmly and at once. They listened intently, and at the end showed by their hearty applause that they were grateful to him for his plain speaking. Such gratitude does not necessarily imply agreement. Even those who hold that all is for the best in Egypt may very well be glad to have the question of the country's future raised. The time has come when we should devote a little thought to Egypt. It is a good many years now since "The Egyptian Question" used to be a daily headline. We hear of it only at infrequent intervals. No morning newspaper had an English correspondent in Cairo last winter. That shows to how low an ebb our interest in Egypt had sunk. Whether Mr. Roosevelt's warning was needed or not, it will do us no harm to take stock of our position after this long period of letting things alone.

There are only two possible opinions about Britain in Egypt.

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"Either we have a right to be there, or we have not." The opinion that we have not a right might be disregarded, for it is held by no responsible politician, nor by any one whose opinion carries weight outside of politics. But let us not shirk meeting it; let us for a moment examine the arguments of the chief among those who do hold this view—I mean Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

Mr. Blunt wrote a letter just after Mr. Roosevelt had made his speech. In that letter Mr. Blunt professed to speak for Egypt. "Egypt," he said, "denies that England has any duty to perform there. She went for her own purposes. She has stayed for her own purposes. Her only duty is to go."

Furthermore, according to Mr. Blunt, "Egypt" goes on to set up this astonishing plea. "We Egyptians are the Sultan's subjects. If we are to be dragooned by any, let it be by our legal master, the head of our own religion. There would be more freedom for us as an Ottoman province than now. We should have representatives in the Imperial Parliament (of Turkey). If England is tired of helping us to freedom, there is an easy way of escape for her, easier than dragooning us. Let the English army of occupation be replaced by a single Ottoman regiment. There would be better order kept with us than now, prosperity would not be less, and we should all rejoice."

It may seem waste of time to treat seriously well-meaning but wrong-headed perversions of fact by an amiable old gentleman who is ridiculed even by Egyptians, but it is worth while to ask him two questions:

(1) What does he mean by "Egypt"?

(2) Does he really believe that, because Turkey has a Parliament, the whole character of the Turkish nation has been changed, to such an extent that Turkish rule over Egypt would no longer mean cruelty, corruption, and hopeless financial incompetence, as it did only a short while ago, but would secure conditions as prosperous and more orderly than at present prevail?

The first query Mr. Blunt answers by implication in the concluding sentence of his letter: "These are the true feelings of nine out of ten Egyptians *who have an opinion at all to express.*" I have put the last eight words in italics because they are an

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admission that Mr. Blunt is, in schoolboy language, "talking through his hat." Out of the twelve million people of Egypt, how many have an opinion to express? At the outside 10 per cent.; probably not so many. The proportion of the Egyptians capable of forming any opinion at all about government is not more than the proportion of English who know Greek. It is just as futile for Mr. Blunt to talk about the true feelings of "Egypt" in this matter of preferring the Turks to us as it would be for me to say: "The opinion of Great Britain is definitely adverse to the single-authorship theory of the Homeric poems."

The peasants who patiently till the fields and work their *shadoofs* naked under the burning sun feel no resentment against British rule. They have no theories about government. Their only test of administration is, "Does it leave us free to earn the best living we can and to enjoy the fruits of our unceasing toil?" For nearly thirty years they have been able to answer that question with a decided "yes." If they were to be persuaded in large numbers that the English were with the native Christians plotting against Islam, they might make trouble. But to represent them as using the language which Mr. Blunt puts into the mouth of "Egypt" is, on the face of it, absurd.

Even taking the 10 per cent. who are capable of expressing an opinion, it is not true that nine out of every ten of them wish us to go and the Turks to resume the task of government. There are over 700,000 Copts in Egypt. A large part of the business of the country is in their hands. They include among them a far greater percentage of educated persons than any other class of the population. The Copts are solid for the continuance of British rule. The Syrians form another important community. They declare that if England evacuated Egypt they would go too. They are well aware that there would be no inducement for business people to stay.

But it would be safe to exclude both Copts and Syrians, and yet to declare that the majority of Egyptians "who have an opinion to express" would be sorry to see the Nationalists left to govern Egypt, or the Turkish Pashas re-establishing their sway. One has only to talk with substantial Moslems, as I had

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many opportunities of doing in the course of nearly three months spent in Egypt last winter, to realise that, although they are too timid of the Nationalist Press to make their "true feelings" known, they regard British tutelage as the one guarantee of justice and stability.

"How about irrigation?" I asked an advocate of independence, and even he replied confusedly, "Oh, I suppose we could keep the English engineers." He could not even pretend to himself that his countrymen were competent to take charge of the water-supply on which the land depends for her harvests, and which has been improved so much by British enterprise that in Middle Egypt alone the value of the soil has been raised by thirty-two millions sterling, and the annual income of the country by two millions and a half. Thirty-one years ago we stepped in, with other Powers, to rescue Egypt from bankruptcy, from an oppressive and blackmailing irresponsible system, a monstrous parody of government against which the Egyptians themselves were powerless even to protest. Is it reasonable to suppose that a people which then submitted to despotism, as the form of government natural to them, can in so short an interval have developed the qualities needed in a self-governing race? It took us the better part of ten centuries to emerge from submission into the free air of representative government. Mr. Blunt claims that the Egyptians have done it in thirty-one years!

As to our right to be in Egypt then—the policeman right of any Power to keep order in an area likely to be disturbed—we need scarcely argue any more. We come now to the other opinion, that we are justified in staying there until we can feel sure that the Government will be capably carried on without us. I do not propose to discuss how long this is likely to be. Personally I doubt whether the self-governing ability of the Egyptians will grow at a more rapid pace than did that of the English. But it is quite open to anybody to hope for an independent Egypt in fifty years, so long as they do not say anything to make the task of keeping order more difficult in the meanwhile. The question for to-day is not "What will happen in fifty, or five hundred years?" but "How can we help the Egyptians at the present time?"

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We can only take this by firm authority. It is often said that "in the East" weak rulers are despised. But this is not peculiar to the East. Weak rulers are despised everywhere. In all countries men who aspire to lead, direct and manage must go in front and take hold firmly and speak with the accent of command. It is true, however, that in the East subtle minds accustomed to split hairs and read signs to which the West pays no attention, are very quick to notice slight indications of weakness. The instinct of the Oriental is always to be on the winning side. So long as a Government shows that it means business, he is on its side. But the instant he detects any hint, however trifling, of the possibility of a change, his one anxiety is to be in with the coming Power.

Therefore in the East it is above all necessary to show a firm front, even when a system is running smoothly and the sky is clear of threatening clouds. But in Egypt during the past five years there have been additional reasons for making ourselves felt and impressing upon the people that they must regard us as the dominant factor in the situation. In that period what is called the Nationalist movement has been doing its best to create the opposite impression. Founded by the late, clever, busy Mustapha Pasha Kamel, and driven for some time by his energetic temperament, with the aid of his money, it has gradually become more abusive and more daring until now its aim at producing a reign of terror in Egypt is almost within its reach.

Many are inclined to assume that, along with this movement, there have developed at an equal pace the faculties which prove fitness for self-government. If this were so, the Nationalists would have good ground for claiming that their agitation had brought their country nearer to independence. But the assumption is incorrect. Far from meeting our advances by displaying such a spirit as enables a nation to handle its own affairs by means of Parliamentary institutions with a due regard for the rights of all, the Egyptian General Assembly has shown itself conspicuously incompetent in dealing with large questions. As for the Nationalist newspapers printed in Arabic, they have with the utmost violence of language and epithet

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denounced, not only the British occupation, but every one who dared, like Prince Hussein who was worried out of the Presidency of the Council, even tacitly to admit its usefulness.

If they were honestly intent upon getting the government of Egypt into Egyptian hands, they would have supported Boutros Pasha Ghali, the ablest native Minister the country has ever had, of whom the *Times* truly said that, if Egypt was ever to govern herself, it would be through the instrumentality of such a Premier as this. Instead of supporting him, the Nationalists denounced him daily and eventually worked the wretched Wardani up to the pitch of murder. This brave, far-seeing patriot who worked for his country, and did not dissipate his energies in feverish words, was shot down in February last—for the crime of cordially co-operating with us.

It has been said that he was murdered because he was a Christian. I do not think so. It is true there was rejoicing among the people over the death "of the Nazarene." But, although the Nationalists play down to the fanaticism of the masses, because they see that this is the only means of getting any hold upon their emotions, they are not fanatical themselves. If Boutros had turned Nationalist, he would never have been shot. After he had been shot, the Young Egyptians took the credit given them by intolerant Moslems of having rid the country of a "Christian dog." But we must be careful not to confuse the issue by supposing that the movement is religious at its source. Young Egypt, speaking broadly, has no religion. It has become Europeanised, denationalised. It is merely using fanaticism as a lever. By no other cry than that of "Islam in danger" could they stir the fellaheen whose vastly increased prosperity is due entirely to British rule.

The true springs of Nationalist activity must be looked for in the fact that a number of minds stimulated to excess by being suddenly flooded with European ideas of liberty and equality and the right to self-government, were obliged to work vigorously in some direction. Since the Egyptians are by nature great talkers, the direction their energy would take was pretty clear. They are not inclined to business. A bank manager in Cairo told me that not one single company had yet been formed by

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natives. They are not much interested in research or study. There are not places for nearly all the "educated" Egyptians in the Government service, and there is very little else for them to do. Naturally they turned to politics. Here was a career open to them—if they could get the English out. That was a condition of their success. They set themselves to achieve it.

It was unfortunate that they started operations just at the time when Lord Cromer had begun to feel his task too much for his strength. His statement in Ancient and Modern Imperialism, that the Englishman would be glad to get rid of the burden of Egypt as soon as he could, reflects his state of mind. This was an encouragement to the disturbers. Even more were they delighted when Sir Eldon Gorst began his reign at the British Agency by telling the British heads of departments that they must consider native susceptibilities more, and must make it their duty to teach the Egyptians to do without them! From that time the Nationalists' agitation has gone rapidly ahead. The licence allowed to their newspapers has persuaded big slices of the population that they are the coming people. The submission of the new Suez Canal agreement to the General Assembly, which made up its mind at once to reject it, pointed the same way. There was no reason why this important Convention, which would have been of great assistance to Egyptian finance, and would have enabled many works of benefit to the country to be taken in hand, should have been left to the prejudiced judgment of the Assembly at all. Was it surprising that the decision to refer it was read as another sign of weakness, another proof that English rule was coming to an end!

To recall other instances of our lack of that firmness which is so essential to good order in Egypt would serve no good purpose now. It is not the past, but the present and the future with which we must concern ourselves. There need be no serious danger of disturbance if we prove by quiet exercise of our authority that we are in earnest and that we have no thought of being frightened out of doing our manifest duty. The students at the Government College, who enjoy demonstrating so long as they can think they are planting thorns in the side of the English, will quickly reconsider their attitude if they

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see that their dream of independence is but a baseless fabric. Already the tide of opinion has begun to turn and flow back. Sir Eldon Gorst's last report damped down the belief that a constitution was about to be granted. Upon the condemnation of Wardani, which the Nationalists had declared would never be pronounced, there was a marked tendency to accept the inevitable.

There is no need of "dragooning," which Mr. Blunt well knows, if he searches his conscience, has never been our policy towards the Egyptian people, though sometimes it has been necessary to show the iron hand without the velvet glove in dealing with the Khedive. The only risk lies in shilly-shally. That was the direct cause of the Arabic rebellion. The Egyptian officers of the native army are again anxiously looking to see which side their bread is buttered on. They are, many of them, quite naturally ready to strike a blow if it seems likely to take effect. They would, of course, rather have the room than the company of British officers. But there is no deep-rooted discontent among them. They will cease their intrigues if it is plainly intimated to them that Britain will, if necessary, put up a fight, and see it through to a finish.

A more stringent Press law is being discussed and will be enacted in spite of the Assembly's discontent. We have tried the policy of free printing in the hope that freedom might bring responsibility along with it. It has not done so. We have failed. Now we must see to it that irresponsible incitemen s are not permitted to unloose the horrors of a religious civil wa . The idea of keeping the Press in leading-strings is no doul t uncongenial to the minds of those who think that what is goc d for one country must be good for all countries. But there s a wide difference between the Egyptians' attitude towar s newspapers and our own. It is impossible to imagine a resol - tion being engineered by any section of the Press in this count , or in France, or in the United States. We are sceptical. V e discount all that we read. The Egyptians, on the other har , are still under the tyranny of the printed word. They belie e what their newspapers tell them. It is just as necessary o prevent them from being deceived as it is to safeguard childr n

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from being terrified by the morbid tales of foolish nursemaids. And it is important, too, that journals which are suppressed, as the foul-mouthed *Alam* was a few months ago, should not be allowed to appear under other names, as the *Alam* immediately did, thus bringing authority into ridicule and disrepute.

Sentimentalism in Egypt, based on the childish pretence that all men are equal, and that all nations have the right to mismanage their own affairs, can only lead to anarchy. Firmness will quickly turn back waverers to the side of the established order, and convince the disturbers that they have nothing to gain. We shall have the undivided approval of Europeans in Egypt (and in Europe, too) as soon as we grasp our nettle resolutely once more. Our flaccid, nerveless handling of it has resulted in our being stung. Germany is ready to seize it with her mailed fist if we let go our hold, and it is humiliating to acknowledge that there are many in Egypt who say, "The sooner the better." But our fit of weakness must end now. We have played long enough with fire in the foolish hope that it would not burn. The dangerous sparks must be trodden out. We cannot let the great mass of the people of Egypt, whom our rule has made prosperous and secure in their possessions, be sacrificed to please a small section eager to assume responsibilities which they are not fitted, either by temperament or training, efficiently to discharge.

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Imports and Employment

By The Right Hon. Russell Rea

Two points of economic interest have emerged during the Tariff Reform controversy of the last seven years. First, the actual incidence of an import duty; and, second, the effect of foreign imports on home employment. This note is concerned with the second. Outside the scope of these two questions, which lie at the root of the argument so far as it has been pursued in a scientific spirit, the controversy has been quite legitimately conducted on practical, inductive, statistical lines, and these have almost exclusively engaged the attention of politicians on both sides. They have bandied isolated and often unrelated statistics to prove either the progress and prosperity, or the decline of this country, or the greater progress or the greater poverty of, say, Germany. Though useful and necessary, the latter class of arguments are essentially inconclusive, for they cannot take into account all the circumstances other than tariffs which may have contributed to the results achieved, and too often they have been like sword strokes in the air which have failed to meet the blows of the adversary. At the base lie the two economic questions I have mentioned, and when these are answered and understood, the statistics showing the evolution of international trade and the variation of prices will be seen to fit the scientific theory.

The first question—the actual incidence of an import duty—has attracted the attention of our most skilled economists, and Free Traders may be well contented with the conclusions arrived at of the infinitesimal amount of any possible contribution by the foreigner towards any taxes on food imported into this country. To the man in the street the daily market prices are

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sufficient proof that under Protection his "food will cost him more."

But the second question, of the effect of foreign imports, especially of manufactured goods, on employment, is one more difficult to explain to the average citizen voter. As his natural first impression in the one case is that an import tax *will* add just so much to the cost, and he wants some reasons for changing his first opinion, so his natural first impression in the other case is that if we import a foreign article which we can make ourselves it must deprive the men who could have made it of their employment, and he will want good reasons for changing this impression.

In the former case the burden of proof is thrown on the Protectionist; in the latter it is thrown on the Free Trader.

I will attempt to put the Free Trade case as simply as it is capable of being presented, and to show that foreign imports do not reduce home employment and cannot do so.

The General Principle of Foreign Trade.

(1) *As stated by Free Traders.*

One general principle, one economic dogma may be assumed. It has become the common property of the economist, the street-corner orator, and the leaflet-monger on both sides. This is that foreign commerce *is* exchange, that imports must be paid for by exports, and that exports must be paid for by imports or not at all. Free Traders from the beginning have asserted that this dogma is the conclusion of the whole matter, and the destruction of the whole case of the Protectionists, namely, that foreign imports diminish employment.

(2) *As stated by Protectionists in reply.*

Those Protectionists who attempt any scientific justification for their creed deny that this is the conclusion of the whole matter; they admit freely that this truth is axiomatic, but they carry the analysis of it a stage further. Here, it is they who are at the disadvantage of having to present their reply in a form which is not easy of apprehension by the careless man in the street; but they have succeeded in making their case fairly familiar to their propagandists, and circulating it in their leaflets. It is undeniable, they admit, that exports and imports of

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merchandise, of specie, and of services, when properly calculated, must balance, and that, if they do not, the difference represents an international removal of capital; they will admit that every import creates a demand which must be satisfied by an export, but that, they say, does not dispose of the case that the importation of foreign articles we are able to make for ourselves does in fact reduce employment at home. A British railway company, for example, may purchase a locomotive in Belgium for £2700 rather than give £3000 to a Glasgow firm, and this may be paid for by the exportation of 10,000 pairs of Northampton boots of the value of £2700 to a Brussels "emporium." It is true that the purchase of the foreign locomotive has indirectly given employment to a set of Northampton bootmakers in the place of that of which it has deprived the Glasgow engineering firm, but it is none the less true that it has deprived this country of the whole sum of the employment it has given to the Belgian firm, for, had the order been sent to Glasgow, the men thereby employed would have purchased the boots or other equivalent British goods. They admit that both our foreign exports and imports would be diminished, but the exchange would nevertheless have occurred, with this difference, that both transactions would have taken place in this country.

The Protectionist's statement of the case has been thus summarised by one of our ablest economic controversialists: "In the one case the Belgian engine exchanges against the boots; in the other case the Glasgow engine exchanges against the boots (or their equivalent in other goods). If the engine is bought in Belgium the boots made at Northampton will go to Belgium, and no boots will go to Glasgow; but if the engine is made at Glasgow the boots made at Northampton will go to Glasgow and no boots will go to Belgium."

Two British capitals and two sets of men would have been employed instead of one. Two profits and two employments would have remained in this country instead of only one. So that, although the railway company saved £300 by sending their order to a foreign country, this country lost in rent, profit, and labour, not £300, but £2700. Thus, say the Protectionists, we see that, in matters of trade, private individual interest is often

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opposed to the general interest, and the State is justified in regulating international trade by tariffs designed to protect our home industries.*

(3) *The Free Trader's rejoinder.*

Is there any reply to this case? The reply appears to be complete, but it requires a somewhat deeper analysis of the various reactions of the case I have put as an illustration, and it is as much more difficult to present in a popular form than the Protectionist's case I have just given, as this, in its turn, was more difficult to explain than the simple axiom of the Free Trader to which it was supposed to be a reply.

(*a*) The Absurdity to which the Protectionist Argument Leads.

First, consider the case from the point of view of Belgium. The owner of the Brussels "emporium" purchased £2700 worth of British boots for the same reasons which induced the British railway company to buy the Belgian engine—because he wanted them, because he had the money to pay for them, and because he could not get boots of equal quality in his own country for less than £3000. The Belgian Protectionist might say as justly as our own that the transaction had deprived the Belgian bootmakers and the country as a whole of employment, for although the Belgian engineers would have missed their British order, yet the Belgian bootmakers who would have been employed in executing the Brussels order, instead of the Northampton bootmakers, would have exchanged these boots, if not for an engine, certainly for equivalent products of Belgian industry.

* In a passage which has lately been much quoted from Adam Smith's charter on The Employment of Capitals, the Protectionists seem to themselves to have discovered a great authority for this view. In the two short paragraphs he devotes to the subject, he did not stop to analyse fully the instances he gave. He assumes two capitals and two effective demands, one in Scotland and one in London. If the merchants in both places had traded with Portugal instead of with each other, the effect on employment would have been the same. In this and the following passage, Adam Smith appears to lend his countenance to the idea that one capital may "replace" two equal capitals. It clearly can do nothing of the kind at the same time, and the context shows he meant successively and not simultaneously. It is these successive replacements of capitals by exchange this note is an attempt to examine.

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We see, therefore, that the Protectionist argument lands us in this absurdity, that each country has equally lost employment by the exchange of its commodities, although no one would maintain that there has been a loss to both countries taken together, or would have been if both Belgium and England had formed one country; just as no one would maintain there would have been a loss of employment if the railway company had given their order to a Manchester firm at £2700 instead of to the Glasgow firm at £3000. The absurdity into which the Protectionist's argument has led him is patent. Where, then, is the fallacy?

The Fallacy.

A double fallacy is involved in the Protectionist's statement. *Fallacy No.* 1 lies in applying the terms and the law which govern foreign trade to domestic trade, to which they do not apply.

The Protectionist has failed to appreciate the full meaning and the limits of the axiom to which both sides in this argument have assented—that, *in international trade*, imports must be paid for by exports; how this principle differentiates foreign trade from home trade; and in what manner it applies to the one and not to the other.

The Government, the coinage, the national taxation, especially the banking system, constitute this country in its strict geographical sense an economic unit. We are surrounded by a narrow channel; our exchanges with foreigners are not free, everything has to pass a toll bar, and pay or receive, as the case may be, the current rate of exchange. We know the effect of alterations in the rate of foreign exchanges on the movements of gold, and on the consequent movements of prices; and we know that the total effect is to constitute this country, in its strict geographical sense, an economic unit to which our axiom of the equation of exports and imports applies.

But within the limits of this country there is no such law; there is no such equilibrium; there is no necessity for regulating the internal geographical movements of the precious metals, there is no financial apparatus for so regulating them. All

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trade, internal, as well as external, is doubtless exchange, and it may be said that every economic unit, whether it be the family or the firm, or even a collection of similar units, such as the agricultural community as opposed to the manufacturing community, must roughly preserve this equilibrium of exchange. Their exports of services and goods must balance their imports and consumption of goods and service, and so far as they fail to preserve this equilibrium there must be a transference of capital from one unit or group of units to another.

But within the geographical limits of this kingdom these exchanges and these transfers of capital are unregulated, unimpeded, and continuous. They are not subject to the financial apparatus, or even to the economic influences which govern foreign trade. All business is free and fluid. The liquid capital of the country which is engaged in commerce is practically in one stock. No man can point out his own share of it at any moment. It perhaps consists of an entry in a bank-book or other paper instrument giving him a certain general command over the wealth of the country. There is no automatic adjustment of internal transactions. There is no economic law which decrees that if Northampton buy from Glasgow, then Glasgow shall buy from Northampton and from nowhere else.

It is precisely this *difference* between internal and foreign commerce which provides the whole argument commonly used for proving that in *foreign* commerce exports must balance imports, and that every import creates an export. Doubtless, as I have already said, all commerce, internal and external, is exchange. If London gives an order for a locomotive to Glasgow there is a fair exchange of a locomotive for a paper instrument, which is in effect a general title to a certain amount of the diffused wealth of the country. If London gives an order for a locomotive to Belgium, payment is made in a similar manner by a paper instrument. But there is this vital difference between the two cases. In the latter, unless that paper instrument is bought back by the export of some British product, it must be followed by the export of 2700 golden sovereigns. And this necessity creates the economic conditions which makes it profitable for a Belgian capital—that of the Brussels

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"emporium"—to sell this paper instrument back to us by giving an order for 10,000 pairs of boots *we should not otherwise have had.* It is this necessity which is the entire basis of the theory of foreign trade that imports must be paid for by exports.

In the former case no such necessity arises. A transfer of the amount involved is made in the respective bank-books of the two firms parties to the transaction, which is adjusted at the clearing house, *and the transaction is ended.*

Thus we see that though every commercial transaction involves an exchange of two capitals, a transaction with a foreign country involves two such exchanges of two capitals, a domestic transaction only one. The difference between giving an order abroad and giving it at home is that the former entails, by the operation of economic law, an equivalent and complementary reciprocal transaction; and the latter does not entail, and, as a matter of fact, is not followed by any such complementary and reciprocal transaction.

Now apply this principle to the summary of the Protectionist's case I have previously quoted, and the fallacy in it will become apparent. The writer says: "In the one case the Belgian engine exchanges against the boots, in the other case the Glasgow engine exchanges against the boots (or their equivalent in other goods.) If (1) the engine is bought in Belgium, the boots made in Northampton will go to Belgium, and no boots will go to Glasgow. If (2) the engine is made in Glasgow, the boots made at Northampton will go to Glasgow, and no boots will go to Belgium." In this statement, that part I have marked (1) is correct—if the engine is made in Belgium, certainly, by our hypothesis, boots will be made in Northampton which would not otherwise be made in England to exchange for it. The part I have marked (2) is correct so far as it says that if the engine is made in Glasgow no boots will go to Belgium, but incorrect in interposing the statement that "the boots made in Northampton will go to Glasgow." I ask what boots? The boots for the Brussels "emporium" are now made in Belgium, and there are no other boots or any other goods of exchange concerned in the transaction. To secure an order from Glasgow for Northampton for boots the Protectionist has tacitly and unconsciously

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assumed the existence of an " emporium " in Glasgow as well as in Brussels demanding boots, and having a capital to pay for them. If such a buyer exist, Northampton will probably secure his order, and should the engine be ordered in Belgium, it will secure the Brussels order as well. Thus, though Glasgow would in the latter case have missed the order for the engine, Northampton would have got two orders for boots instead of one. This is the exact parallel of what does happen in the case of exchange with Belgium.

The correct statement of the transaction is this :—If (1) the engine is bought in Belgium, boots will be made in Northampton and will go to Belgium, and no boots will go to Glasgow ; but if (2) the engine is made in Glasgow, no boots or other goods of exchange (as any co-relative of this transaction) will be made at Northampton or elsewhere in England, either for Glasgow or Belgium.

We see that every domestic exchange implies two capitals to be exchanged, and two active and effective demands each for the particular form of capital of the other. The railway company wanted an engine for its money; the Glasgow engineers wanted money for its engine. If the transaction takes place, the railway company gets the engine, and the Glasgow firm gets the money, and it is ended.

In a foreign transaction it is not thus ended. The railway company gets its engine, and the Belgian firm gets its money in the form of a Bill of Exchange on London. This Bill has to be bought back, and it is bought back in the case we have taken as an illustration by the making and exportation of 10,000 pairs of Northampton boots, which would not otherwise have been ordered. This transaction is not ended until the railway company have got the engine, and the Northampton firm has got the railway company's money.

In both cases it ends by the railway company getting its engine; but in the first case the Bill of Exchange rests in the hands of the Glasgow firm; in the second case it ultimately rests in the hands of the Northampton firm who may be said to have purchased it by the export of their boots.

It is our purchase of the foreign engine which brings into the

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field of operations so far as we are concerned the foreign purchaser of our boots. There is no way of making the boots for Brussels and the engine for ourselves too. The British capital may be expended in Britain, or it may be exchanged for the expenditure of the Belgian capital in Britain, but we cannot have the expenditure of both capitals in Britain.

Fallacy No. 2. The fallacy I have endeavoured to dissipate rests upon another which is at the root of the Protectionist's case, and is one which lends a superficial plausibility to his misinterpretation of the law and the conditions of foreign trade in applying them to domestic trade.

It lies in confusing two things which differ in kind, viz., the exchange of *two* simultaneously existing capitals in two countries, each for the product of an industry in the other country, with two successive exchanges of *one* capital in one country. The Protectionist is right in saying the latter will give employment to two sets of labourers in one country, and the former to only one in each country. But he is wrong in making this comparison. Let me try to make this clear.

Every exchange of capital gives rise to a succession of exchanges, and a succession of employments—the bootmaker will employ the butcher—the butcher, with the money he has got from the bootmaker, will employ the baker, the baker the candlestick-maker, and he the bootmaker again, and so *ad infinitum*, so long as each by his industry maintains his production equal to his consumption, and keeps his capital intact. It is possible for the bootmaker to imagine he is the spring of all the industry of the community, that his demand has set everything going ; and in a sense, and to a small degree, he is. The railway company which possesses the capital, and orders the engine, will in the same manner set to work not merely directly the men who make the engine, but indirectly the men who do any work for the men who make the engine, and among them the bootmakers of Northampton, and they in their turn others. The Protectionist's error lies in confusing two such successive exchanges of one capital with a single exchange of two capitals.

He will, and does say, why should not Glasgow, *after* having received the draft for £3000 proceed to exchange *that same*

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capital for Northampton boots ? To ask this question is to fall into the error I am pointing out. He forgets that one capital cannot itself produce the capital for which it is itself exchanged. Two independent co-existing capitals are involved in every exchange. We cannot trade with a tribe of naked savages who have nothing to give for our beads and knives however much they may desire them. He is, I repeat, confusing the exchange of two independent co-existing capitals with two successive exchanges of one capital. In this case we have the two co-existing capitals—that of the railway company demanding an engine, and that of the Brussels " emporium " demanding boots. At the point we have reached in the preceding section the transaction is completed, both demands have been satisfied, either by the double transaction which the admitted law governing international dealings demands, or by two single transactions, one in each country, which is all that ordinary internal commerce requires. In either case the railway company will have secured its engine, but in the one case the engineering firm at Glasgow will have in its possession a draft which, as the Protectionist says, it may expend upon boots ; but in the other case the Northampton firm will equally have in its possession the draft which it may equally expend on an engine. Probably either party will put the money to pretty much the same use, and that will be the employment of British labour and the production of more British goods. The Protectionist is right in saying that, if the railway company expend their capital in Glasgow, this expenditure will result in further expenditure, some of it probably in Northampton. He is wrong in failing to see that, if the two capitals are exchanged, a precisely similar set of employments would follow from the expenditure of the Brussels capital in Northampton. In making a comparison of a succession of employments let us keep step. The real point to grasp and remember is that if the Glasgow firm has the money to use, the Northampton firm will not have it, and *vice versa*. The governing principle is that one capital cannot do the work of two equal capitals. It can only give a certain amount of employment. The capitals of the British railway company and the Brussels " emporium " may be exchanged ; the employments these two

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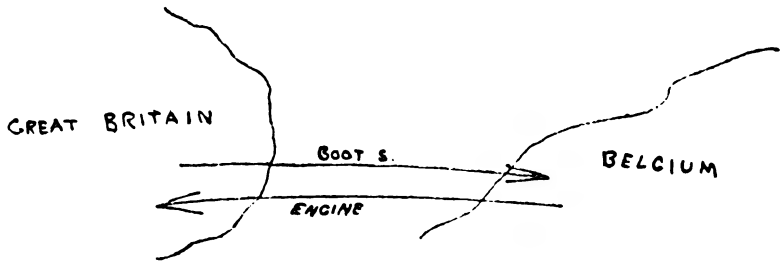
capitals can give may be exchanged, In neither case can either by any magic be doubled. In one, by an exchange of capital and employments profitable to both countries, industry follows its natural and most efficient channels; in the other, all that has been achieved is not a creation, but a subsidised diversion of employment from the more efficient to the less efficient industry, and a reduced net product for national distribution.

Recapitulation.

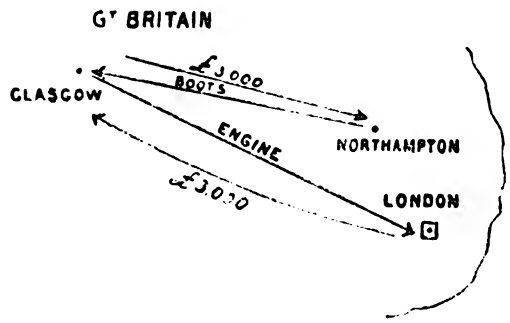
This argument, showing the two alternative exchanges and their first reactions, may be recapitulated in graphic form. The places, London and Brussels, possessing the two capitals, in which the demands originate are marked.

No. 1. The Free Trader's first simple statement.



One equal exchange of two capitals and two employments.

No. 2. Protectionist's Statement.



Two successive employments of one capital—first, London to purchase engine from Glasgow, and then, with the proceeds, Glasgow to buy boots from Northampton—both in this country.

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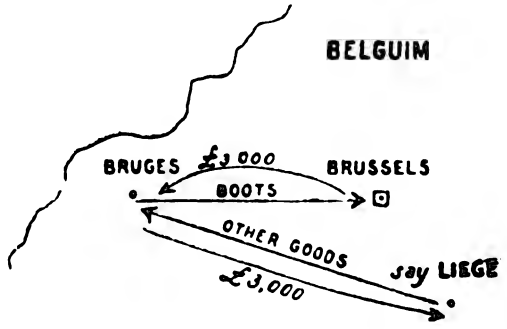
The Protectionist forgets England has now missed the Brussels order, and in Belgium the situation would be thus :

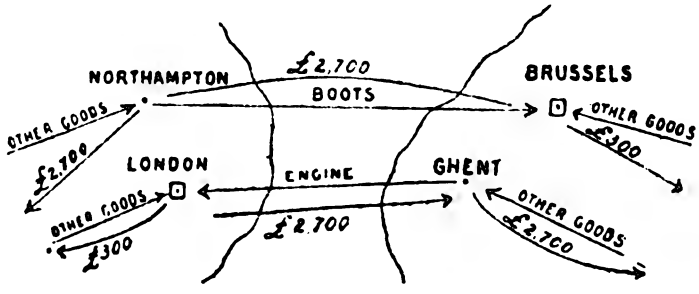
No. 3. With Protection.



Again two successive employments of one capital—first, to purchase boots from Bruges, and then, with the proceeds, Bruges to purchase other goods from, say, Liége.

No. 4. The Full Free Trade Statement.

The equivalent of 2 and 3 under Free Trade—that is, two successive employments of two capitals.



Showing that two successive employments have followed the expenditure of the Belgian capital in Northampton ; just as it would have followed the expenditure of the British capital in Glasgow.

In these diagrams I have shown the original capitals brought into action as 3000 golden sovereigns in the hands of the railway directors in London, and the same amount in the hands of the proprietors of the Brussels " emporium." I have shown the movement of these sovereigns as necessary to complete the

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exchange of two capitals in each transaction. And this expresses exactly what does happen, for though the metallic money does not move, the legal title to its possession and use does move in the manner indicated by the transmission of cheques or bills of exchange. Thus, after a complete analysis, we see that the free trader's first position is valid, and that the accepted axiom that foreign commerce is exchange, is the conclusion of the whole matter, and the destruction of the whole case of the protectionists that foreign imports diminish employment.

A Side-Issue.

When the Tariff Reformer has been driven to admit the theoretical validity of this equation of capitals and employments, he usually takes refuge in illegitimately importing another element into the discussion. He immediately makes the assumption that, failing the London order, the Glasgow works would cease working, and the men be out of employment He argues that it is surely better for the nation that a railway company should spend and even waste £300 rather than that an engine-works and its men should abstain from the production of an engine worth, at any rate, £2700. He enforces this by putting the case of a railway company which owned its own engine-building works, and asks whether such a company would not keep its own works going, although the product might cost £300 more than it could import it for, rather than incur the much greater loss to both itself and its men of maintaining both works and men in idleness.

This is a simple example of begging the whole of the settled question over again. If the Glasgow men be thrown out of work, what about the Northampton men who are set to work? It may reasonably be argued that the engineers who declined to accept the obtainable price for their engine were at the moment in less need of work than the boot-makers who undercut the foreigner and secured the order.* As for the example of the

* The only occasion on which, as Chairman of the Engineering Committee of the Board of a British Railway, I was tempted to place an order for locomotive engines abroad was in 1899, a time of such activity in trade that no good British maker would promise to begin to give delivery in less time than a year and nine months.

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railway company owing its own engine-works, if this example be extended so far as to assume that the company also owned the boot factory, there can be no doubt it would do well to acquire its engine in the cheapest market by employing its bootmakers rather than its mechanics.

Some plausibility, though no validity, is given to this argument by the likelihood that engineers would know they were thrown out of employment because their employers had missed an order which had gone to Belgium; while the bootmakers would probably not know or care to know that but for the Brussels order they would have been thrown out of employment, and still less would they know or care to know that they might have thrown out the Belgian bootmakers.

The National Profit.

In the foregoing argument I have endeavoured to prove that there is no loss of employment at home by our purchases abroad. I have not alluded to the profit of it. I have treated employment as an essential good to be desired for its own sake, and, if any equal quantity of it can be secured, I have treated the benefit of it as equal. But employment is not an essential good; it is a necessary evil. When a man says he wants work he really does not want anything of the kind. What he wants is wages, and he quite rightly wants the largest amount of wages for the smallest amount of work. The same is true of the nation in its foreign trade. Exports are its work, that portion of our imports which pays for them is our wages, and we want to get the largest quantity and best quality of these wages which comes to us in the form of things we can eat or drink or wear, or use for our own production, in exchange for the smallest quantity of our exported work.

In the illustration we have been discussing, the engine, which at the moment it would have cost £3000 to produce by Glasgow labour, was obtained all the same at the cost of £2700 of Northampton labour, and the £300 which the railway company thus saved would be spent on the line or paid away in dividends, in either case providing employment up to the full £3000, and

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the railway company and the nation would have £300 worth of something in addition to the engine to show for it. The same is true of Belgium, which obtains for her £2700 engine the boots which it would have cost her £3000 to make, and retains £300 for other expenditure on other employments. Both countries are £300 richer by the exchange. In each country the most efficient industry has received the due reward of its efficiency, and the less efficient industry has received a salutary stimulus in the form of successful foreign competition—a stimulus which to many British industries in the last few years has proved the one thing they needed to start them in a new career of enterprise and success.

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The Degradation of Beauty

By R. A. Scott-James

Criticism and Beauty. A Lecture Rewritten. Being the Romanes Lecture for 1909. By the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour, M.P. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 2*s.* net.

It is hard to believe that the author of this essay is the same Mr. Balfour whom we know as the leader of the Conservative party. A statesman ostensibly so consistent in upholding order and authority in the Church, in adhering to time-honoured standards of government, and in trusting the judgment of men "trained in the tradition of politics," might have been expected to hold views somewhat analogous in matters of art. We should have expected him to believe in the existence, not perhaps of artistic canons, but of artistic standards; to be convinced that in æsthetics there is an æsthetic right and wrong; to attach weight to the judgment of men of "trained sensibility." But it is not so. He holds in the most extreme form the ancient doctrine that *seeming* is *being*. Art, as such, has for him nothing to do with truth. He recognises no valid standard of excellence. The only excellence in a work of art is to afford æsthetic pleasure, and the pleasure which a boy derives from a blood-curdling adventure-book or the public from a popular melodrama is, in Mr. Balfour's view, no less "æsthetic" than the pleasure which another may derive from contemplating a statue of Michelangelo. There is no universal standard; no absolute criterion; no excellence in art except such as each man accepts for himself.

Mr. Balfour does, indeed, make a proper distinction between art as "technical dexterity" and art as related to the "sublime," the "beautiful," the "pathetic," the "humorous," the "melodious," and admits that it is possible to apply an "objective test" to technical skill—to decide that this line scans, that this rhyme

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is flawless, that these bars in music are in such and such a key. But he will allow no objective grounds of excellence to art in the more important sense. If you say that this poem is beautiful or sublime, you are asserting what is only true for you, a mere personal preference which others need not be expected to share. Not only do men of "trained sensibility" differ from the uncultured, but they differ equally from one another. He cites the evidence of Greek music to show how widely the cultured of one nation and epoch may differ from the cultured of other nations and epochs. Having laid it down as an axiom that our æsthetic judgments are "for the most part immediate, and, so to speak, intuitive," and observing that the fastidious differ among themselves, and that their delight in fine objects is no more intense than the delight of the vulgar in coarser themes, he proceeds to the conclusion that there can be no valid right or wrong in taste, no absolute standard of beauty. He even maintains that art is not based upon any special faculty for perceiving the true. "I can find no justification in experience for associating great art with penetrating insight."

Before going further it is necessary to hint at a curious confusion in which he here involves himself—a surely rather crude confusion between æsthetic right and wrong and moral right and wrong. Being concerned to disprove the existence of the former, he for a moment identifies it with the latter. It is either, as I have taken it, a crude confusion of thought, or a device more often used in political controversy than in the domain of art criticism—that of identifying the opinion attacked with another of an ignominious character. The view which he is rejecting is thus set forth. "An artist is deemed to be more than the maker of beautiful things. He is a seer, a moralist, a prophet." Surely he must realise that there are many who would most fervently hold that an artist must be a seer or even a prophet, who would ridicule the idea that he must be that very different sort of thing, a moralist. And in the same way when he has declared categorically "I can find no justification in experience for associating great art with penetrating insight," he almost ludicrously adds, "or good art with good morals."

It is this confusion of the aim of the artist with the aims of

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other expounders—the moralist, the philosopher, the theologian that vitiates his argument against the insight of the great artists. Why does he deny them this "penetrating insight?" Because they have cherished opposite convictions about fundamental matters. "Optimism and pessimism; materialism and spiritualism; theism, pantheism, atheism, morality and immorality; religion and irreligion; lofty resignation and passionate revolt—each and all have inspired or helped to inspire the creators of artistic beauty." The *non sequitur* of this argument lies in the fact that he only shows that artists have differed in respect of what is not essential to art. If he had shown that some artists have created the beautiful, and others have created the ugly, he would have produced evidence fatal to his opponents. As it is he has denied perception of the beautiful to artists because they differ in respect of that which has no necessary connection with beauty.

But to leave this technical, though not wholly unreal, disputation. There is this merit in Mr. Balfour's essay: that it states in its most extreme form a view for which there is something to be said and which has been gaining much favour in modern times. It is a reaction against the view which became established in the course of the last century. It was the habit of the eighteenth century to judge poetry by its form alone; the nineteenth judged it by the spirit which inspired it, by that which, as De Quincey put it, was "incarnated" in a work of art. William Blake literally believed that there was a real world of the imagination which was opened up to the artist in his visions, and that was why he said: "Learn to see *through*, not *with*, the eye." Coleridge, too, not being one of Mr. Balfour's "connoisseurs," not only believed but knew that the perceiving power of the artist transformed reality—giving to it a new, palpitating radiance, which illuminated the meeting-point of the spiritual and the sensible. For Wordsworth, too, poetry was "Reason in her most exalted form," just as for Keats "Beauty is truth, truth Beauty." Even so logical and prosaic a thinker as John Stuart Mill recognised the supremacy of the artist to which he himself could not attain; the artist, as he said in a letter to Carlyle, perceives truth immediately, by intuition, and it was his own humble function to translate the truths discerned by the artist into logic. "Is not

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the distinction between mysticism, the mysticism which is of truth, and mere dreamery, or the institution of imaginations for realities, exactly this, that mysticism may be translated into logic ?" Logic, for Mill, was only the hand-servant of that true art which was concerned, not with imaginations only, but with realities. And it was in the same spirit that Matthew Arnold laid down his decisive verdict that literature is a criticism of life, that it may be subjected to a " universal " estimate, and that the standard is " the best that has been said and thought in the world."

But in recent years there has been a revolt against the idea of standards or authority in art. Art has always been conceived as something which affords pleasure ; but now it is conceived as that which affords pleasure to any one. The democracy, now that it has become literate, claims the rights of private judgment, equality for its members even in matters of art. And in a sense it is right. Nothing should be or can be acclaimed as beautiful unless it appears beautiful to the spectator. There is no criterion of beauty outside the perception of beauty. For each man that only is beautiful which affords him the experience of beauty, and whatever does afford him that experience has given him the æsthetic pleasure which is the true pleasure of art. But there are many pleasurable thrills which have nothing to do with beauty or with art. That is why Mr. Balfour surely is wrong when he suggests that the youthful delight in blood-curdling adventures is an " enjoyment of what is Art, and nothing but Art." But I agree that we are confronted with a paradox which seems hard enough to overcome—on the one hand art is only good because some people have judged or felt it to be good ; on the other hand we are all, in our heart of hearts, completely convinced, that some works are absolutely good, that their excellence is beyond reasonable challenge, and that those who do not perceive this excellence are lacking in fineness of perception.

The anarchistic side of the paradox is put in its crudest form by Mr. Balfour. It has been put in perhaps its finest and truest form by Mr. Henry James :

> Art is the one corner of human life in which we may take our ease. To justify our presence there the only thing demanded of us is that we shall have felt the represen-

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tional impulse. In other connections our impulses are conditioned and embarrassed; we are allowed to have only so many as are consistent with those of our neighbours; with their convenience and well-being, with their convictions and prejudices, their rules and regulations. Art means an escape from all this. Wherever her shining standard floats the need for apology and compromise is over; there it is enough simply that we please or are pleased. There the tree is judged only by its fruits. If these are sweet the tree is justified—and not less so the consumer. . . . Differences here are not iniquity and righteousness; they are simply variations of temperament, kinds of curiosity. We are not under theological government.

It is true; in art at least we are "not under theological government," and that was a maxim worth asserting at a time when the *dicta* of Matthew Arnold and Ruskin were being converted into shibboleths. It is necessary for happiness no less than for honesty that we should realise that poetry, music, and pictures are personal things; that what they are worth to us is their sole measure of value. And here it must be mentioned that Mr. Balfour puts forth two hints which are inconclusive enough, but which do dimly suggest a truer way of escape than that to which his argument leads. He notes, first of all, that art is disinterested; that it is not a means, but an end in itself. And, secondly, we feel towards beautiful things as we feel towards persons; if they are congenial we may like or love them, though we can assign no ground for our preference.

If the analogy were pursued it might lead to something like a solution of the difficulty. For all fine art is beautiful expression; it is self-expression; it is the expression of something which the artist perceives. If it strikes an answering chord in us we are satisfied; and that fact of response means a community of perception, of æsthetic knowledge, between the artist and the recipient, something perhaps which is dragged from the depths of our duller natures but which burst forth in expression from the artist with his quicker and more apt perception. But let it be noted that there could be no such response or sympathy conveyed from one to another, by a symbol, unless there were some real bond, some existent principle possessed in common. Art is communicative, but not surely a communication of nothing. It is something which exists in temperament, but not the less real because it is intangible and mysterious. If it leads us to the threshold of some infinite which we actually experience, though we cannot render it in terms of language, then that

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transcendent quality in it, which we may inadequately call the "sublime" or the "beautiful" is felt to be a reality, an objective reality; a reality which has its own very real "scale of values," though it is not a numerical or quantitative scale. And from actual experience we know that men recognise this transcendent quality; though, by reason of their varying temperaments, different forms may be required to call it forth for different persons, still when it is called forth it is recognised, and men "hail the Moment flying."

Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!

It is of no moment to say that tastes differ. Men may differ about their friends, but they do not differ about friendship. They may have different codes of honour, but a sense of honour is the same thing for a savage as it is for a bishop. And so not all things are called beautiful by the same men, but beauty is the same for all. Some men have not been so made that they can respond to the beauty artificially called forth by the instrumentality of art. But every man not wholly dead to the ideal would fain cultivate in himself a more acute faculty for perceiving that which is beautiful and, for poets at least, true.

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Book Reviews

ESSAYS

Essays, Modern and Elizabethan. By Edward Dowden. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This volume of collected essays is sufficient to show that Professor Dowden is still our greatest living critic, not working, as some of our younger men would seem to work, by flash-light, but pouring on to his subjects a steady illumination of learning and sympathy. The study of Walter Pater, for instance, with which the book opens is complete and final, and written in a style which is so exactly fitted to the thought that it never diverts the attention from Pater to the writer. Other essays in the volume deal with Ibsen, Heine, Goethe's rather neglected *West-Eastern Divan*, *An Eighteenth-Century Mystic* (Charles Hector de Marsay), Elizabethan Psychology, Elizabethan Romance, and the English Masque, a much-needed study of the lyrical entertainment at which our greatest poets from Shakespeare to Milton all tried their hand. In the paper entitled "Is Shakespeare Self-Revealed?" Professor Dowden successfully disposes of Dr. Sidney Lee's thesis that Shakespeare's art is "impersonal"—so that at least one Professor is with Mr. Frank Harris. While in that on "Shakespeare as a Man of Science" he crushes by sheer learning the favourite Baconian argument from the scientific errors common to Shakespeare and Bacon, producing a host of identical opinions from other Elizabethan writers. The essays on "Cowper and William Hayley," "Some Old Shakespearians" an account of Isaac Reed, editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1803, of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and many other volumes) and "A Noble Authoress" the Countess of Winchilsea) are particularly interesting from the fact that they are drawn from unpublished manuscripts in Professor Dowden's collection.

The Spirit of Romance. By Ezra Pound. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. 6*s.* net.

Mr. Pound calls this delightful book "an attempt to define somewhat the charm of the Pre-Renaissance Literature of Latin Europe." It is to be hoped that a reading of this book will induce lovers of poetry to follow Mr. Pound into the Dark Ages, which are really only dark because nobody reads the literature they produced. They can trace here the romantic spirit from Apuleius and the Pervigilium Veneris through Arnaut Daniel and the Troubadours, the Poema del Cid, the Italian poets before Dante and the Master himself, down to Villon and Lope de Vega and Camoens. There is a deal of brilliant if a little disjointed criticism and many quotations,

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most of which might have been in the original tongues. Mr. Pound retains the stupid little affectations that mar much of his poetry. He must herald his chapter on Dante with a colophon to the preceding page, "Advenit Magister," and must call his preface "Præfatio ad Lectorem electum." It is characteristic of his nationality that after trying to persuade us that Latin or Provençal is his colloquial tongue he can quote as an Ovidian hexameter "convenit esse deos et ergo esse credemus" (*sic* !).

FICTION

THE BUILDING OF THELEMA. By C. R. ASHBEE. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

It must be extraordinarily difficult to write an amusing romance about Industrial Democracy. But Mr. Ashbee has succeeded, and what is more, has been entirely original, even avoiding "that staple industry of all Utopias, haymaking." His hero, Ralfe, an East London joiner's apprentice, starts off from Waterloo on an August Bank Holiday to search for Thelema, and finally gets a job in the workshops where it is a-building Thence he wanders off on errands or half-holidays with his four companions, and always finds himself in some delightful and inspiring part of English history. One day he strolls into Westminster Abbey which is still veiled in scaffolding, with Chaucer as Clerk of the Works; another afternoon he is sent with a new signboard to the *Mermaid*, and falls in with Shakespeare and Chapman and the rest of them; we actually see *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* being written, Beaumont making Ralfe rehearse the lovely Spring Song, and the *Citizen* and his *Wife* at the next table full of importance and suggestions. Then Ralfe is present at a celebration at Campden, not without protesting Puritans, of Captain Dover's Games, the chief authority for which hitherto has been a certain essay by Mr. Edmund Gosse. But it is impossible to notice in a short space all the great men who meet and talk with Ralfe, More's Raphael Hythloday, Fox and Bunyan, Walt Whitman and Cecil Rhodes, G. F. Watts and William Morris, or even to mention the humours of the professors and parsons, who, like Ralfe, are also searching for Thelema. The book is full of pleasant incidents, and none the less delightful for the fact that it embodies Mr. Ashbee's belief in the handicraftsman as the strongest element in English democracy.

THE ISLAND PROVIDENCE. By FREDERICK NIVEN. London: John Lane. 6*s.*

It is hard to criticise this book: "it is a wonderful book" one feels inclined to say, and then fall to thinking over the wealth of it. Some might follow the base plot, of how John Upcott, breeched as we are told in chapter i. on September 7, 1675, was blooded and went out to the Spanish Main and fought and swore and loved and was captured and lived in Cartagena as a teacher of English, and swashed innumerable bucklers and finally came back to Devon; and some might take it for mere buccaneering and "tuskery," as Stevenson used to say. It would then be necessary to remind them of Voltaire's account of *Hamlet*—"there is

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quarrelling, fighting, killing—one would imagine this piece to be the work of a drunken savage." *The Island Providence* must be read not only for the fighting and the adventures ("Lord, what fun!") but for the wealth of incidental joy in the curious subtleties of life, for the characters, the old man of the bees, and Avery, and Thomsie Ravenning and Cassandra, and Teach, and that beautiful corruption, the perilous Senorita of the Casa Blanca; above all for the glowing, artful style, a style that is very elaborate without losing a broad movement and colouring, and that has learnt much from the Elizabethans and not a few turns from J. M. Synge and the modern Irishmen. Mr. Niven has seen for himself terrible adventures that are in the world and retains the artist's eye: with Captain Avery he might say, "I have taken all my liquor neat, and my life too, and all my victuals underdone. But for all that—them opals I could sit a-fingering and turning over quite a while." Curiously enough, in this book, such is the virtue of imagination, these things are even more strongly realised than in Mr. Niven's first book *The Lost Cabin Mine*, which was a simpler setting of adventure in modern times. Mr. Niven's very knowledge betrays him in chapter xii. into a sudden change of key, so vivid is the description of a fight on board the *Torridge Maid*, so obviously the description of an eye-witness. *The Island Providence* is a book that must be read; there is more in it than can be mentioned in a review. There is, to begin with, life and philosophy.

A Marriage Under the Terror. By Patricia Wentworth. Melrose 6*s*.

This is the novel which won Mr. Melrose's last prize of two hundred and fifty pounds. It is a rather conventional story of the Terror, the heroine being an aristocratic girl and the hero a friend of Danton's. The author puts them in sufficient danger to satisfy an ordinary novel-reader's appetite, and rescues them from the guillotine in a grand love finale. *A Marriage Under the Terror* gives us no new sensations.

Things That No One Tells. By Ethel Colburne Mayne. Chapman and Hall. 6*s*.

The short story is rather a masculine form of art. Perhaps because women are not in the habit of concentrating their emotions. But Miss Mayne has succeeded admirably in this eleven. Her stories have generally no real action in them, and any apparent motion of the characters corresponds only to a lecturer's patter preliminary to the single vivid picture thrown on the screen. Her method is to take a subtle, an unpleasant, or a humorous situation, and to illuminate it by the comments of a colloquial witness, to suggest it by hints, to Kodak a tragedy by scraps of annotated conversation. Consequently her style has an intellectual flash that is sometimes brilliant, but sometimes annoying. In the midst of our enjoyment we feel that she has sworn by her collected edition of Meredith to avoid direct narrative at all costs. The trouble with Miss Mayne is that she is too clever. She might have cut out "'tis" and "'twas" which are dreadful. But their abbreviation is nothing to that of the last story in the book, which is quite incomprehensible: and it does not make it any better to be told that it is all about something

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inexpressible. Indeed the narrator's repeated assurance that she does not know what it all means ("half of me may know what it means; this one doesn't, and I will never let it") never impresses us at all. Yet Miss Mayne can write with vigour, makes her characters chatter naturally and has flashes of powerful imagination, which is, after all, the power of knowing the "things that no one tells."

THE DOP DOCTOR. By RICHARD DEHAN. Heinemann. 6*s*.

"Richard Dehan" is a pseudonym, and we believe the identity of the author is still a secret. He has written a remarkable book. It opens on a note of the wildest melodrama. But after twenty pages or so, it brings us to the chief scene of the book, a town, presumably Mafeking, which is undergoing siege in the South African War; and his narrative begins at once to enthral. The author knows the feeling of war, and this war in particular, and he reproduces the atmosphere of it. The Dop doctor himself is a noteworthy character, a brilliant reforming drunkard whose career is again not quite free from melodrama, but nevertheless presented in a most lifelike and ingratiating form. The Colonel in command and the Lady Superior are drawn with no less skill. The book is far too diffuse; but it combines a certain humanity, devilry, and even wisdom, which serve to fix and keep our attention.

CUTHBERT LEARMONT. By J. A. REVERMORT. Constable.

Thick as leaves, and with a life as ephemeral, fall novels at due seasons: but this is a novel that singles itself out from that monotonous crowd. Its people live: they have ideas: they express them: those ideas are of interest. So are the comments of the author. All this makes the book egregious. Mr. Revermort, too, has something to say about men and things: too much, perhaps. His brow is rather too loaded with knowledge, and the immensity of his reading rather overweighs the book: especially in the character of Learmont himself.

BIANCA'S DAUGHTER. By J. M. FORMAN. Ward Lock and Co.

The author's name must be a pseudonym which conceals a woman: the book betrays a feminine hand in two ways: delicate, intuitive psychology, minute observation, close reading of small incidents, the needle-like penetration of a woman's brain: on the other hand, that strange ignorance of the outer world, that almost grotesque distortion of things outside the domestic circle, things among which men spend their lives and into which women so rarely descend. This is a pleasant love-story, flowing agreeably past various incidents and inevitably crosses to a smooth termination: and the author at times has the happy gift of shedding some of the golden light of romance upon the story.

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY. By H. G. WELLS. Nelson.

Lower middle-class life is a mine from which Mr. Wells has brought up some of his finest treasures. He has again gone down into it: but though nothing he brings out could be uninteresting, this is hardly equal to his former books of the same kind: there is not enough novelty about it: it is *Kipps* again; but not in such a happy vein. The author has been tempted to force even his own, rich, incomparable strain of humour.

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Still, Mr. Wells' pre-eminence invites the application of perhaps too strict standard. There are some parts, like the concurrence of causes that lead Mr. Polly to marry, which no one but Mr. Wells could have written. The irresistible forces put into motion by womankind to attain the ends of nature have never been analysed with greater accuracy or a lighter touch. Psychology is the boast of our modern literature and these portions of Mr. Polly have a classic mastery.

DOWNWARD. By MRS. BRABY. Werner Laurie.

Mrs. Braby attacks the increasingly popular sex-problem with audacity. She appears to have already come into conflict with the Circulating Library Censorship, but her condemnation by that dread and august body has not shaken her. That literary inquisition is challenged in a preface of trumpet tones. Seduction is the theme of *Downward:* the author treats it with frankness and candour, and, if the subject is permissible, her dealing with it is unexceptionable. Her plainness of speaking may frighten people, but it can hardly demoralise them. The worst objection to the book is the sensationalism of its style. Dolly, the unhappy heroine, is redeemed by marrying a solicitor, whose profession is presumably so respectable that it can elevate even the most degraded. We guessed the destiny of Dacre Hamilton at the first description of his "clever refined face," his "hazel eyes," and his "fine chiselled profile and well-cut lips."

HYPOCRITES AND SINNERS. By VIOLET TWEEDALE. John Long.

The villain reflects on the hero after breakfast, "Beads of sweat rose suddenly on his brow and he wiped them away hastily. . . . With a muttered oath he threw away the end of his cigar. 'I must wait, but the day will surely dawn when face to face I will tell him who I am and how I hate him.'" This gives the note of the book. People capable of this intensity at such an early hour can reach a pitch later in the day which, to use an appropriate *cliché*, can better be imagined than described. As a feuilleton, it is a good feuilleton.

FORTUNE. By J. C. SNAITH. Nelson.

Short swords and gothic gallantry have as baneful effect on our novelists as our dramatists. A supply naturally arises to meet the demand for this literary line of goods: indeed the supply is explicable, though it passes the wit of man to understand how a generation of tennis and golf players should ache for that sound of cold steel in books which it so heartily despises in real life. Mr. Snaith starts well with his huge Englishman Pendragon in the Spain of the fifteenth century. Rabelais and Cervantes seem to be his inspiration: we expect something large and profound, an island-born descendant of both Gargantua and Sancho Panza. But no: Pendragon must become a sort of fat d'Artagnan, carving his way through a fantastic romance. Mr. Snaith has ideas and a capable pen.

SECOND STRING. By ANTHONY HOPE. Nelson.

Be good: be broad-shouldered: be unselfish: be comely and you will ultimately not only marry the heroine but get into Parliament, to double your bliss. Do not be a flirt, or the son of a squire, or an idle man of the

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town, or the reverse fate will overtake you. It only takes 569 pages for Andy, the good but poor—we had almost said "apprentice," the tale runs on such traditional lines—the good but poor Andy to surpass the rich but frivolous Harry. Such an amiable moral disarms all criticism. The author plays his providential part in a style more pointed than is usual in fiction, and will deserve the applause he will undoubtedly receive.

LIFE'S COMPASS. By PRISCILLA CRAVEN. Alston Rivers.

Nothing in life is impossible, and nothing therefore in literature: but at least a writer is bound to make us believe it. In *Life's Compass* we are plunged at once into an unbelievable situation and our credulity never recovers: the shock is too great. An incarnation of high breeding falls desperately in love with the very essence of bounderdom, and lives with him, though he already has a wife in the suburbs. The good author really has a feeling of such acrid disgust with Laurence Hargreave that she never allows the reader to have any other feeling: consequently, his attraction to Leigh Dundos is a mystery which grows deeper with each chapter. His first and only attractive action is to die at the end, but not before he has added an illegitimate to an already existing legitimate family. The heroine is a sweet, charming person, whose trials will gain her many friends among compassionate hearts.

MAD SHEPHERDS AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES. By L. P. JACKS. Williams and Norgate.

There is the impress of an almost too literal truth in these studies. Professor Jacks seems to have reported the conversation of "Snarley Bob" and other rustic characters almost verbatim. Fidelity is much, but this is the fidelity of the photograph rather than of the work of art. Had the author charged the crude mysticism of his shepherds with his own personality, he had given us a notable book. As it is there is much in his rustic philosophy that rebels against a complete transmutation, not a little that is sheer and primal dross. There is a meeting between the mad shepherd and an Oriental mystic which stirs the reader to petulance and the query, "If all this has its face value, does it mean anything? If not, what does it mean?" However, the detached sketches which round off the book have a rare lightness and delicacy of touch. If not a notable, this is by no means a negligible volume.

THE PORTRAIT. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Methuen. 6*s*.

It is impossible not to be entertained by Mr. Hueffer, who, with a mock grimace and a punctilious style leads us through the fantastic events of his story. It is an Arabian Nights story brought slightly up to date, not only in the matter of history but in the manner of romantic narrative. Not that Mr. Hueffer is to be confused with other romantic historical novelists; he has far too keen a sense of the ludicrous, far too versatile an imagination, to betray the conventional absurdities of such contemporary writers. He has an atmosphere which is all his own, picturesque, delicately melodramatic, realistic in its unrealities. He has somewhat over-elaborated his plot, spinning it out beyond the region of surprise, but it is highly ingenious, and those who have a sense for the externalities of style and treatment will assuredly be pleased by it.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE WIFE OF COLONEL HUGHES. By HUBERT WALES. John Long.

Mr. Wales opens his book with a dialogue in which a wife refuses to bear children to her husband: these devices are not quite worthy of the author, whose powers could quite well allow him to dispense with such tricks. This wife is a common type among our barbarous rich classes: the coquette, if the elegant French word can be applied to her vulgarity, who spends her life exploiting the feelings of helpless sensual men to gratify her vanity, bringing them to their knees to fill her otiose hours. Mr. Wales understands the mechanism of these creatures very accurately and he paints in broad, crude colours, quite appropriate to his subject.

LITERATURE

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY. Vol. III. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. London: Macmillan and Co. 10*s.* net.

With this third volume, "From Blake to Swinburne," Professor Saintsbury completes his great history, and sets English Prosody firmly and finally (in more than one sense) on its feet. For the Professor, in his general conclusions, is entirely convincing, and we do not think we shall hear much more of the rival theorists with whom he has such incidental fun. The fact that the learned writer does get fun out of so serious a subject as the technical study of English poetry will probably scandalise the less poetical critics, and we can imagine pompous people declaring that many a sentence in this book is "neither good grammar nor good criticism." But the fact is that a *History of English Prosody* by any one else would probably be unreadable, while Professor Saintsbury, with his personal asides, his intimate footnotes, and his breezy dogmatism, is always stimulating (if only *quia multum amat*) and often brilliantly right. The most serious fault in the book is the dismissal of Meredith's poetry in half a page, probably because Professor Saintsbury (who is nothing if not partial) does not like it. This is a pity, because Meredith's use of the spondaic ending, in *Love in the Valley* for instance, his frequent substitution of a single long syllable for each of the two final trochees, would be almost as interesting to trace as it is impressive and pleasing to hear. But if authors were to suppress their personal likes and dislikes for the sake of Procrustes, their books would be very dull. Whereas Professor Saintsbury's work is delightful to read and invaluable to all students of poetry. There is no doubt that purely æsthetic enjoyment can be added to by technical knowledge; and even poets will take pleasure in an analysis of the methods which when they are most successful they perhaps follow quite unconsciously.

A MOTLEY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann.

A collection of stories, sketches, studies, and impressions written at various times between 1899–1910. It is a more interesting selection than "A Commentary," which showed the author in a bitter uncompromising spirit. In technique these studies stand very high; they revolve round and upon a single point, and in this everything is rigidly focussed. They are curiously varied in character, some of them being simple portraits of

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types, others stories, some studies of unmitigated gloom and despair, but they present Mr. Galsworthy in a new vein, as a writer of fantasy. Here again one has a surprise, for these little sketches are the last things in the book, artistically. They reveal to me a Galsworthy hitherto unknown, a glad, human soul. All are treated with extreme seriousness and throughout the feeling is genuine, the workmanship clever and sometimes fine, though there is an impression of over-elaboration. Occasionally Mr. Galsworthy appears a little trite, but such is his earnestness of purpose, his real distinction of manner that the work must be accorded the highest praise.

GATHERED LEAVES FROM THE PROSE OF MARY E. COLERIDGE. With a Memoir by EDITH SICHEL. London: Constable and Co. *7s. 6d.* net.

"She was all poet, and three-quarters saint; she was holy, without the faintest tinge of puritanism; she was merry, without injury to her holiness," says Miss Sichel in her Memoir; and all that she says in her tribute to the most precious life of Miss Coleridge is very welcome—very wise and loving and illuminating. It will be a very terrible thing if anybody should write about Mary Coleridge who did not know her or does not feel a reverence for her. Perhaps her work must, sooner or later, be weighed in the common scales, fingered by officials, docketed, annotated and dismissed in a few pages in histories of English literature. But there is still among us a strong feeling of piety towards her memory, a respect for what she herself would have liked. Even the critic and reviewer must come with flowers to lay on her grave, or must not come at all. Miss Coleridge lived a crowded and uneventful life with a quiet and very impressive vigour. She seems to have possessed that quality which she admired in others and the lack of which she often deplored in herself—refined energy. There was developed in her, while she—and Miss Sichel—sat at the feet of William Cory, a power of fastidious enthusiasms, a power of living in the moment, but without consciousness of time. It was not a reckless enjoyment of life, but a simple and inspired joy in life. She peered into things, smiling, just as in conversation she peered into her companion's face. She was always fantastic, elfin—a favourite word of hers—clothing life with her own imagination, enriching it with her own colours. She said once that she loved to read the sensational paragraphs in the newspapers, the murders and thefts and so on; but that she never realised the horrors as actually taking place—they were no more to her than the horrors of a Stevenson romance. The short stories that Miss Sichel has included in this book bear out this attitude towards life; there is something of *The Sire de Malétroit's Door* in them, and something, too, of *The Happy Prince;* a tenderness, a glimpse of allegory and of pageantry, a delicate and feminine choice of words. This is not the place to speak of her polished verse, nor yet of such masterly prose-writing as the first chapter of *The King with Two Faces*. Indeed, many readers will wish that Miss Sichel had only printed in this volume her own memoir, extracts—far more extracts—from Miss Coleridge's letters, and the interesting scraps of William Cory's table-talk. Perhaps this might have been done, and the stories and essays kept for a separate volume. But no doubt Miss Sichel was well advised; and it is an open secret that Miss

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Coleridge vehemently deprecated the publication of entire letters and of anything that in the eyes of curious strangers might be turned into gossip. Of her own letters probably she never thought for one moment; and yet they are full of beautiful chiselled thoughts and dreams, well-turned phrases and clever, slightly self-conscious aphorisms. We want more of them; but we want also—is this heresy?—to see them in their original setting, with the suggestion of notepaper, and the assurance that they were really written to her friends. It is hard to say where extracts from letters end and extracts from diaries begin. For instance: "Nov. 3rd, 1888. There is delightful freemasonry in a fog. Ignorant people will always help each other. Half-knowledge is very communicable; not so knowledge." Again, "It is as difficult to be humble as it is easy to despair. Despair's a very conceited thing, but I might as well hope to be Michael Angelo as to be humble. The grace of the lowliest is only given to the highest." Are these from a diary? If so, they strike the mind a trifle artificially: if not, we would like to read the rest of the letters. There is a tendency perhaps to forget that she was a very clever woman, well taught, widely read, of a burning mental activity. Her modesty and sweetness of character went with great independence of mind and with an irrepressible love of jewelled words and good craftsmanship. Extraordinarily reticent about her work, she seems to have guarded it with a nervous reverence; good or bad, it was not to be discussed; it was all written by Anodos. Miss Sichel sums her up in the word "spiritual"; and quotes the earlier poet:

> For while she did this lower world adorn,
> Her body seem'd rather assumed than born;
> So rarified, advanced, so pure and whole,
> That body might have been another's soul.

Only a close friend could dare, however gently, to raise the veil which hid so spiritual a personality; no one could dare with more right and more discretion than Miss Sichel, to give to the world what belongs to the world and not merely to a little clan—this handful of gathered leaves.

MILITARY HISTORY

History of the War in South Africa, 1899–1902. Compiled by the direction of his Majesty's Government by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B. and Captain Maurice Harold Grant, with a Staff of Officers. Vol. IV. By Captain M. H. Grant. Hurst and Blackett.

This, the concluding volume of the official history of the war, covers the period from the taking over of the chief command by Lord Kitchener to the conclusion of hostilities—that is to say, the most vexatious, ungrateful, and misunderstood part of the whole campaign. It was wholly a period of guerilla warfare, in which the Boers, with hardly a quarter of our men, yet for eighteen months, by the adroit use of methods congenial to them and embarrassing to us, prolonged the fight to the nevitable end. Of these concluding stages, which do not naturally lend themselves to picturesque treatment, Captain Grant gives an account admirably balanced

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and authoritative, and (for a work of this sort) of an unusual literary distinction. The military critic and the man of letters are seldom so happily combined.

STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE AND SENTIMENT. By Sir BAMPFYLDE FULLER, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. John Murray. 6*s.* net.

Contains probably more varied and more trustworthy information about India than is to be found in any other volume of similar size. On history (a wonderful summary in two chapters), religions, institutions, domestic and social life, agriculture, commerce, education, and administration, Sir Bampfylde touches lightly and succinctly, but never without illumination; and his chapter on England's achievements in India deserves to be read in schools.

POETRY

SABLE AND PURPLE, WITH OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM WATSON. London: Eveleigh Nash. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

The poem which gives its name to Mr. William Watson's new book expresses the sober and chastened emotions of the past month. The first two movements of the poem,

> I sing not Death. Death is too great a thing
> For me to dare to sing . . . .

and

> Honour the happy dead with sober praise,

are a brief but felicitous tribute to the memory of King Edward. The third turns proudly to King George:

> Sea-lover and sea-rover, throned henceforth
> Amid the paths and passes of the sea;
> You that have sailed, out of our stormy North,
> And have not sailed in vain,
> To all the golden shores where now you reign,
> Through every ocean gate whereof you keep the key—

Mr. William Watson's thought is always simple and direct. Such are his gifts of language that he is never obliged to distort or elaborate what he has to say in order to maintain the dignity of the poem; never compelled to avoid bathos by flattery. The grand style comes naturally to his lips to clothe the barest truth in solemnity. And this is a quality, we venture to say, which peculiarly fits Mr. William Watson for the office of Poet Laureate. Of the three other poems in this slim book, the longest presents the same thought of the responsibility of kingship in a dialogue of King Alfred on his deathbed with his biographer Bishop Asser. *In the Midst of the Seas*, a beautiful memory of Mr. William Watson's visit to America, first appeared in the pages of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, though we notice no acknowledgment of the fact.

THE WANDERER AND OTHER POEMS. By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. A. C. Fifield. 1*s.* net.

There is a background to the poems of Mr. Binns which lifts them into a higher region than can ever be touched by the poetasters. He is not a maker of magical phrases; he is not a supreme master of diction; but

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yet he is one with whom phrase and diction count because his world is full of exuberance, of mystical delight, of deep meditation, and the symbols through which he expresses it necessarily take on some of the dignity and beauty of his feeling. With him the human and the cosmic are very closely interwoven, as we may see from such lines as :

> Her heart stood watching at its open port :
> The night fell on the hills.

In this little volume the reader will not be disappointed if he looks for fine feeling, breadth and warmth of outlook, and masculine emotion.

POEMS. By FREDERICK MANNING. London : John Murray. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Manning has collected in this little book the poems he has written since the publication of his long narrative poem, *The Vigil of Brunhild*, and here gives us in a similar manner *Helgi of Lithend*, with many shorter poems and lyrics. Those who read Mr. Manning's prose work, *Scenes and Portraits* (a book only describable in a single phrase as one whose authorship might have been acknowledged by Anatole France) will not need to be told that Mr. Manning can create an atmosphere, a romantic atmosphere, in which classic forms seem to be suspended for an immortal moment,

> For ever singing songs for ever new

and he can sometimes do this as easily in a lyric as in a long dialogue. Metrically Mr. Manning has learned much from Swinburne, not an easy master.

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. London : The Adelphi Press, Ltd. 5*s.* net.

Mr. Flecker is a young man, young enough to play with his art without falling into conceit. It is only the grace of youth that can visit a girl in the Kennington Road, and then, without being offensive, write about it in this fashion :

> The great and solemn-gliding tram,
> Love's still-mysterious car,
> Has many a light of gold and white,
> And a single dark red star.

It is only a very good workman who plays in this way with his tools ; and we begin to realise that Mr. Flecker's charming skill is not an accident of youth when we come to *The Ballad of Hampstead Heath*, which describes with a marvellous economy of words a visit to London of young Bacchus and his crew. Mr. Flecker is indeed an artist. In *The Ballad of Camden Town* he handles the same metre and Camden Town of all places without a hint of jingle or vulgarity ; we rather imagine roses twining round the Cobden statue. And in *The Ballad of the Student in the South* there is a poignant sweetness and a scholarly simplicity. For Mr. Flecker knows instinctively what two centuries of English poets have often forgotten, that emotional value depends largely on perhaps only apparent simplicity and that any inversion of the natural order of words is sudden death to any lyrical poem : therefore he is direct and personal, and his love of melody and of a beautiful choice of words does the rest. Not that he deals in those single words that are beautiful in themselves ; he does not

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decorate his best work with "maunds of apples" or "habergeons" or "cramoisy" jewels that sparkle in a verse with their own light: but rather finds his effect by grace of design, by the perfect phrase. He has, in short, the virtue rare in English poets of being an artist, not an amateur. Listen, for instance, to *The Queen's Song* and admire incidentally this young man who confronts Time and the relentless hunger of posterity with an exquisite fancy.

Had I the power
  To Midas given of old
To touch a flower
  And leave the petals gold
I then might touch thy face,
  Delightful boy,
And leave a metal grace
  A graven joy.

Then I myself,
  Rising austere and dumb
On the high shelf
  Of my half-lighted room
Would place the shining bust
  And wait alone,
Until I was but dust,
  Buried unknown.

Thus in my love
  For nations yet unborn,
I would remove
  From our two lives the morn,
And muse on loveliness
  In mine armchair,
Content should Time confess
  How sweet you were.

THE PROMISED LAND. A Drama of a People's Deliverance. In Five Acts. By EDWARD CARPENTER. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a new and revised edition of Mr. Carpenter's poetic drama, first published some years ago under the title of *Moses*. There is something grotesque at first sight in the idea of a drama in the Elizabethan manner dealing with such a well-known story mildly rationalised (thus a mimosa is credited with the origin of the Burning Bush incident), and opening with a brisk conversation between Korah and Joshua, Korah, of course, the villain of the play, and Joshua "Captain of the Host: young and enthusiastic." Edward Carpenter is, however, too accomplished a writer to have mastered the art of sinking. And though the drama cannot be called a success it gives us an impressive figure of Moses; and the blank verse moves with dignity, if slowly.

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